

Hickman
Yu
Alanguilan
Gho



Reign of X
Vol. 1



MARVEL



[kra_]
[koa_]

[reign_of_x]



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Letterer: VC’s Clayton Cowles
Cover Art: Alan Davis & Edgar Delgado

X-Men created by Stan Lee & Jack Kirby

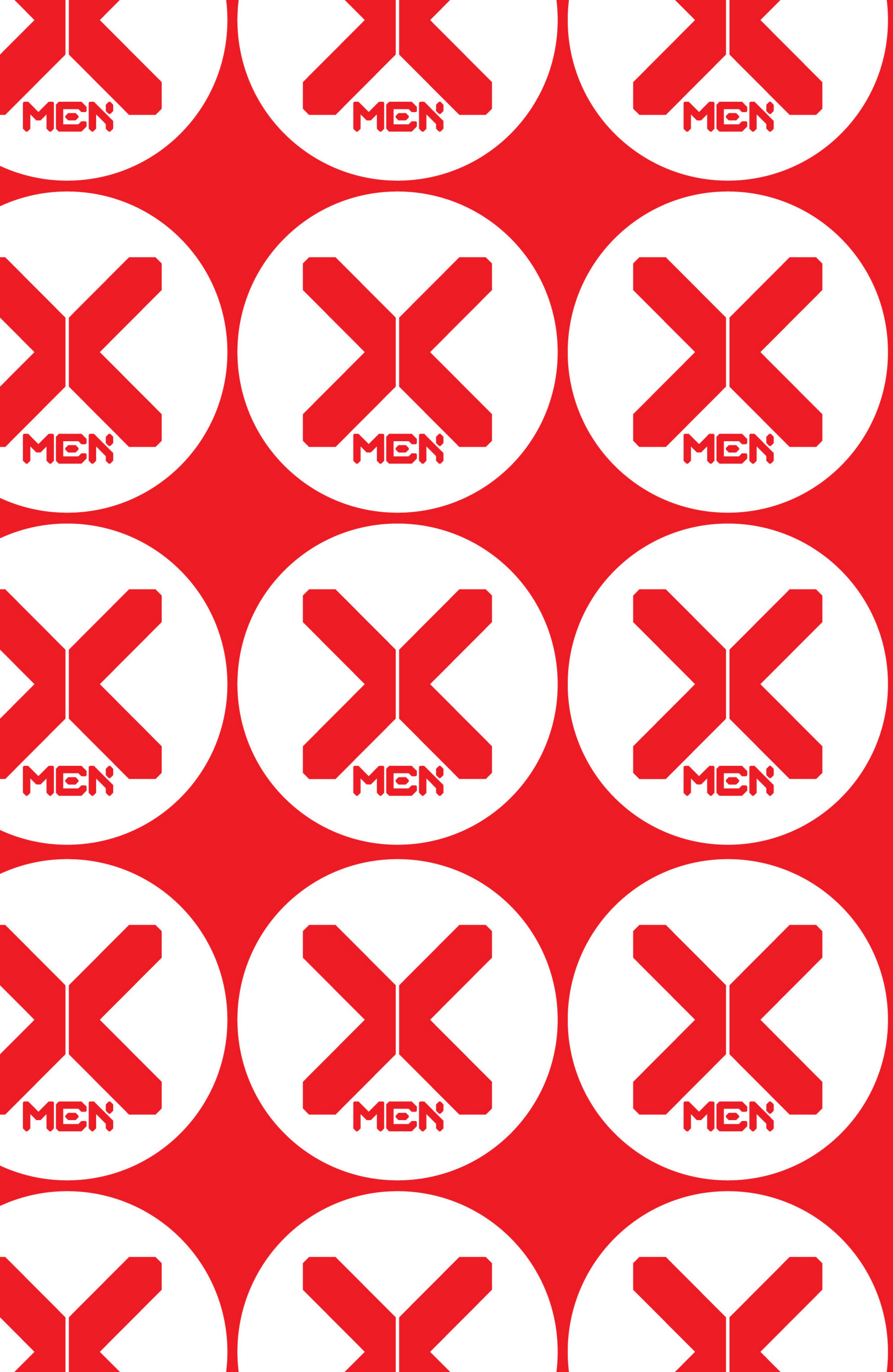
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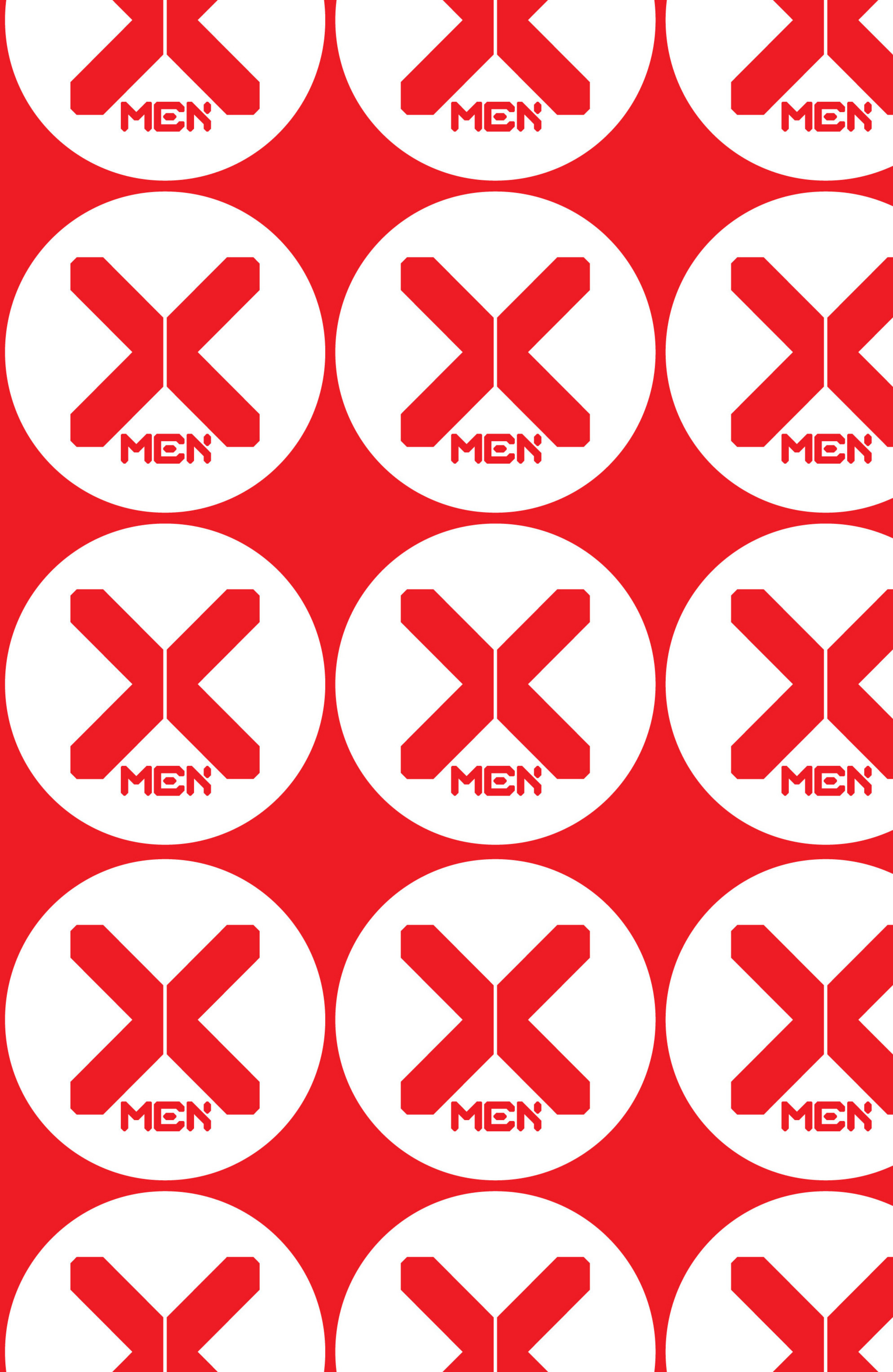
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Then.

Open
your
eyes.

I
can't, sir. *I
won't.*

I'm
scared of what'll
happen.

I understand.
You're afraid you're going
to *hurt someone.*

But choosing
to keep your eyes
closed because
you're *scared?*

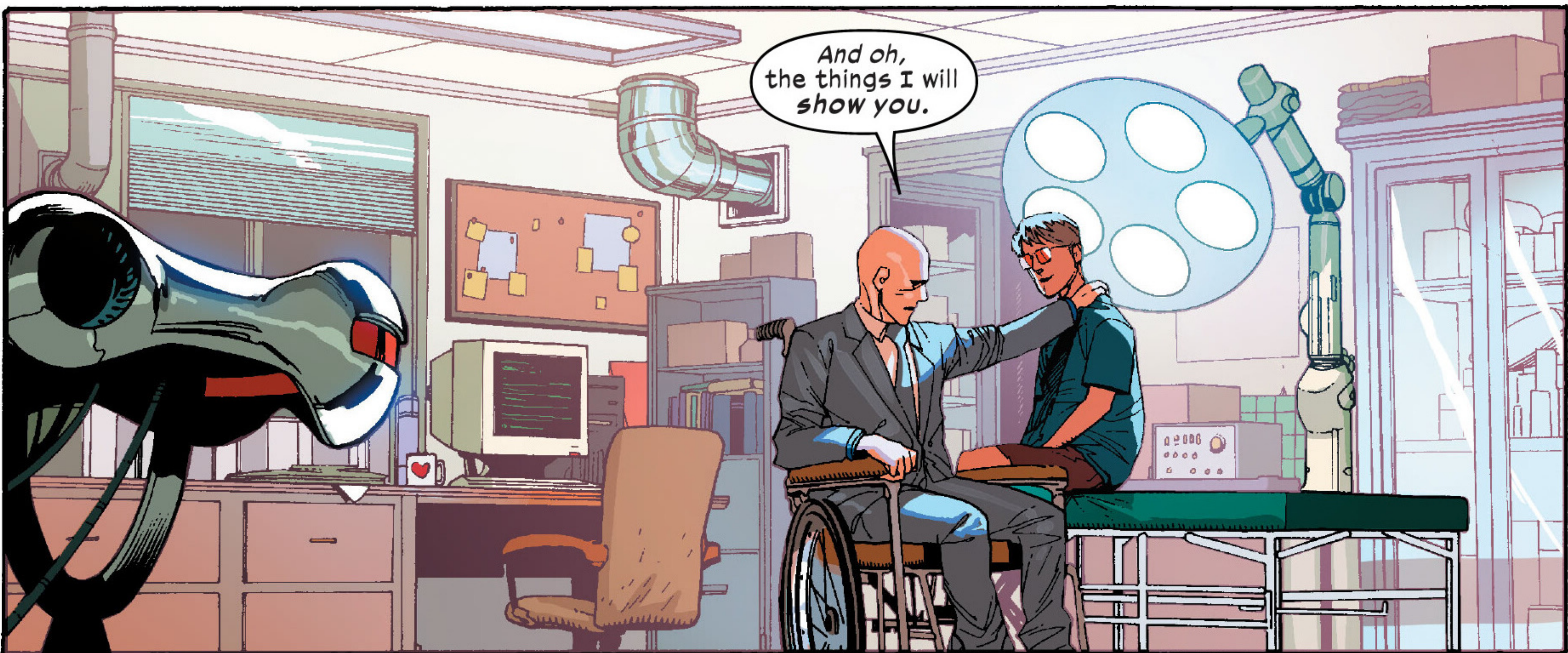
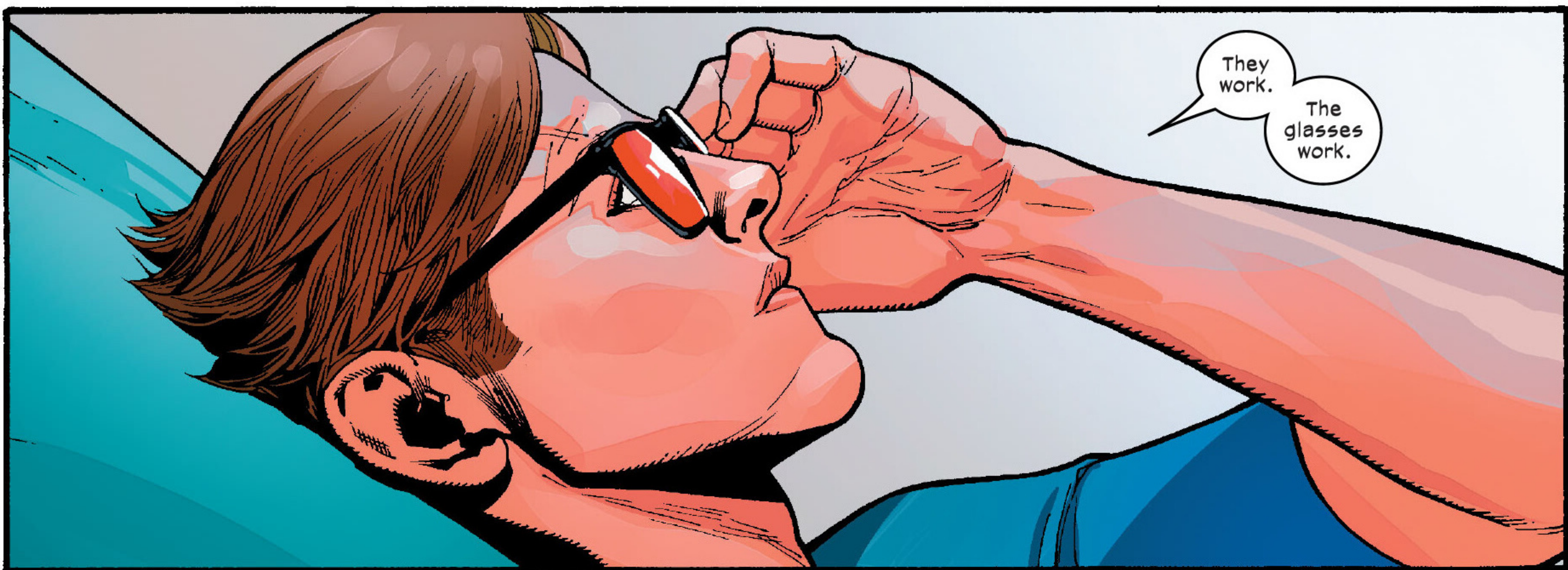
That's
what *they*
do.

And you
don't have to
go through life blind
because *you* are not
like *them.*

How
do you
know?

Because
I have no small
measure of experience
in those who are
extraordinary.

Now...





[kra_[0.1]
[koa_[0.1]

[kra_[0.X]
[koa_[0.X]



IT’S A BRAVE NEW WORLD

Mutants around the world are flocking to the island-nation of Krakoa for safety, security and to be part of the first mutant society.

Standing between that sacred land and the human world are the heroes of mutantdom, the X-MEN.



Cyclops



Storm



Polaris



Magneto



Dr. Reyes



Jean Grey



Havok



Vulcan



Wolverine



Cable



Prestige



Corsair



[kra_[0.1]...]
[koa_[0.1]...]

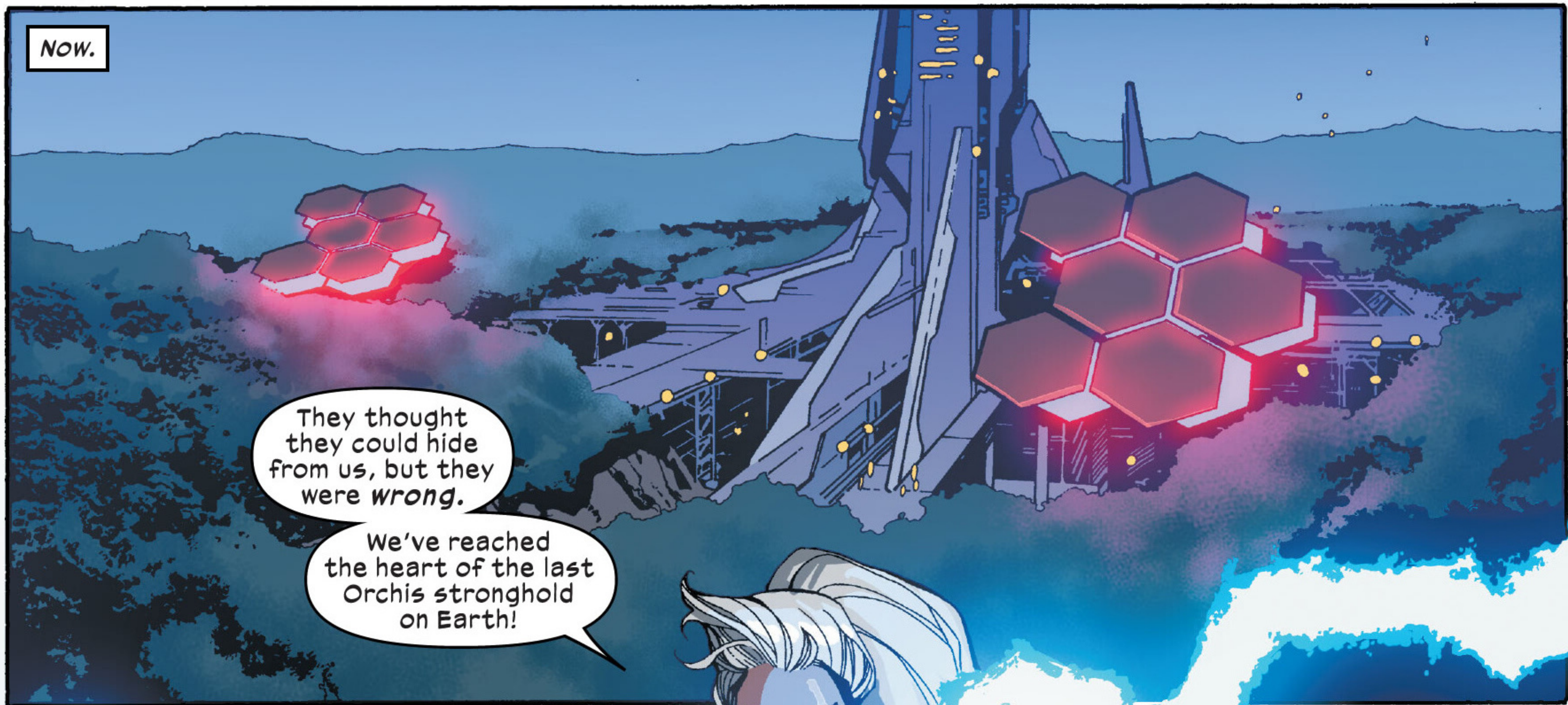
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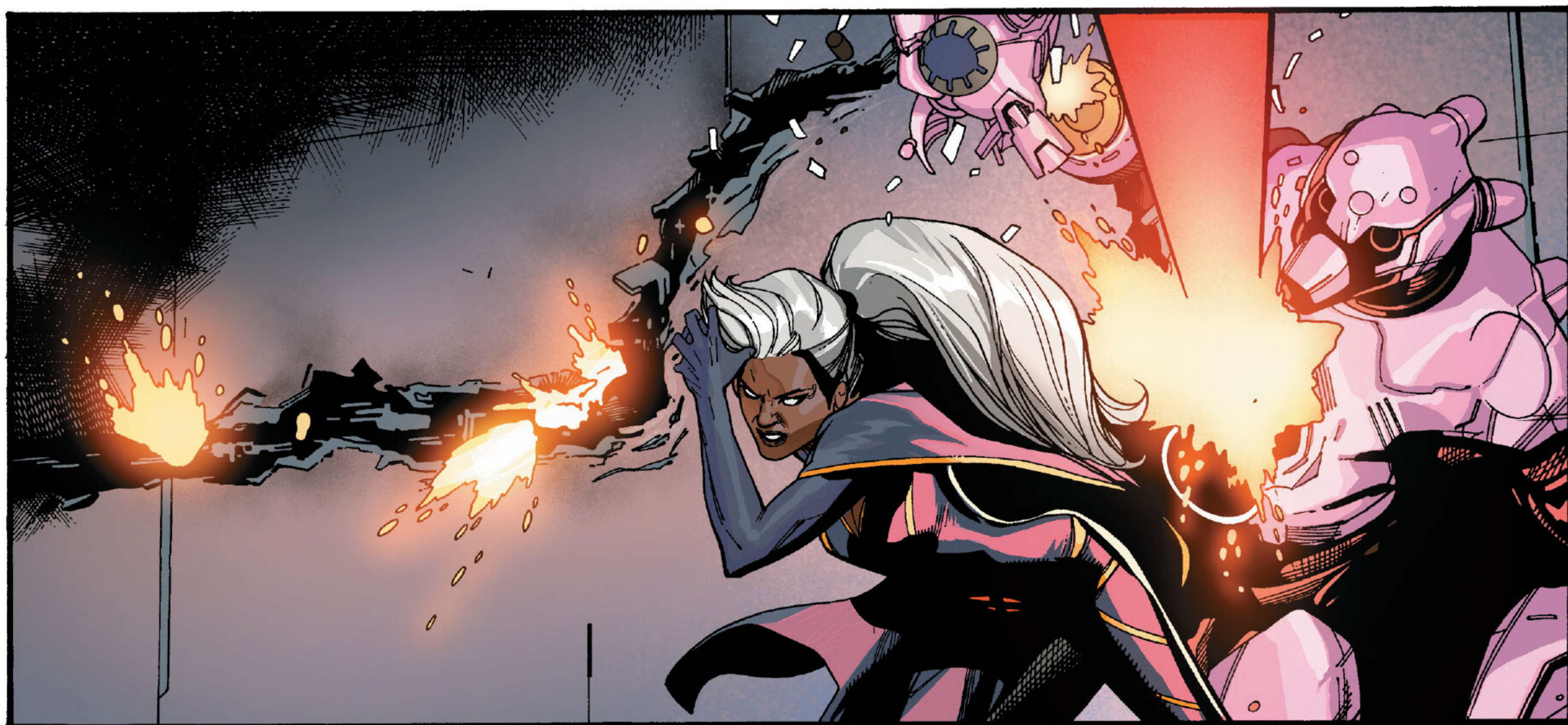


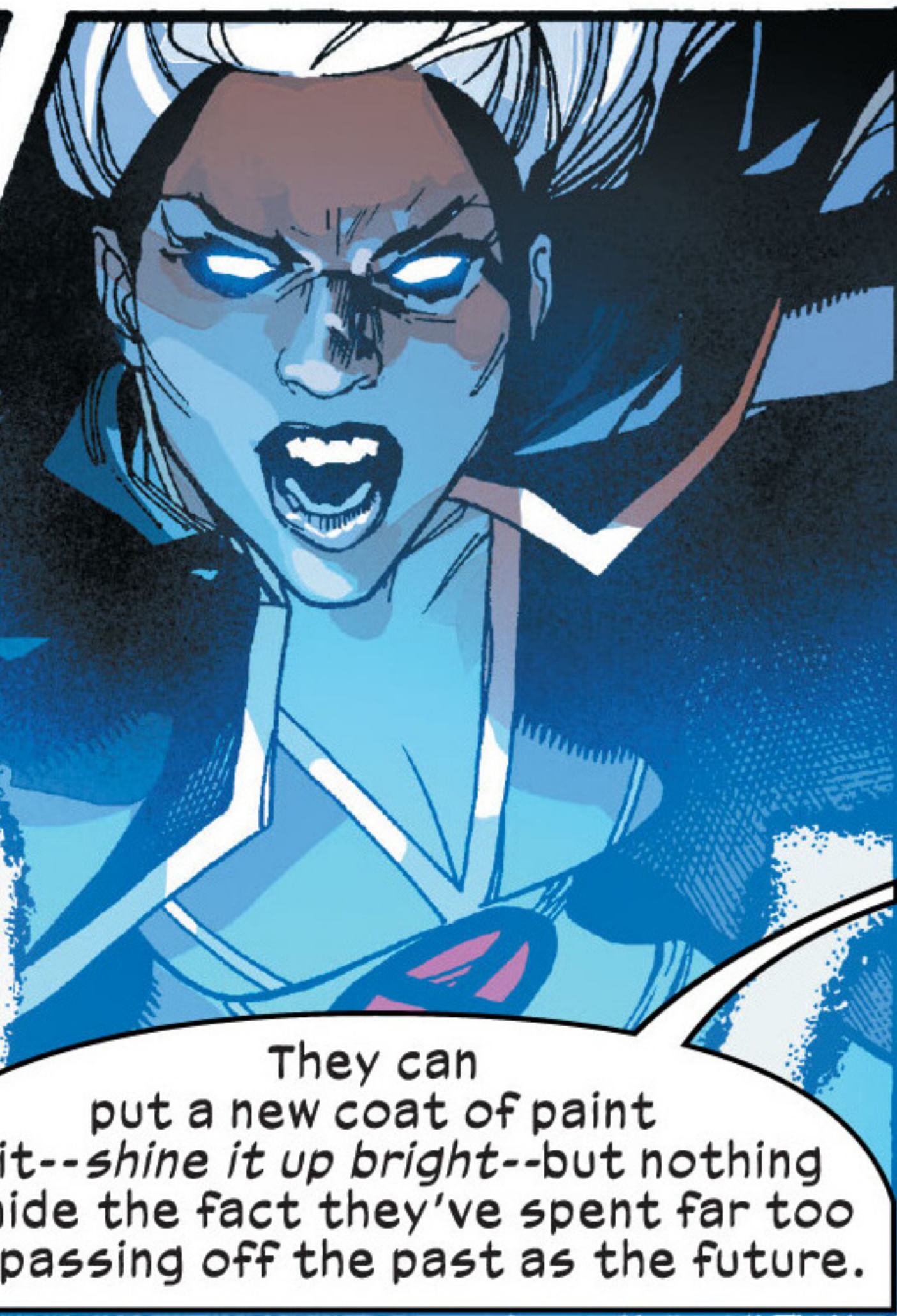
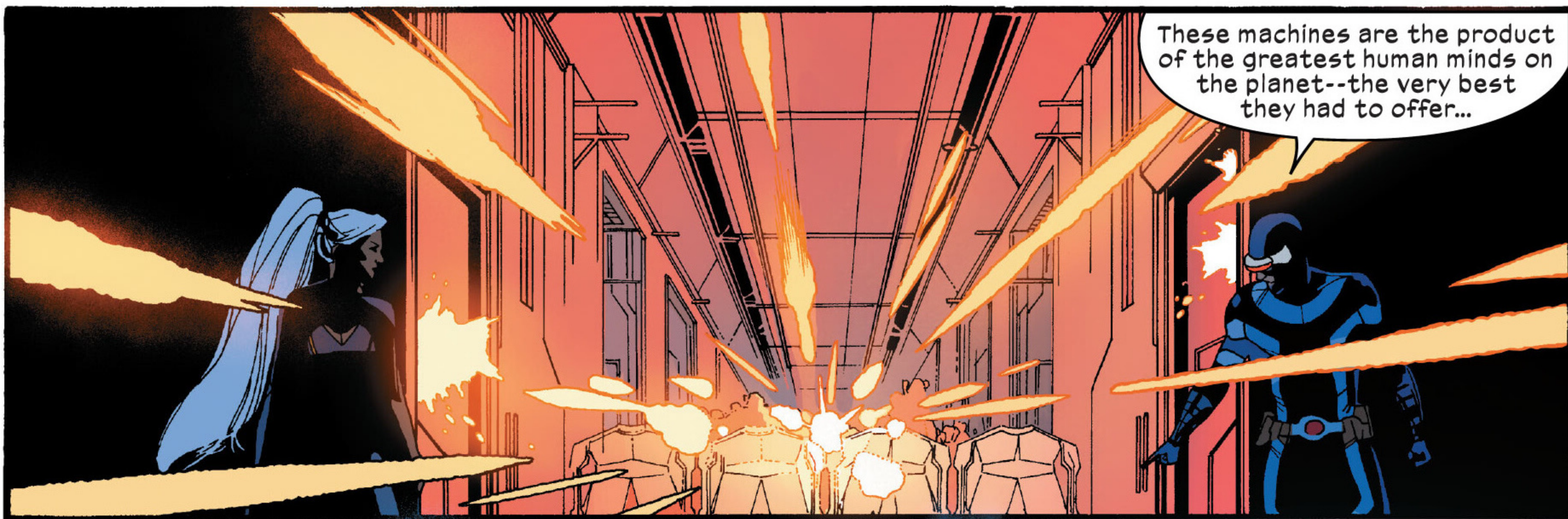
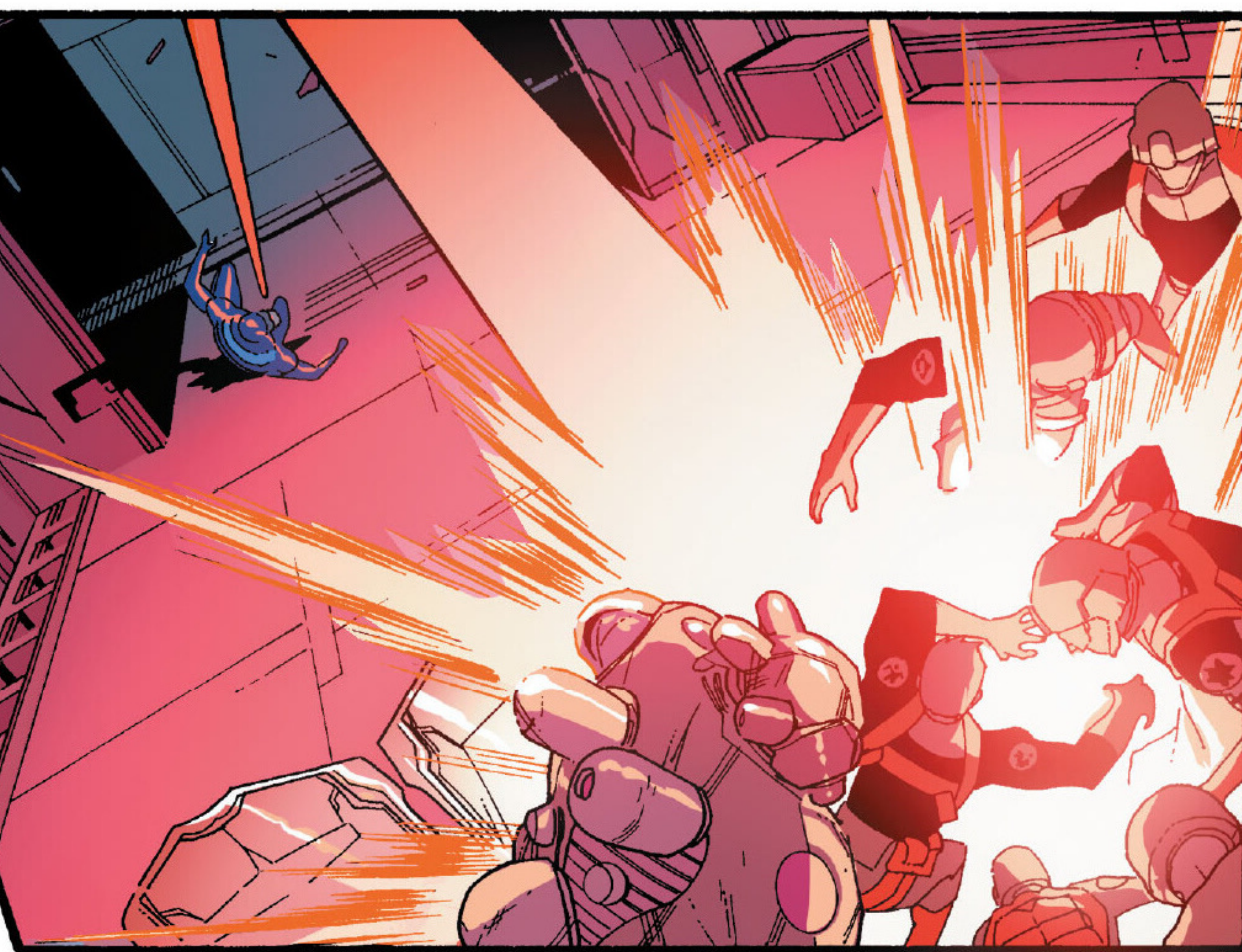
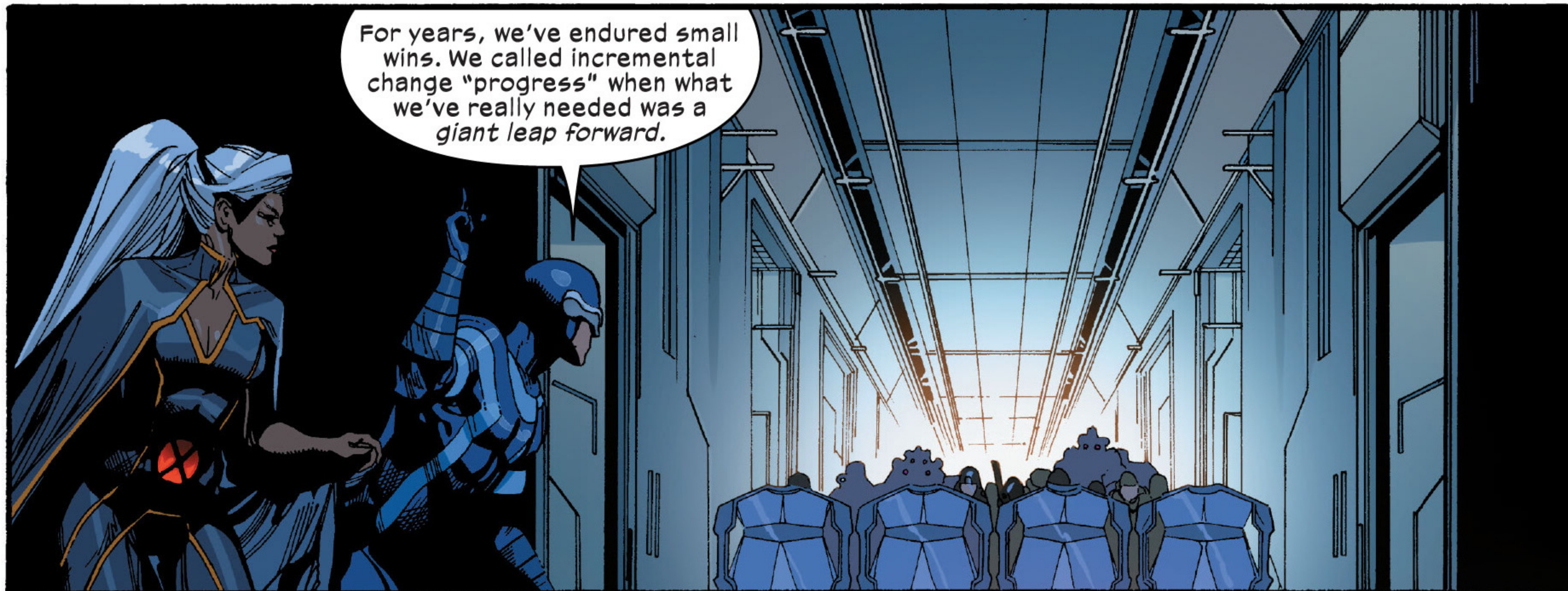


Pax Krakoa











yes.
Man should know
when he is beaten--
he should know to break
and run...or surrender
and ask for unearned
mercy--and
yet...



...I can't
help but notice
they're falling back
instead of
scattering.

So either
they're incredibly
well trained or they're
protecting something.



Okay, then. This is the
beating heart
of it.

We've located
their main lab, sir.
Do you have a lock
on our position?

Yes.

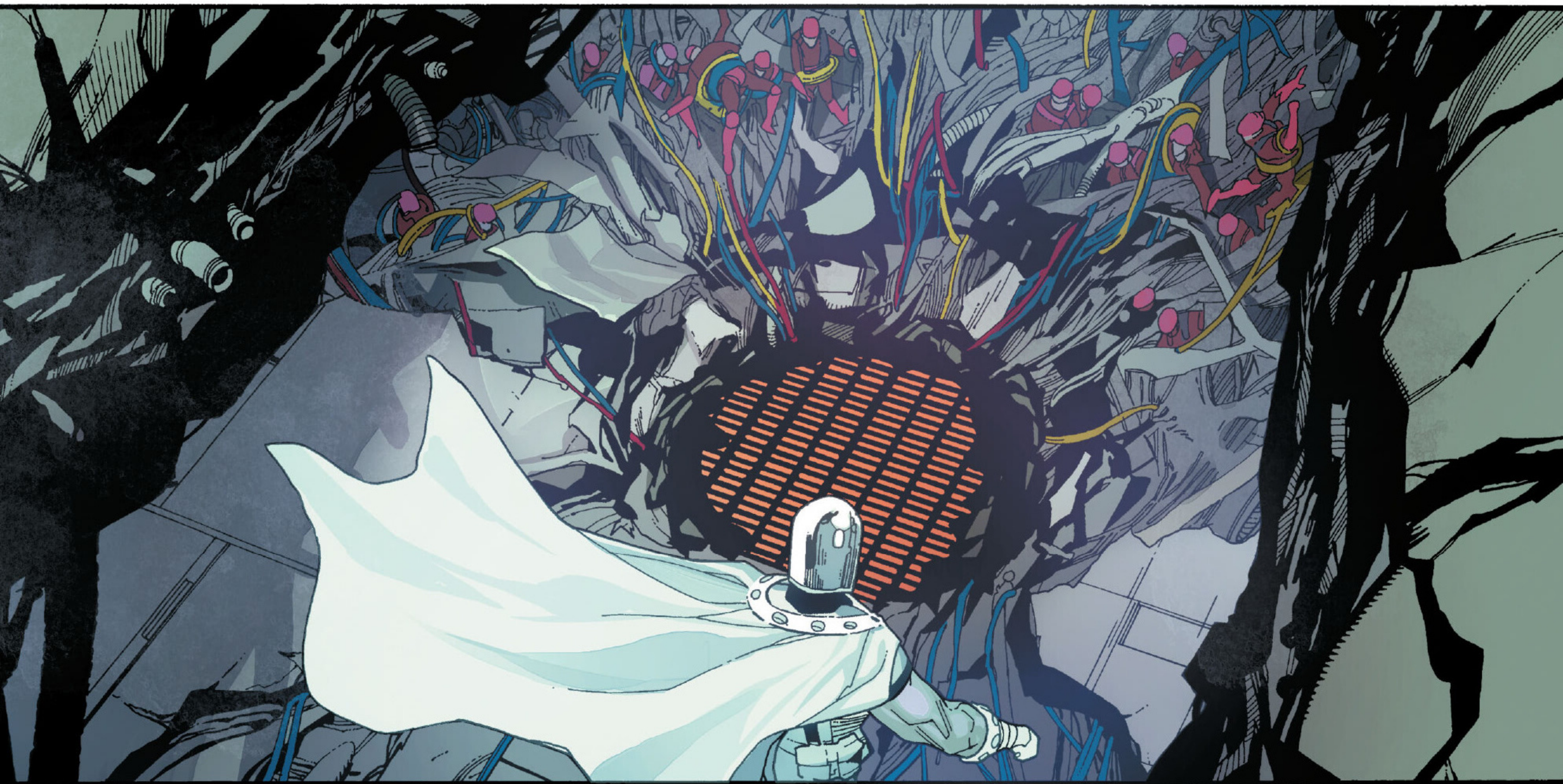
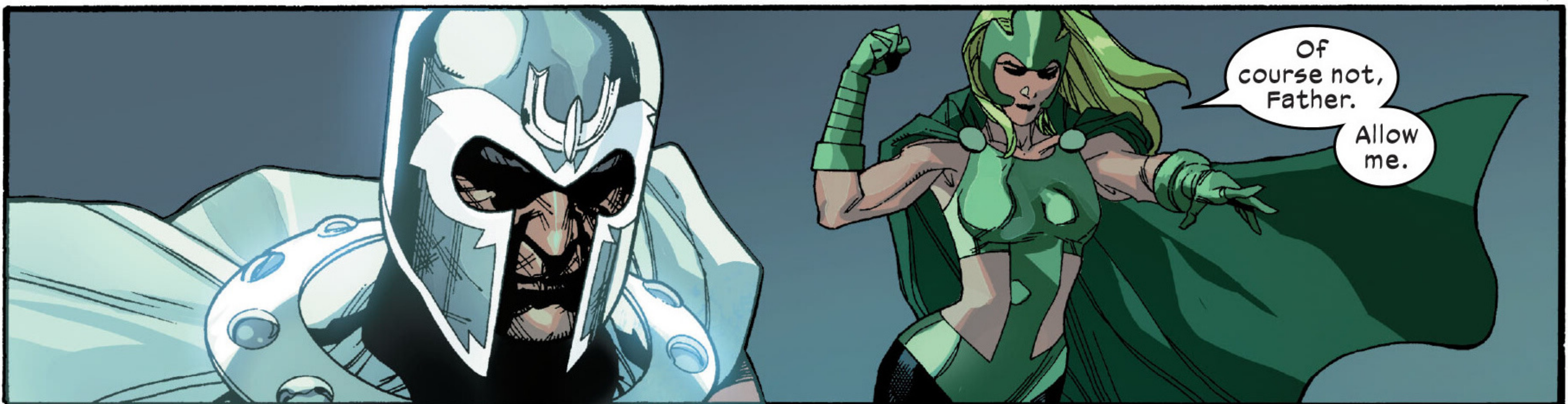
We're
ready
when you are.

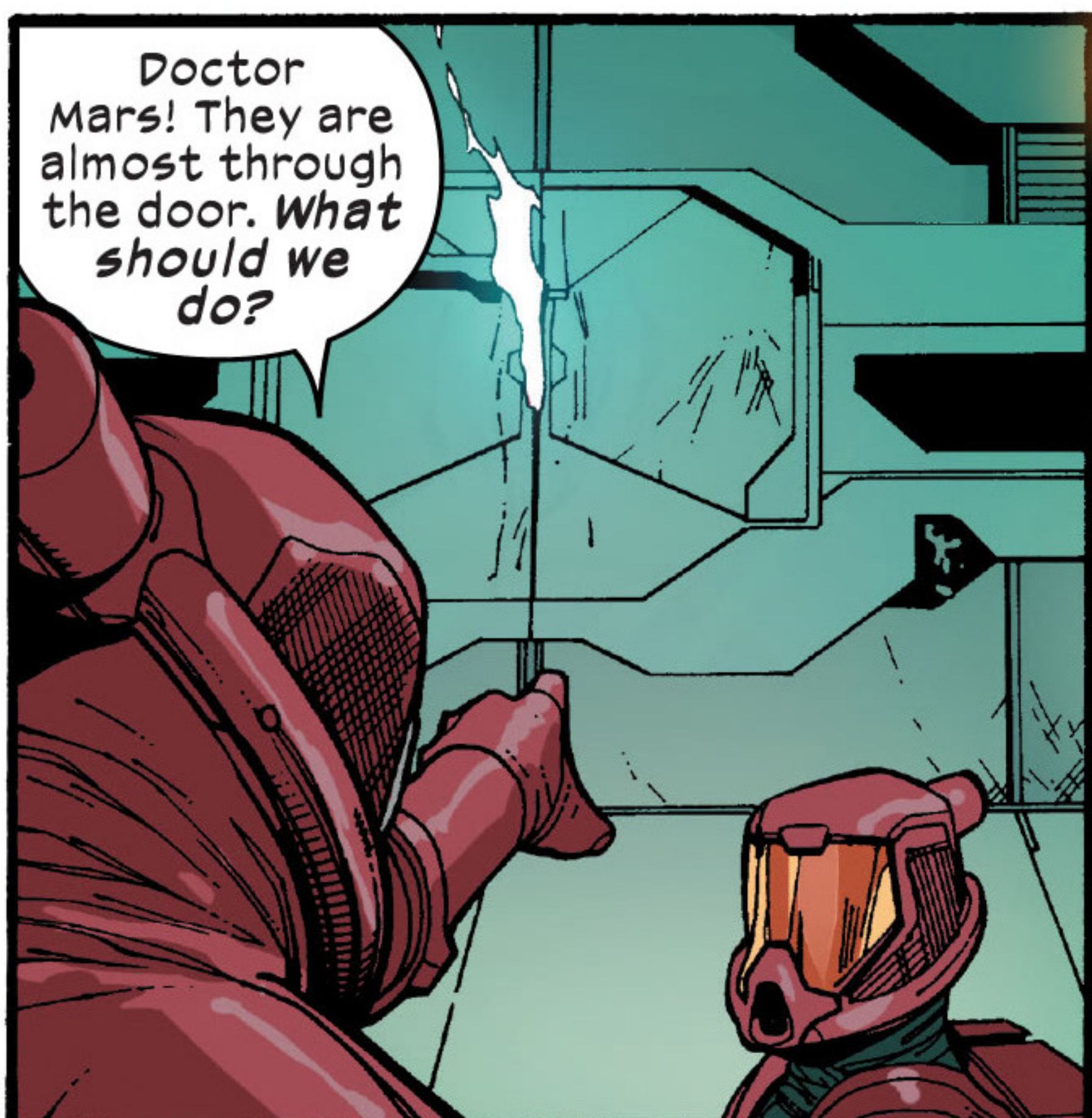
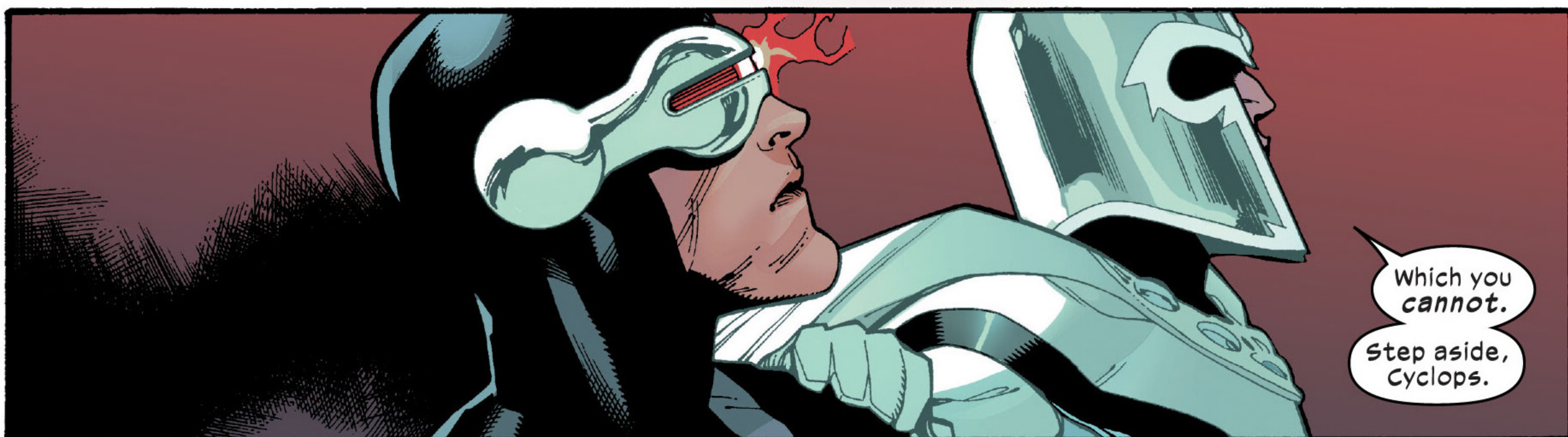
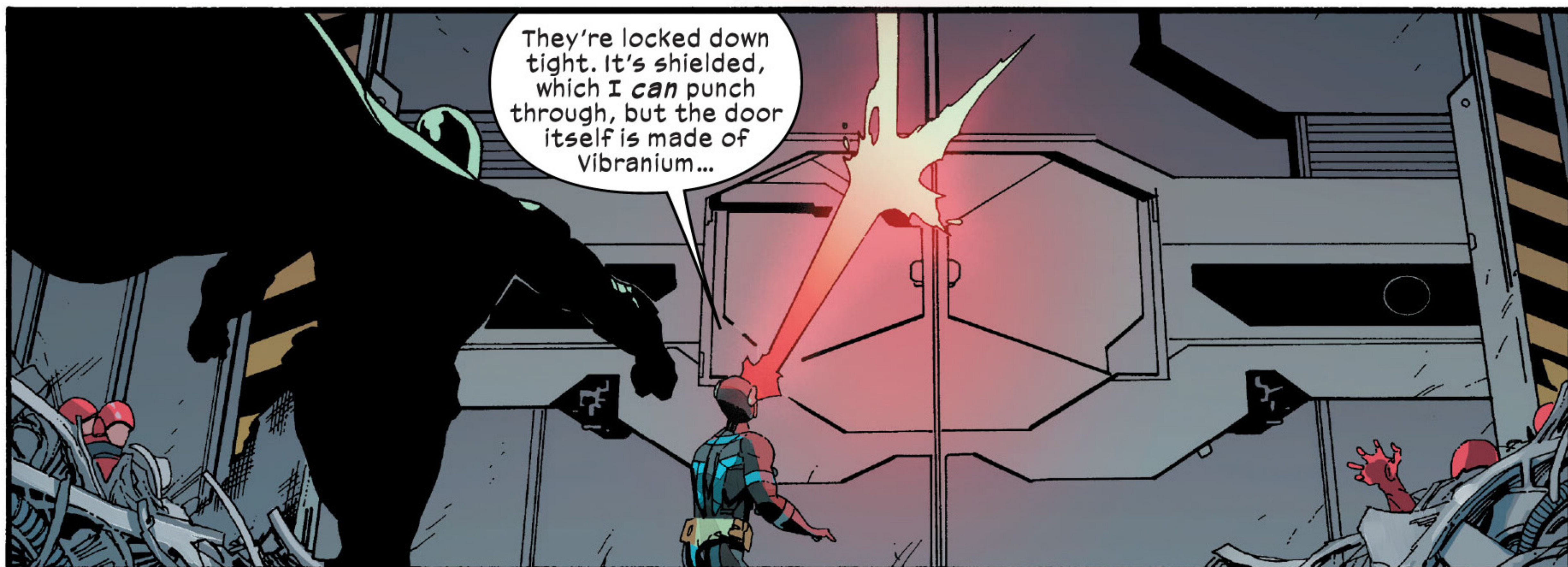


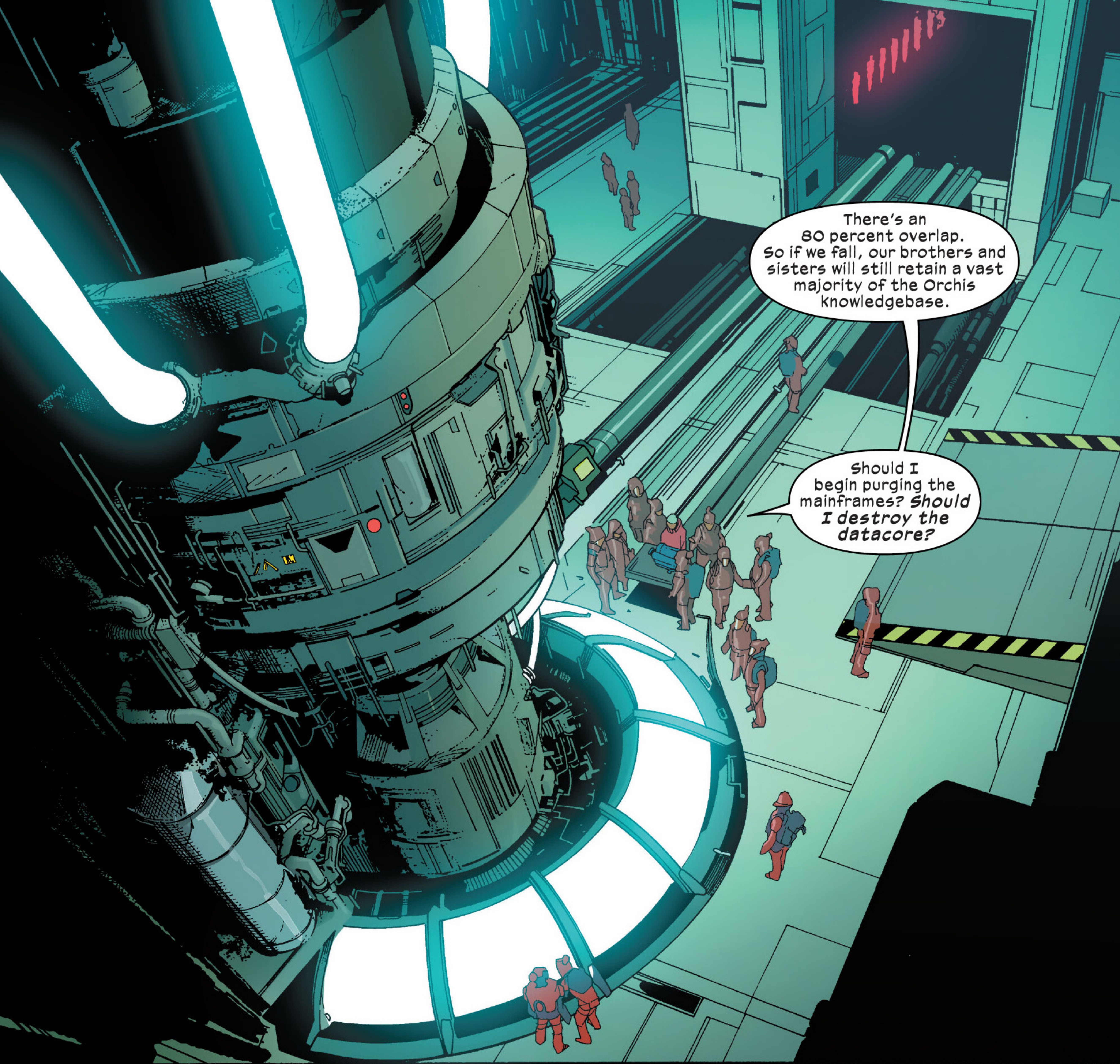
What
the--



Oh
no.

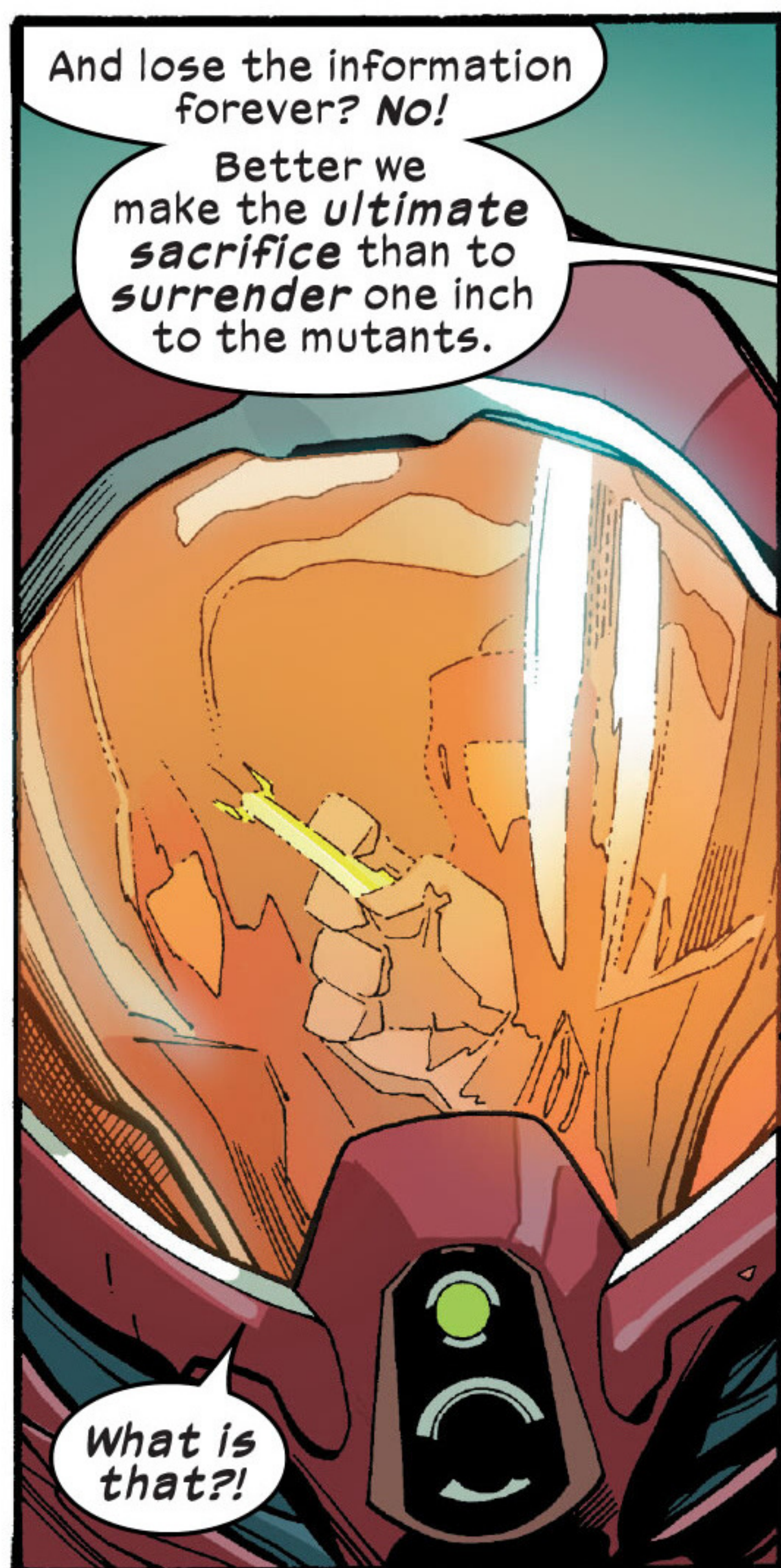






There's an 80 percent overlap. So if we fall, our brothers and sisters will still retain a vast majority of the Orchis knowledgebase.

Should I begin purging the mainframes? *Should I destroy the datacore?*



And lose the information forever? *No!*

Better we make the *ultimate sacrifice* than to *surrender* one inch to the mutants.

What is that?!



Evolution is an unyielding, unapologetic master. The truth is, we're *too civilized* to deal with these vandals.

Will it hurt?

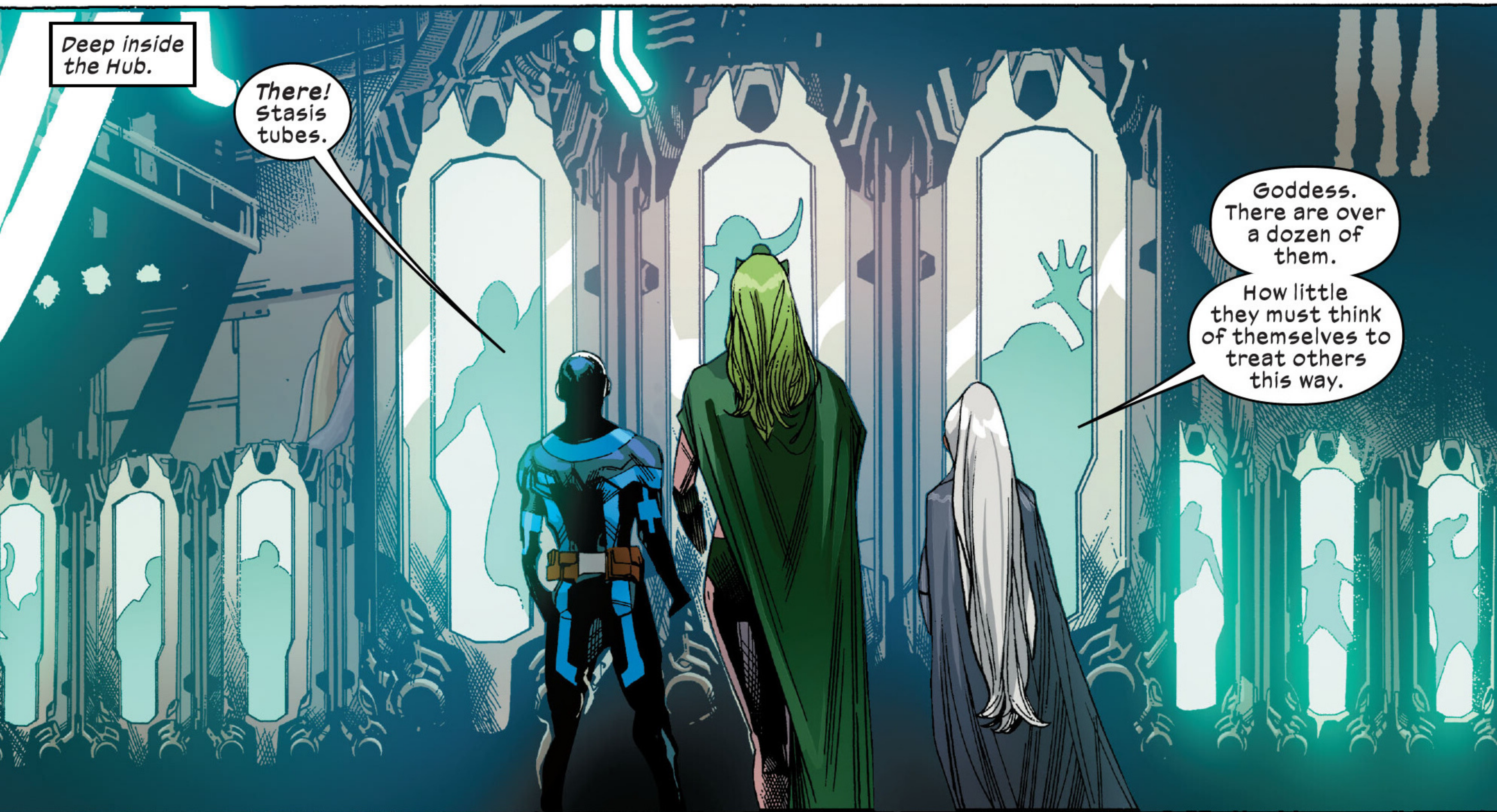
Life hurts, Doctor Smyth. But will I let a little pain-- a little *sacrifice*--stop me from protecting all these good works that I have done?

Of course not.



These monsters can have my science when they pry it from my cold dead fingers.





Deep inside the Hub.

There! Stasis tubes.

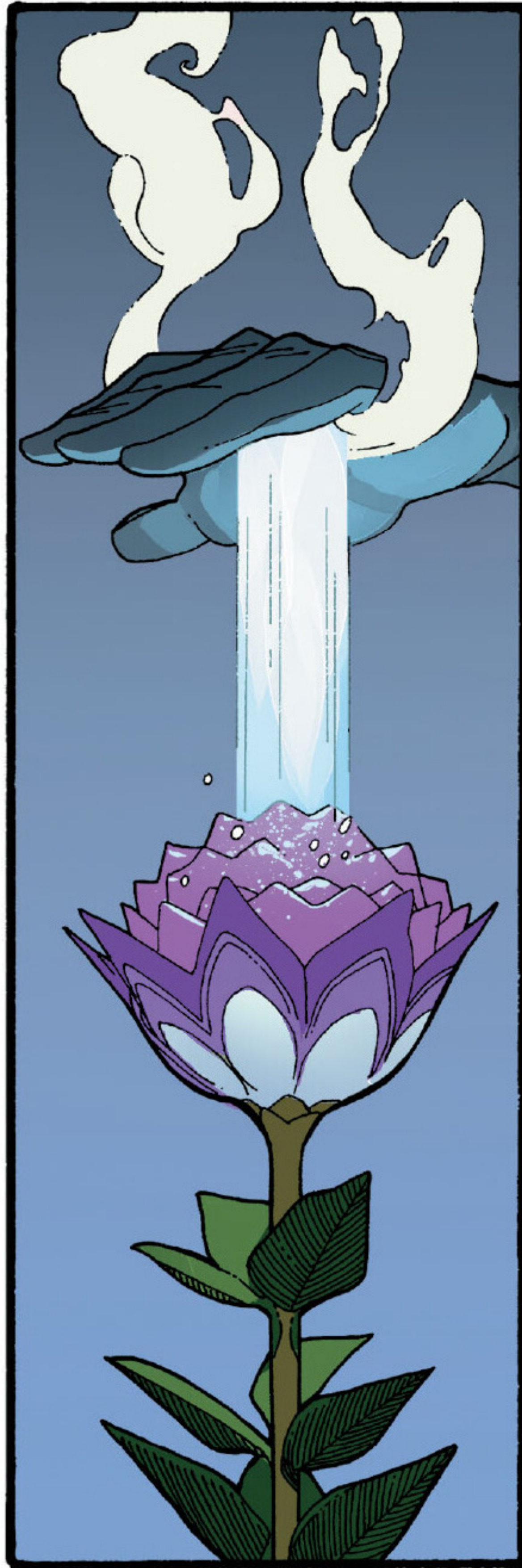
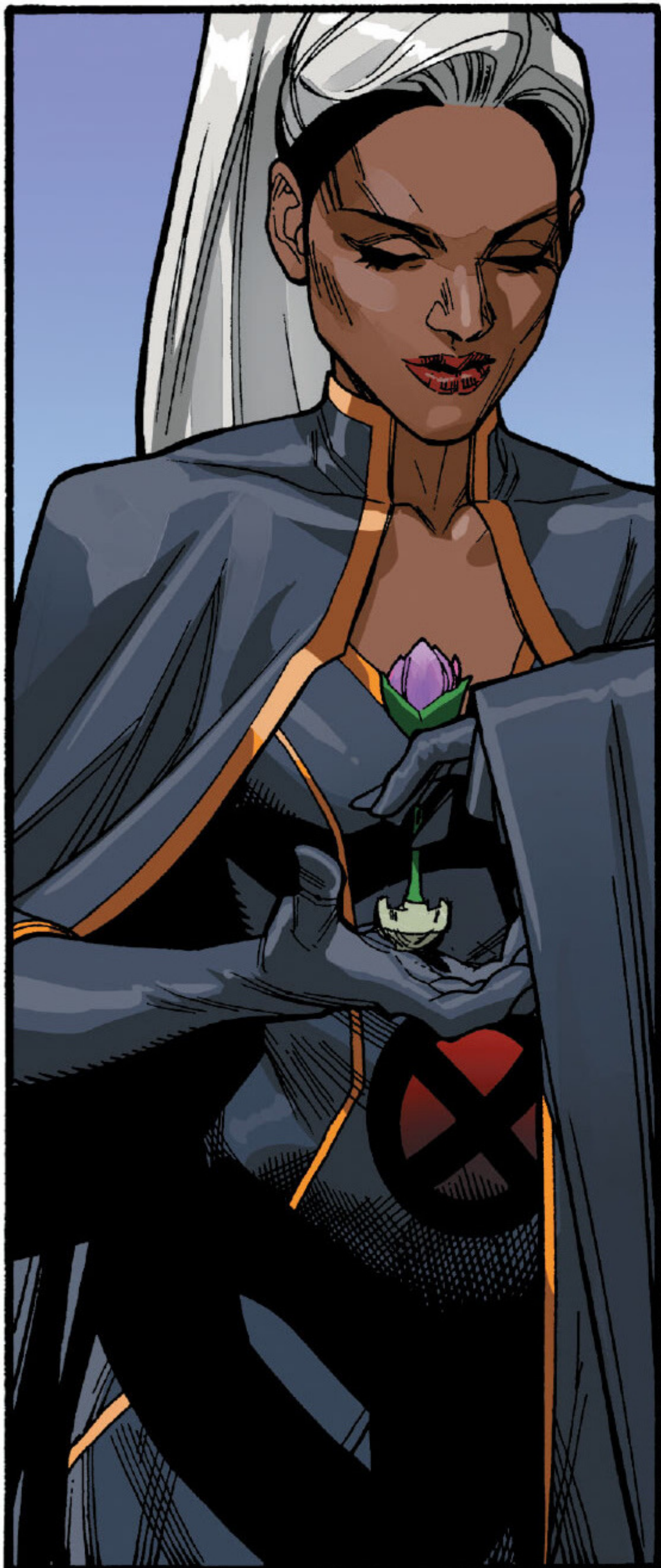
Goddess. There are over a dozen of them.

How little they must think of themselves to treat others this way.

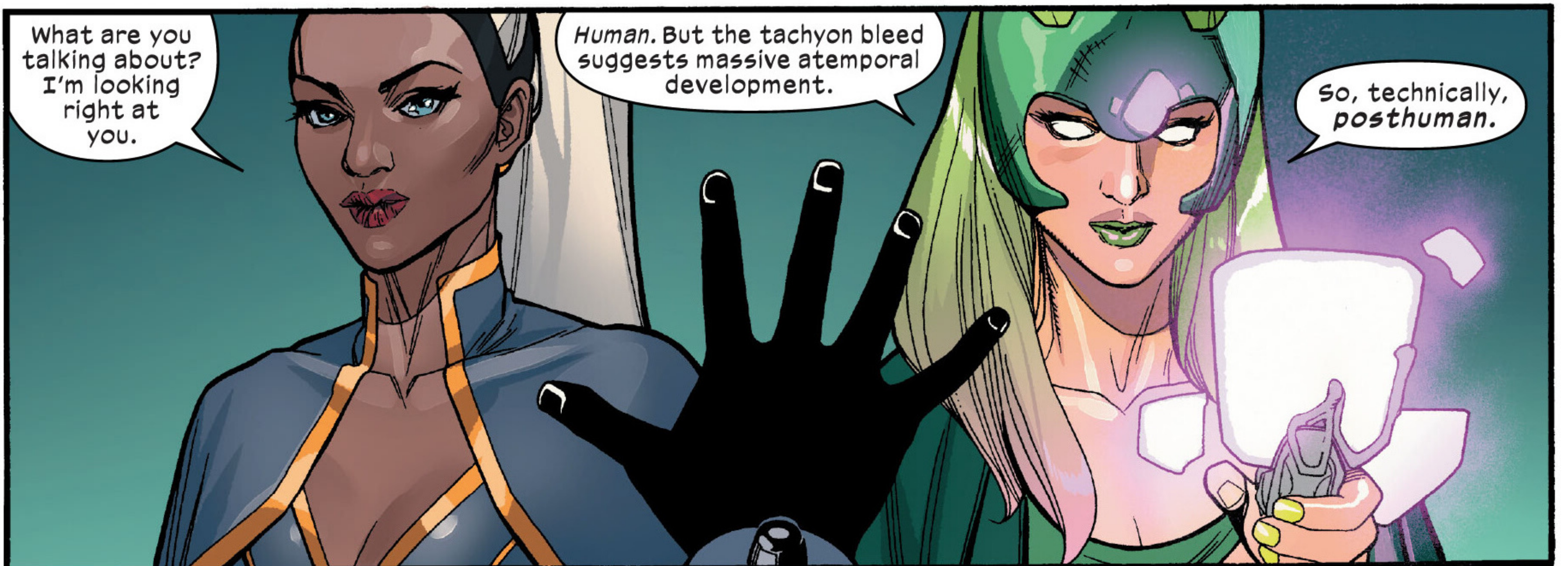
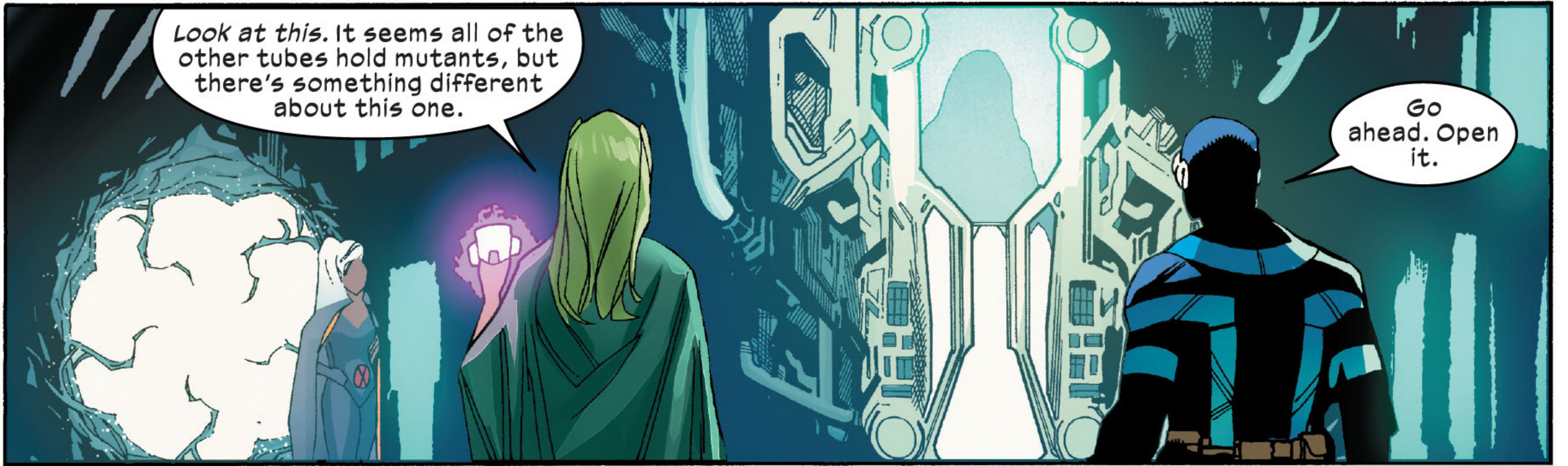


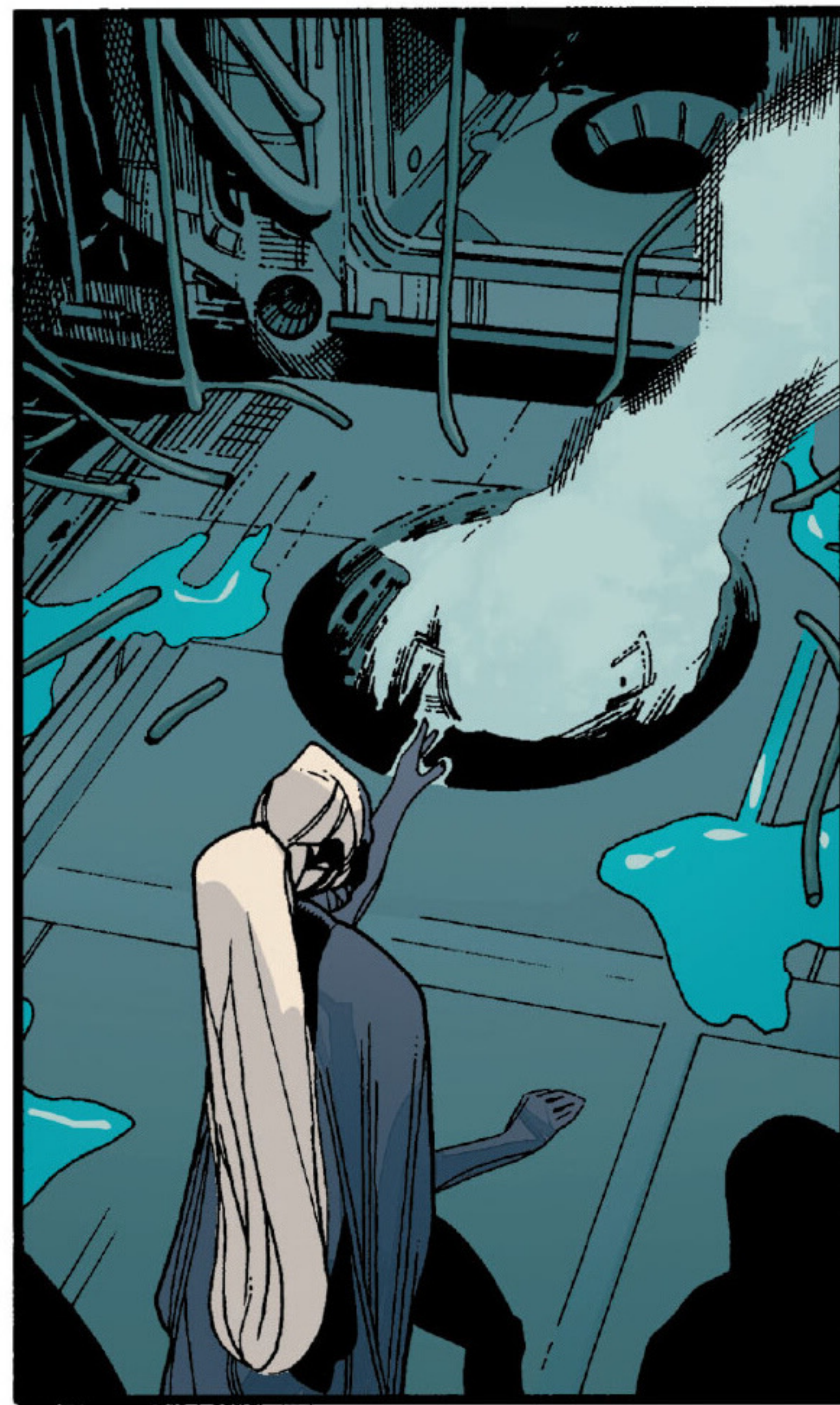
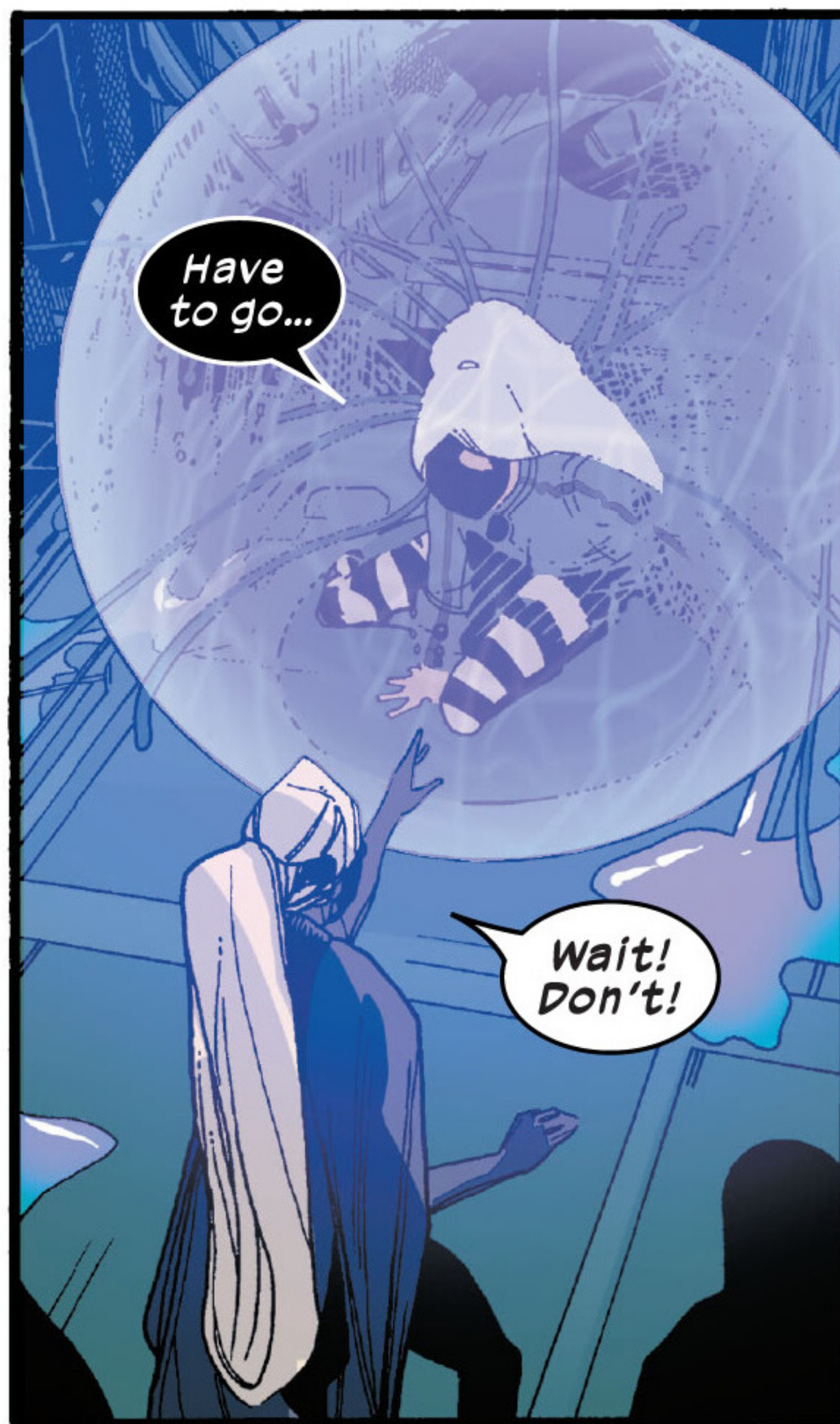
Polaris and I will get them out.

Make us a gateway, Storm.



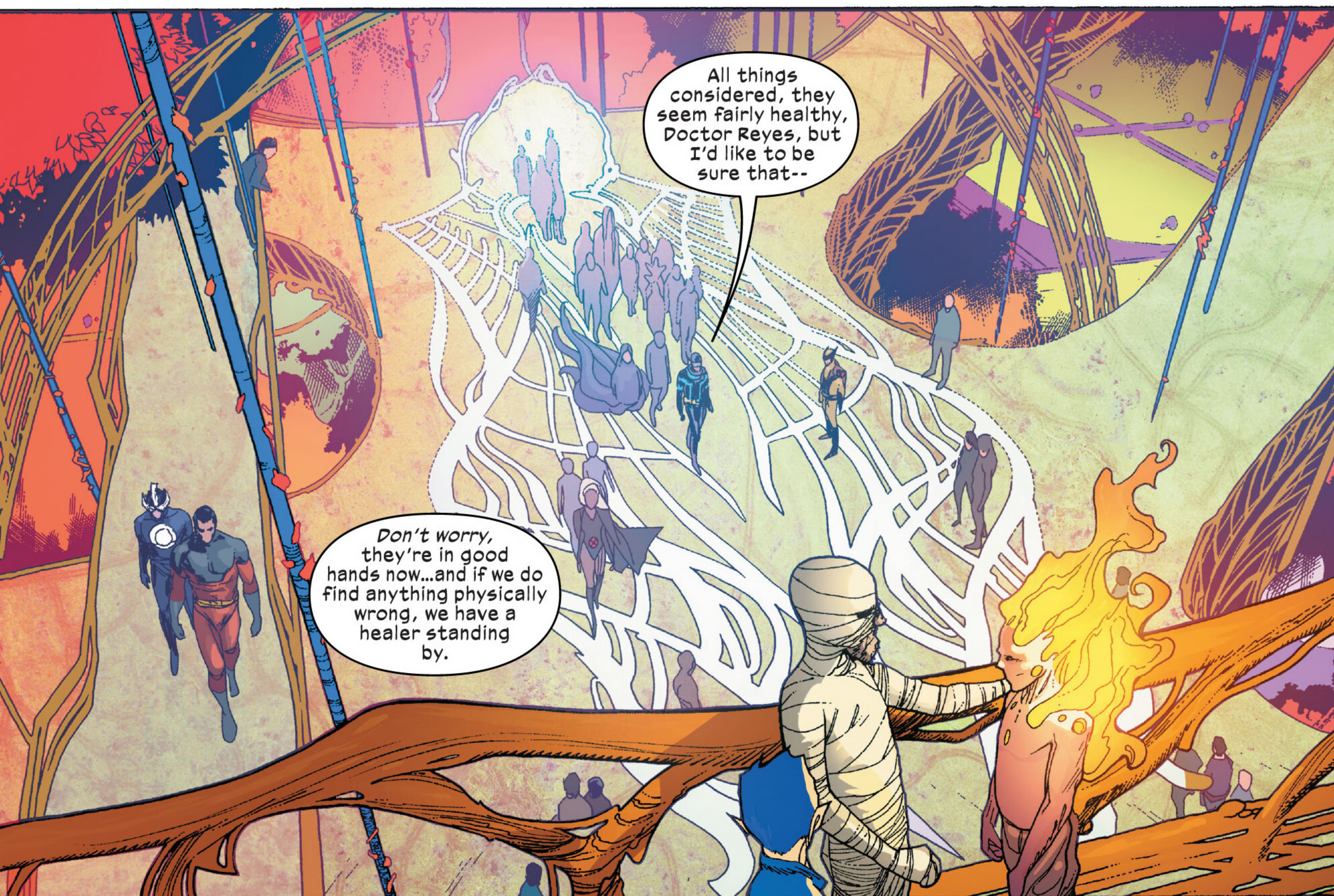
It's ready.







Krakoa.
The Living Island.
Mutant Nation-State.



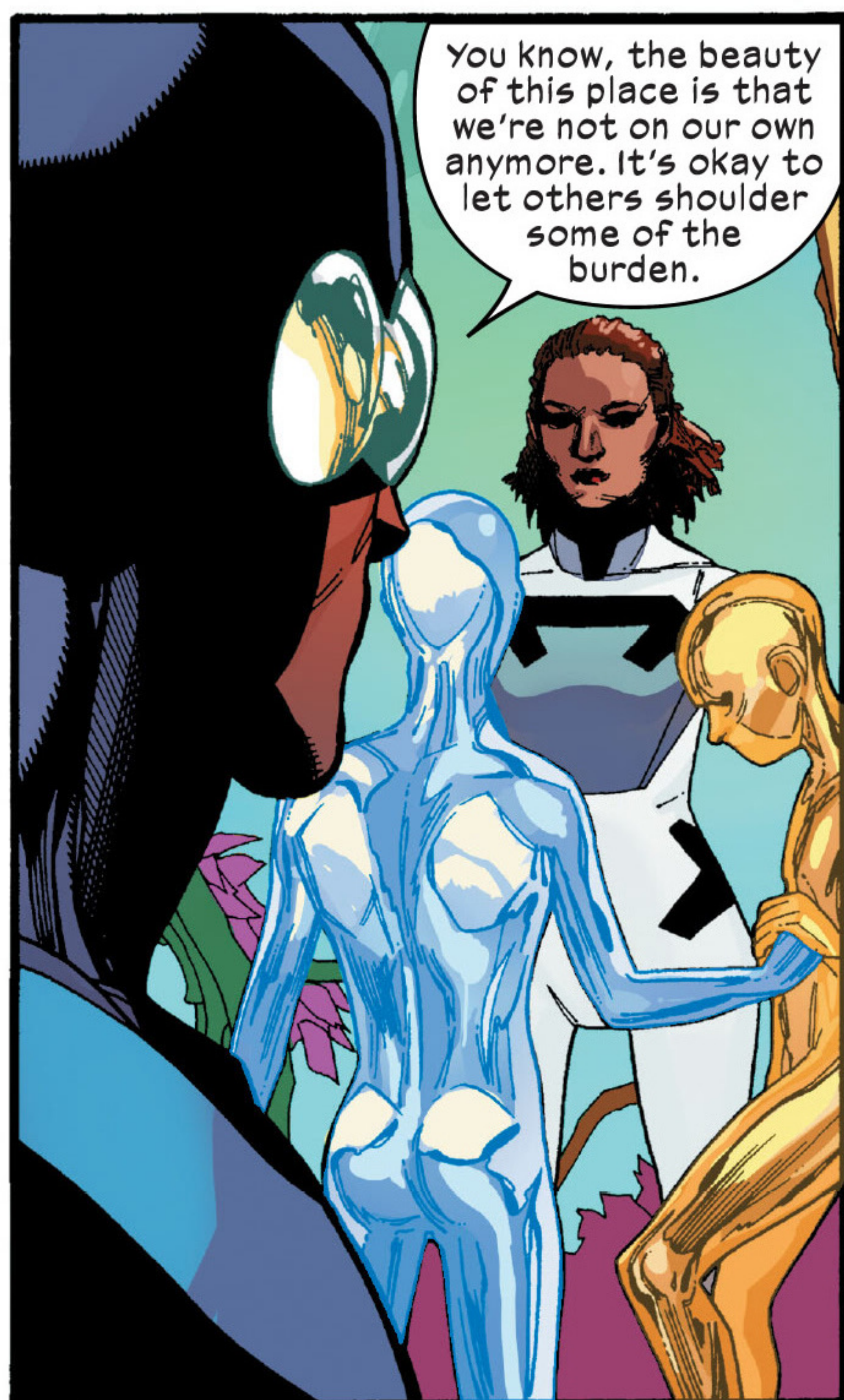
All things considered, they seem fairly healthy, Doctor Reyes, but I'd like to be sure that--

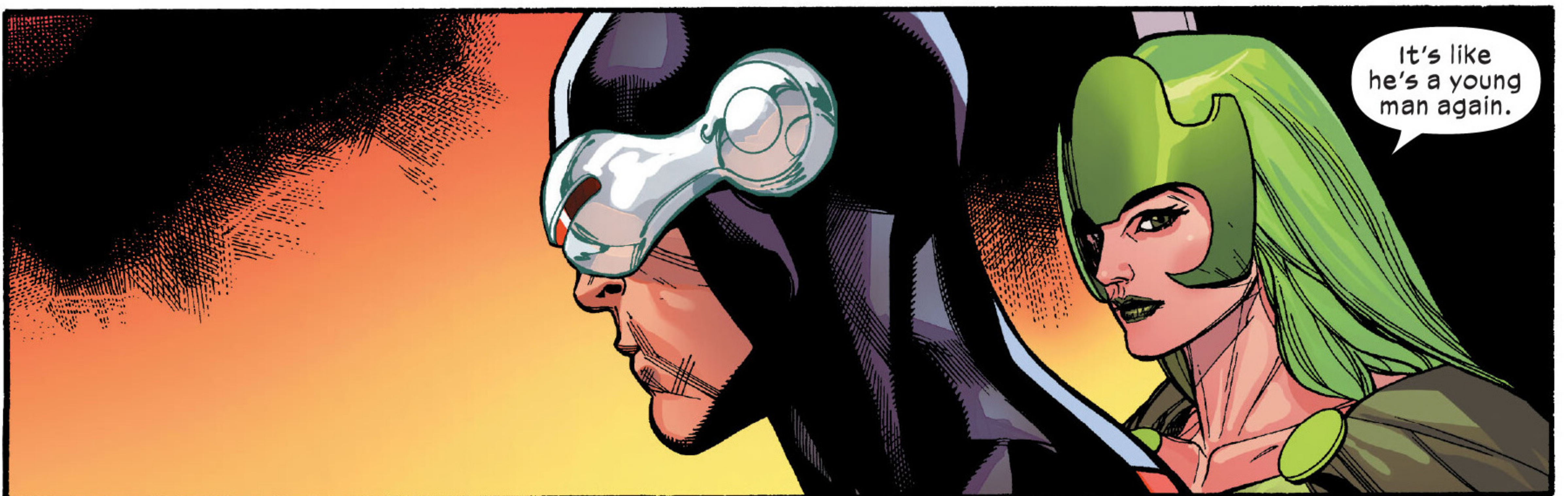
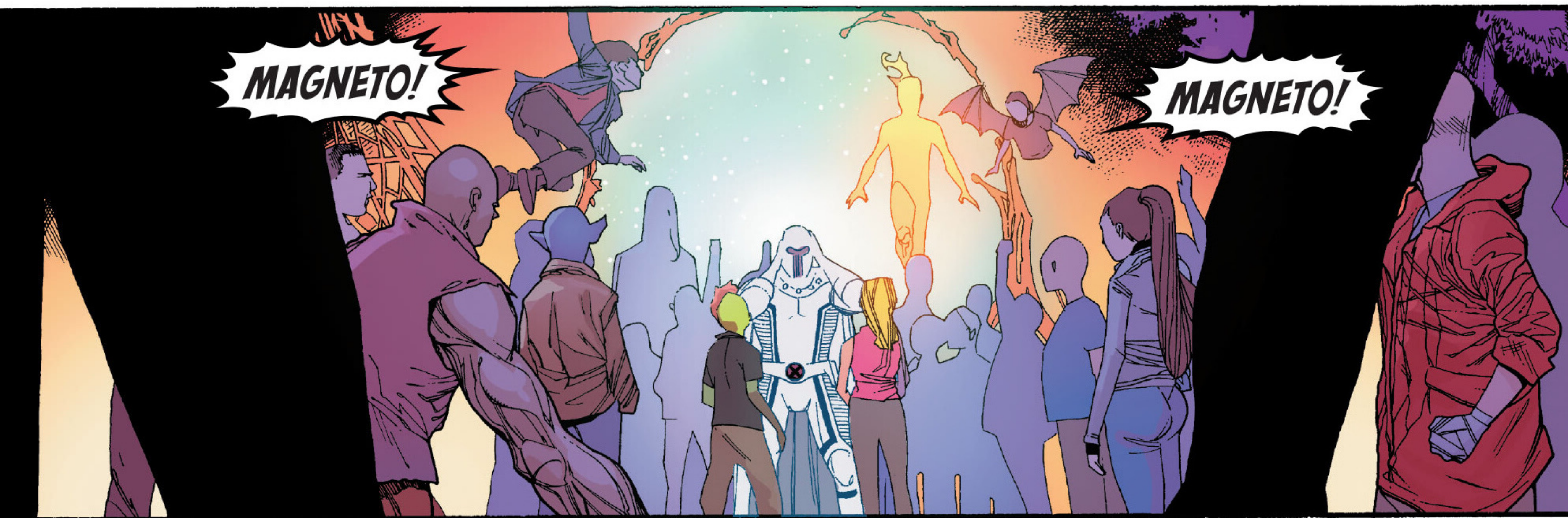
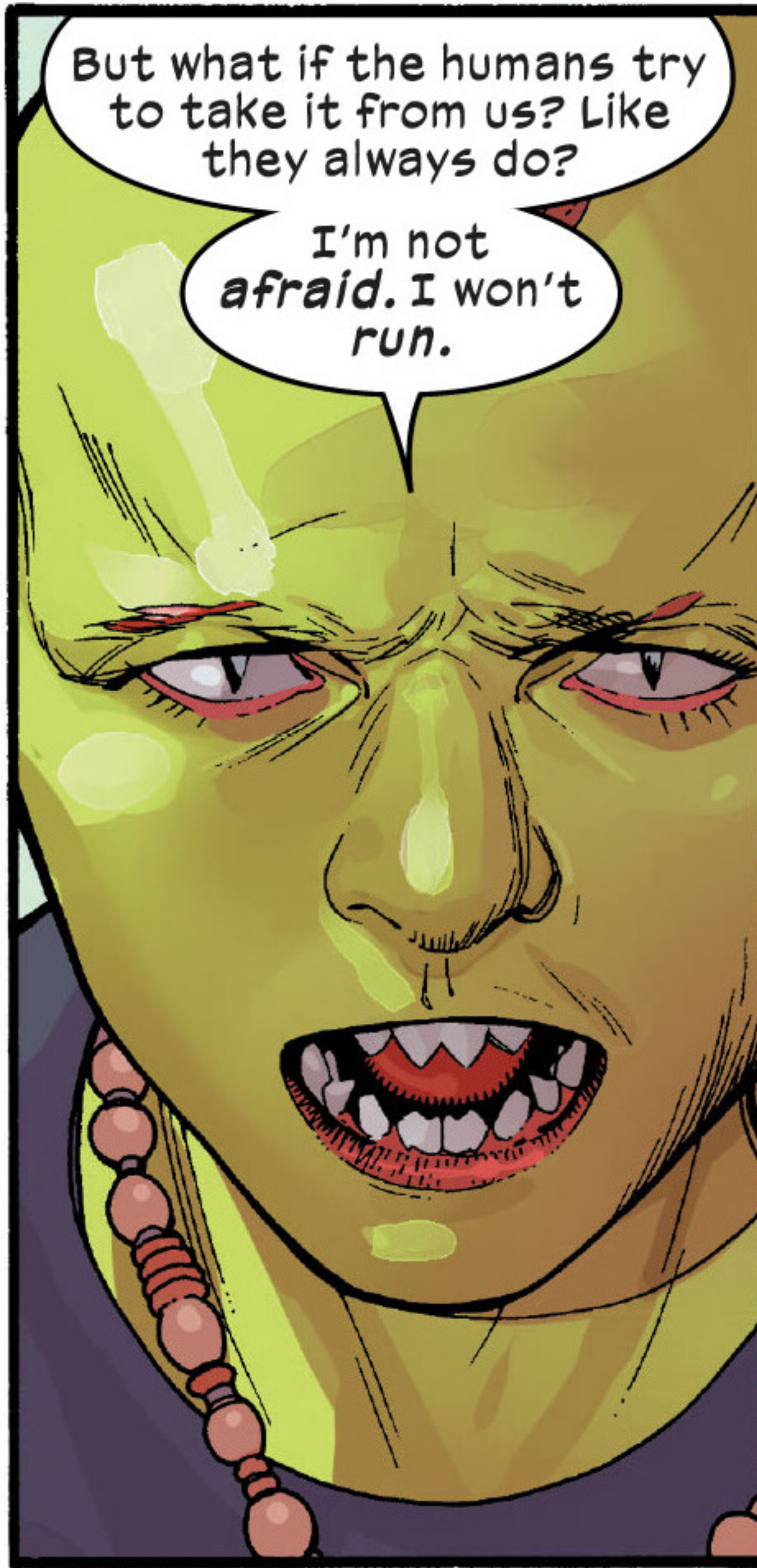
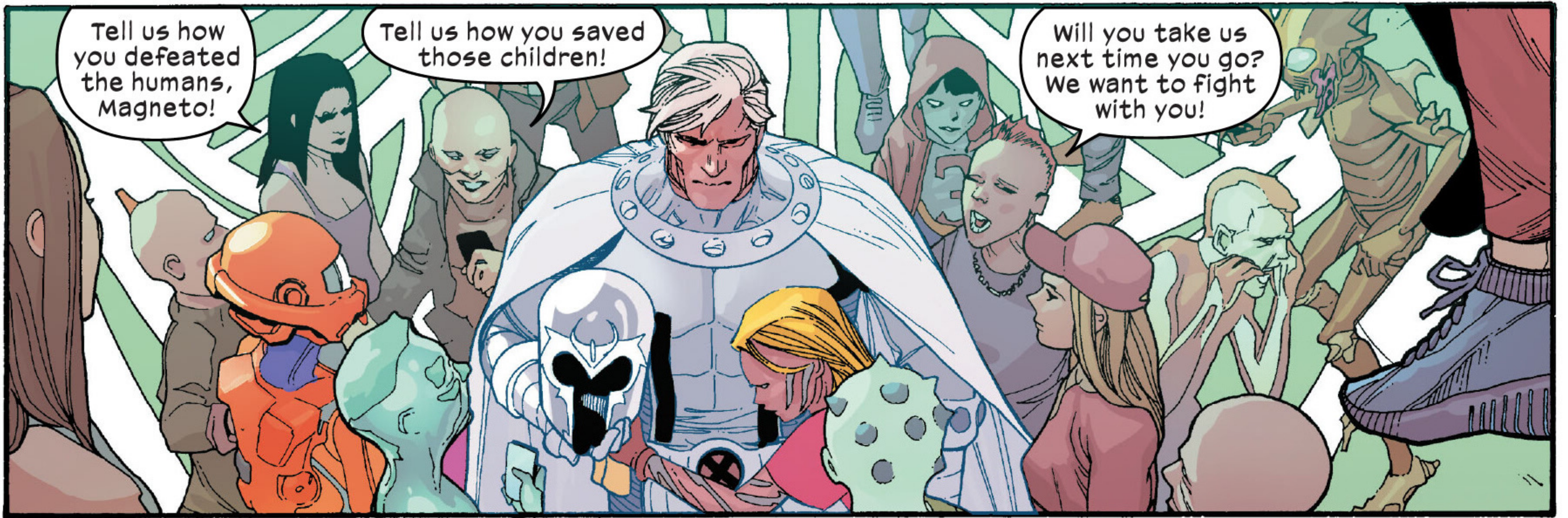
Don't worry, they're in good hands now...and if we do find anything physically wrong, we have a healer standing by.

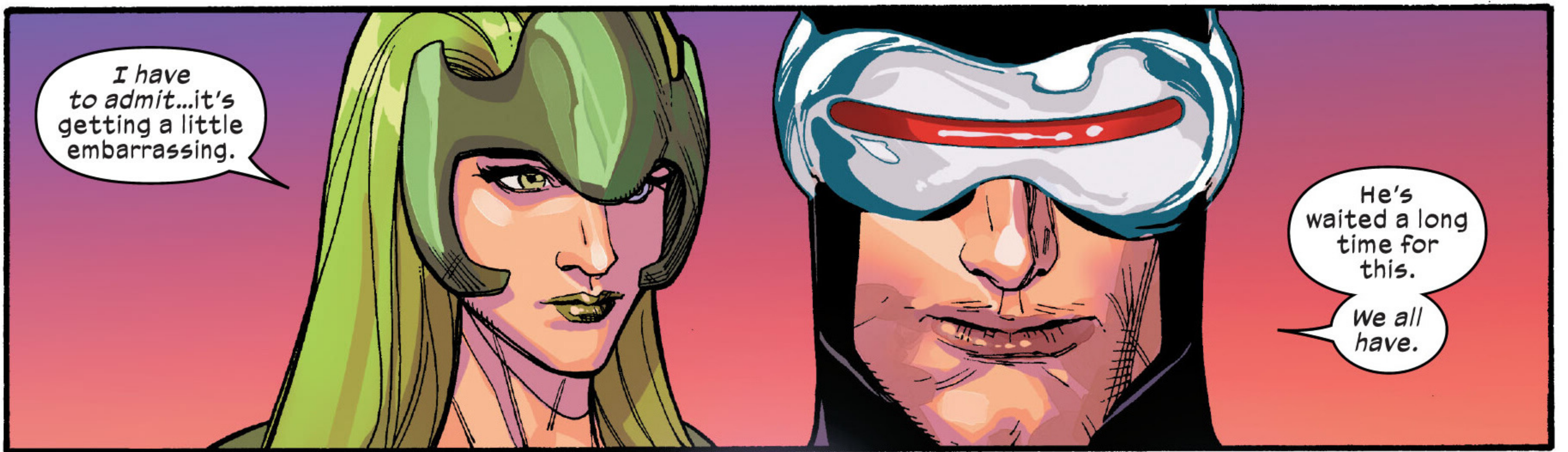
But if I'm being honest, my greatest concern is any underlying psychological trauma they might have after what they've been through.

Even then...we have empaths--and some fairly gifted telepaths--who are standing by ready to help.

To say nothing of clean water, clear skies and all the *good things* that come from living in paradise.

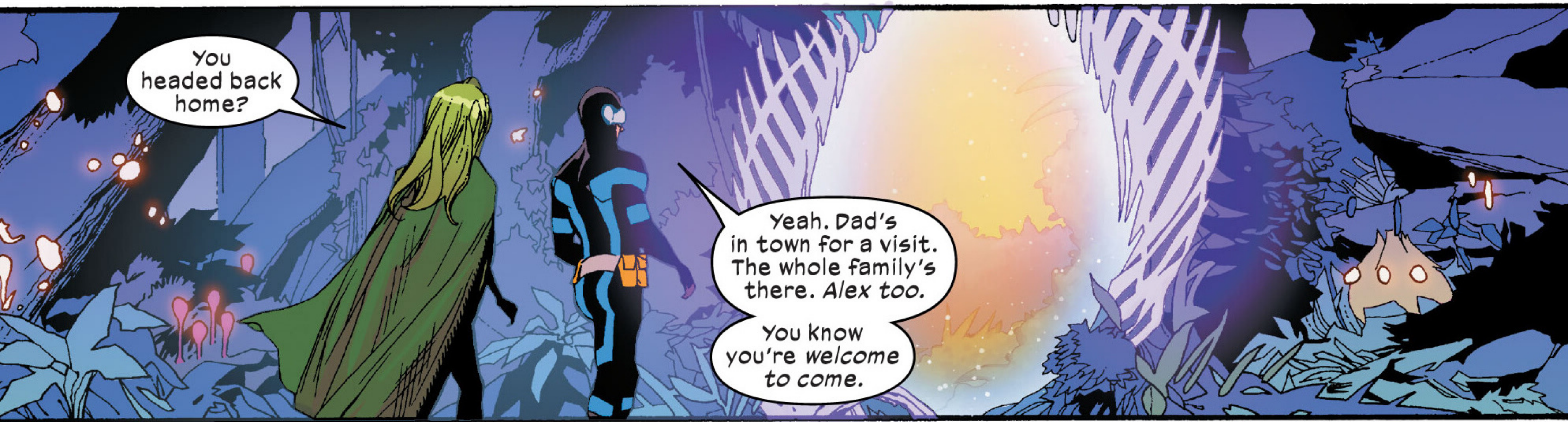






I have to admit...it's getting a little embarrassing.

He's waited a long time for this.
We all have.



You headed back home?

Yeah. Dad's in town for a visit. The whole family's there. Alex too.
You know you're welcome to come.



Maybe next time.

When the past is the past and I'm not still finding my way in a new land.



It's something, isn't it?

You know, I remember the day my son was born-- I remember the sheer terror of it. Not the idea of being a father--my god, I loved that. I had waited my *whole life* for that...



It was thinking about what kind of world I had brought this precious, innocent child into.

The horrors that my beautiful boy would have to endure simply because he was my son-- of my blood. Like me.



And the worst part was I was right. *He did suffer.* He did...and there was nothing I could do to stop it. All I could do was *endure it.* Try not to *surrender.* Try not to give up.

I'll tell you, it was a *close thing*--surrendering to the world. Very close.



But I held on.

And, look, I have you, and your father, and my family...my boy.

And we are home.



Because I believed in a thing... and now it's real.

Scott?



Yeah?



Do you really believe that?



Every single word of it.

The Orchis Forge.

"Orchis was created to be the last gasp of the last generation--a doomsday weapon composed of human minds--the greatest ever assembled..."

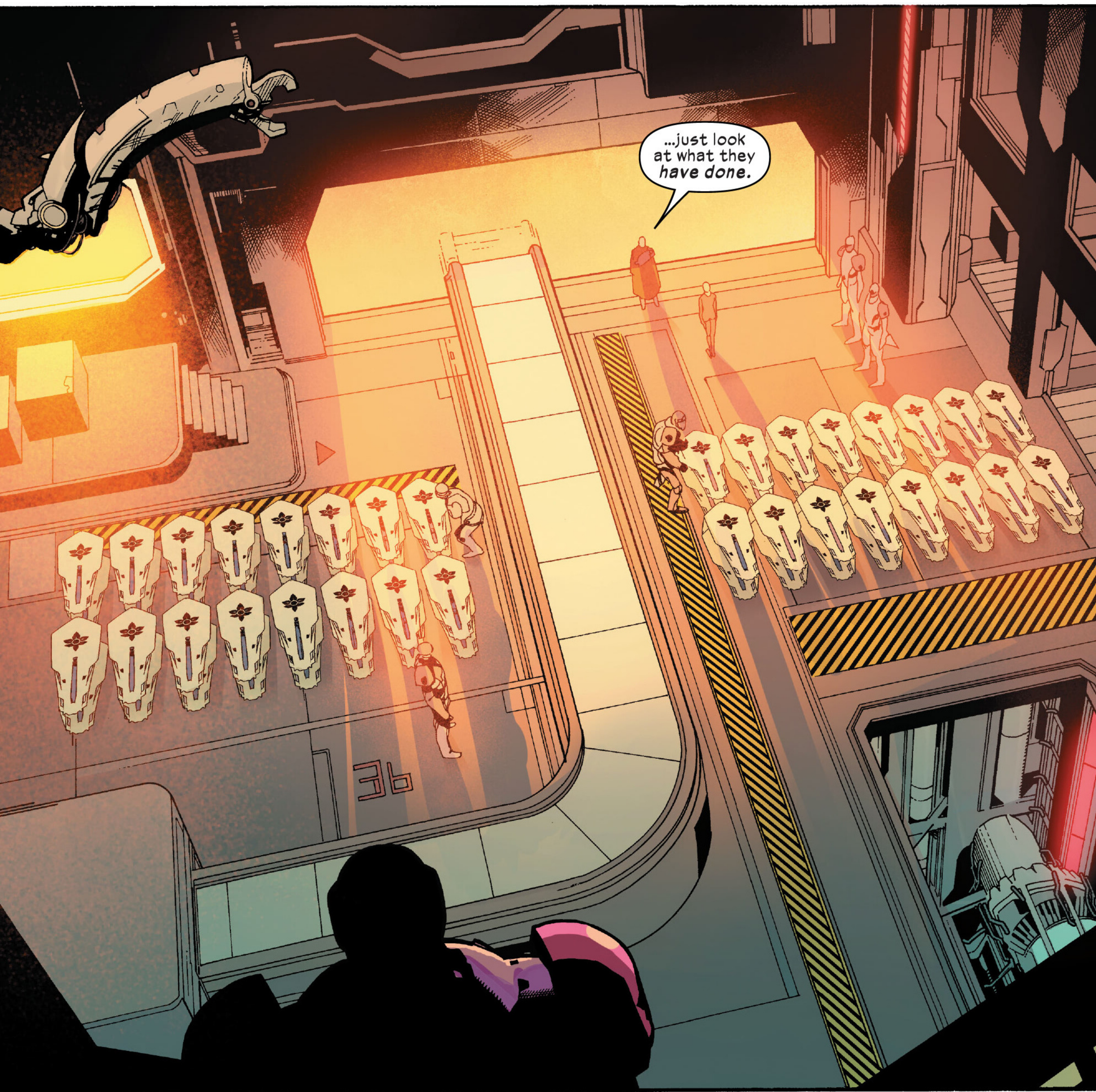
Free from the warring ideologies that have paralyzed the civilian world, we were scientists from S.H.I.E.L.D., A.I.M., A.R.M.O.R. and Alpha Flight.

You also have a small army of H.A.M.M.E.R. parasites and six--*SIX*--infernals geneticists from Hydra.

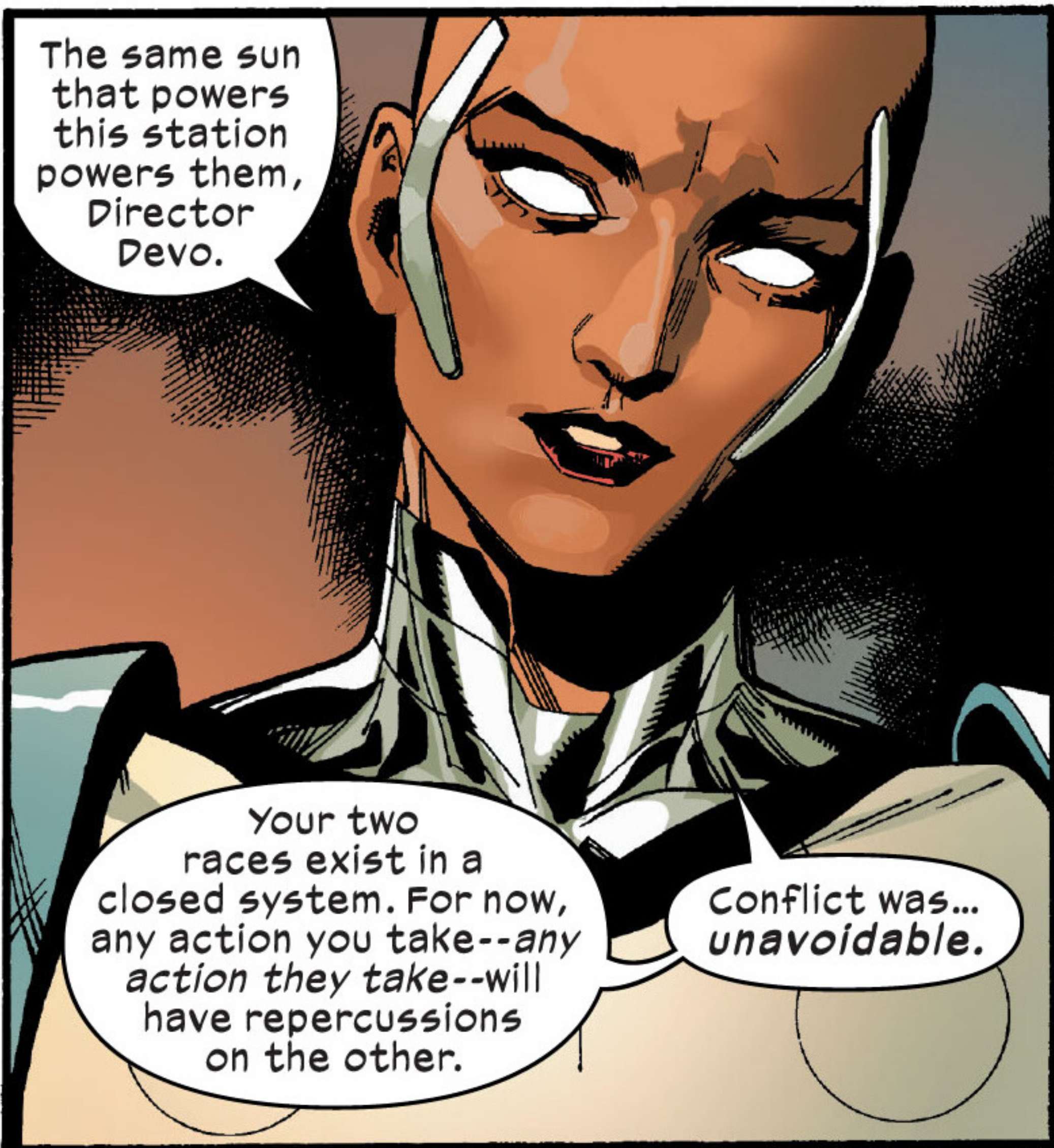
Yes, well...there are lesser evils we tolerate for the greater good. Because, you see, what we do here is all that matters: *survival*.

For our enemy is the future, and *this* is what comes from forgetting that.

Mutants...



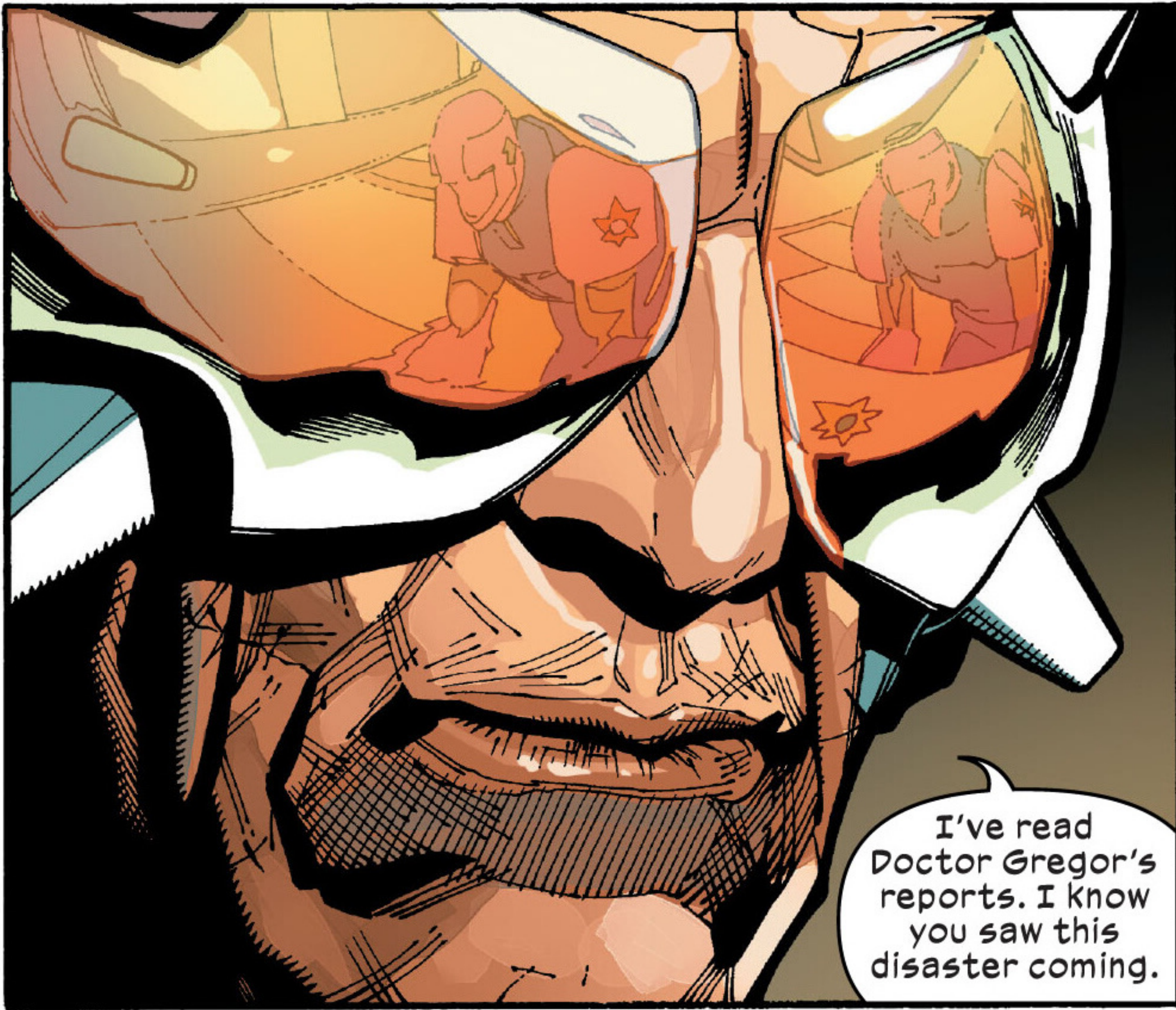
...just look
at what they
have done.



The same sun
that powers
this station
powers them,
Director
Devo.

Your two
races exist in a
closed system. For now,
any action you take--any
action they take--will
have repercussions
on the other.

Conflict was...
unavoidable.



I've read
Doctor Gregor's
reports. I know
you saw this
disaster coming.



Oh, the signs were there for anyone to see.



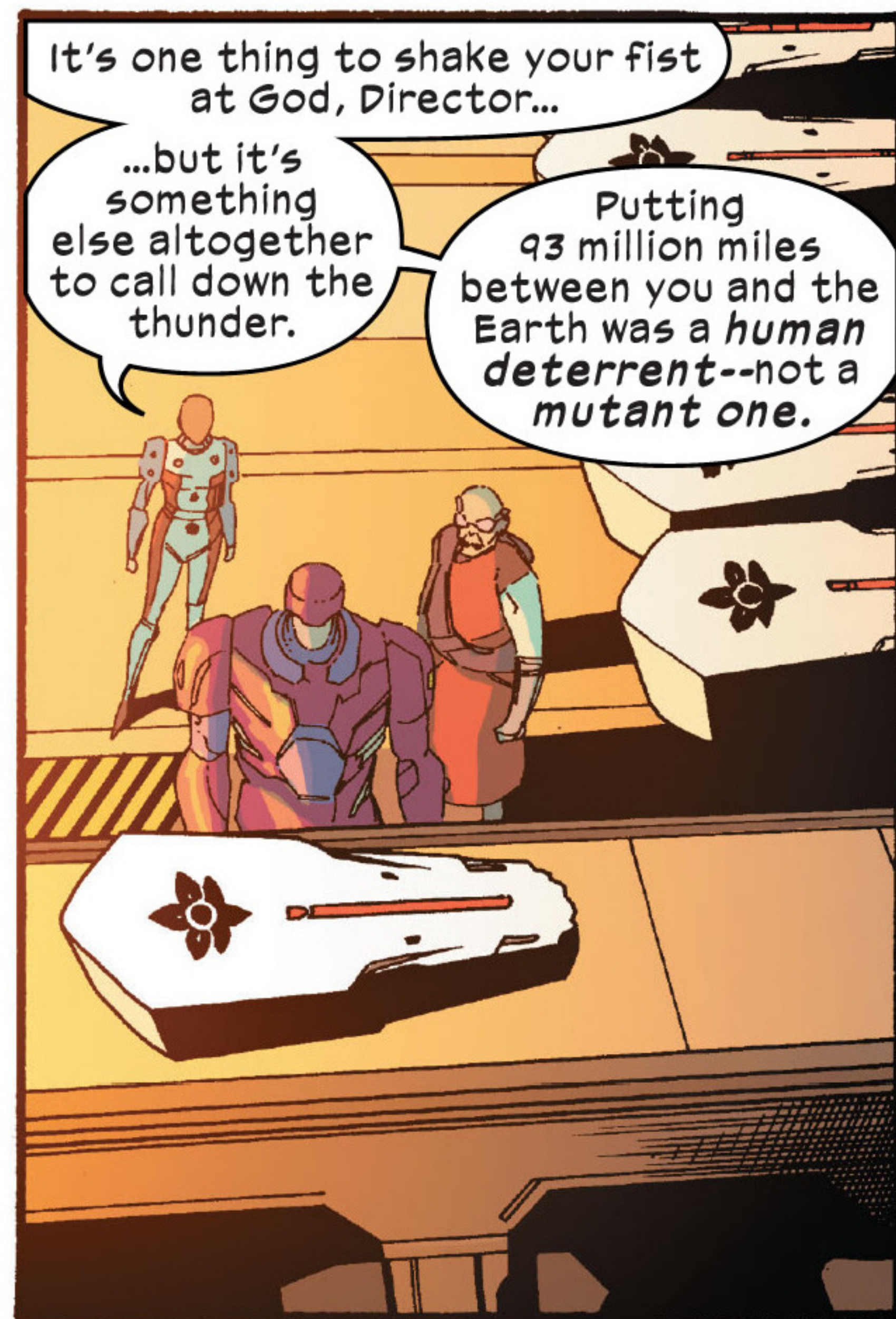
We aren't all gifted with the *machine brain* of an Omega Sentinel, Karima.

Humans will always be slaves to our emotions...



...and in that spirit, we built the Forge as a last hope for humanity.

A great refuge in case evolution saw fit to leave mankind behind.



It's one thing to shake your fist at God, Director...

...but it's something else altogether to call down the thunder.

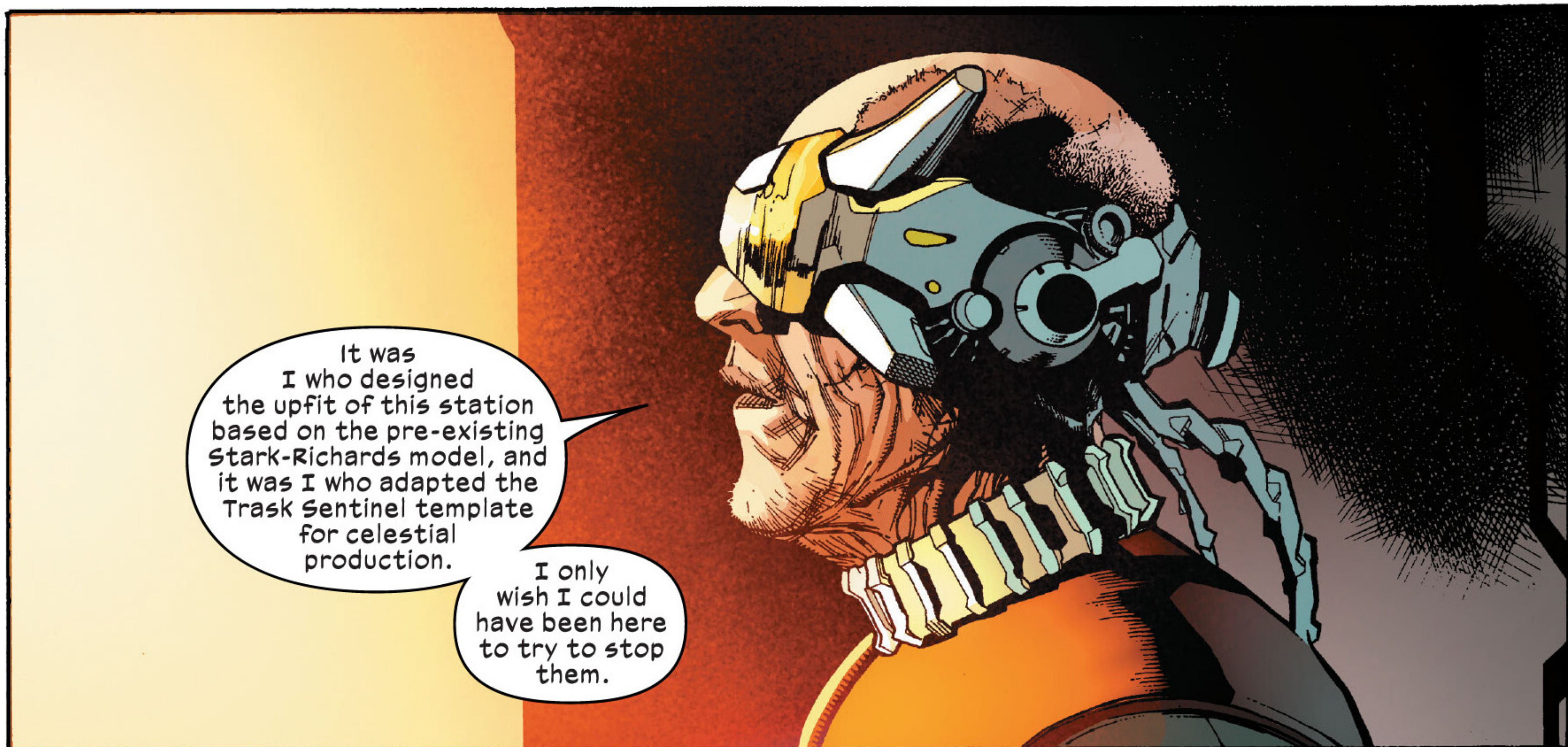
Putting 93 million miles between you and the Earth was a *human deterrent*--not a *mutant one*.



And placing a Mother Mold in orbit around the sun was always going to spark a response.

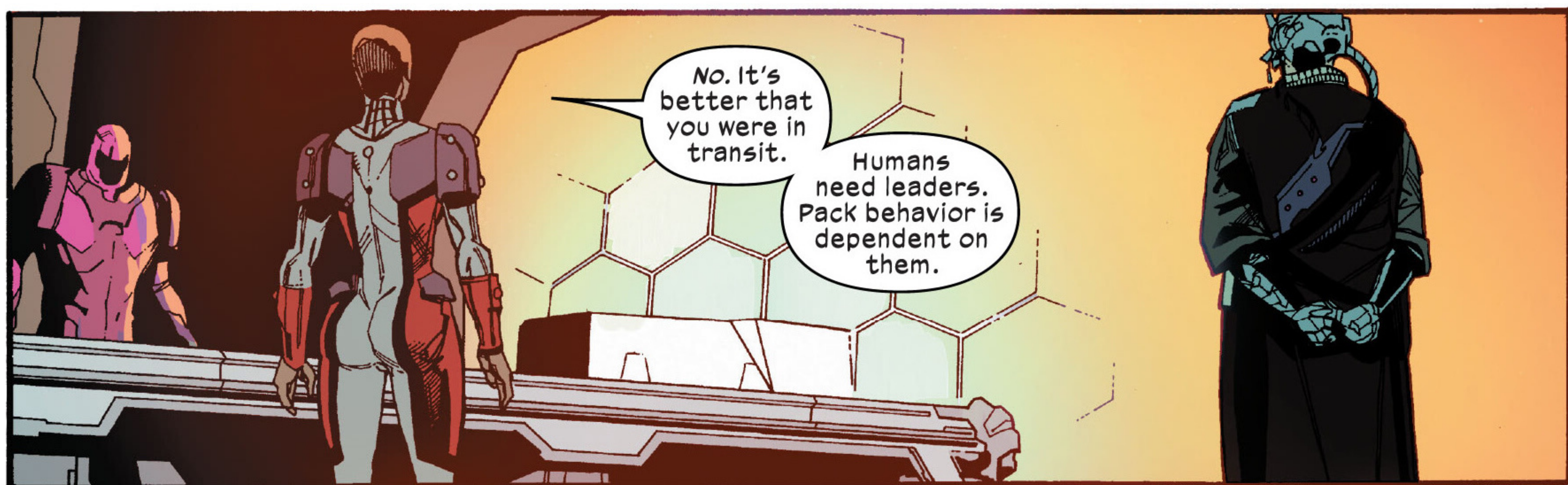
Doctor Gregor was--

The blame is *mine*, not *hers*.



It was I who designed the upfit of this station based on the pre-existing Stark-Richards model, and it was I who adapted the Trask Sentinel template for celestial production.

I only wish I could have been here to try to stop them.



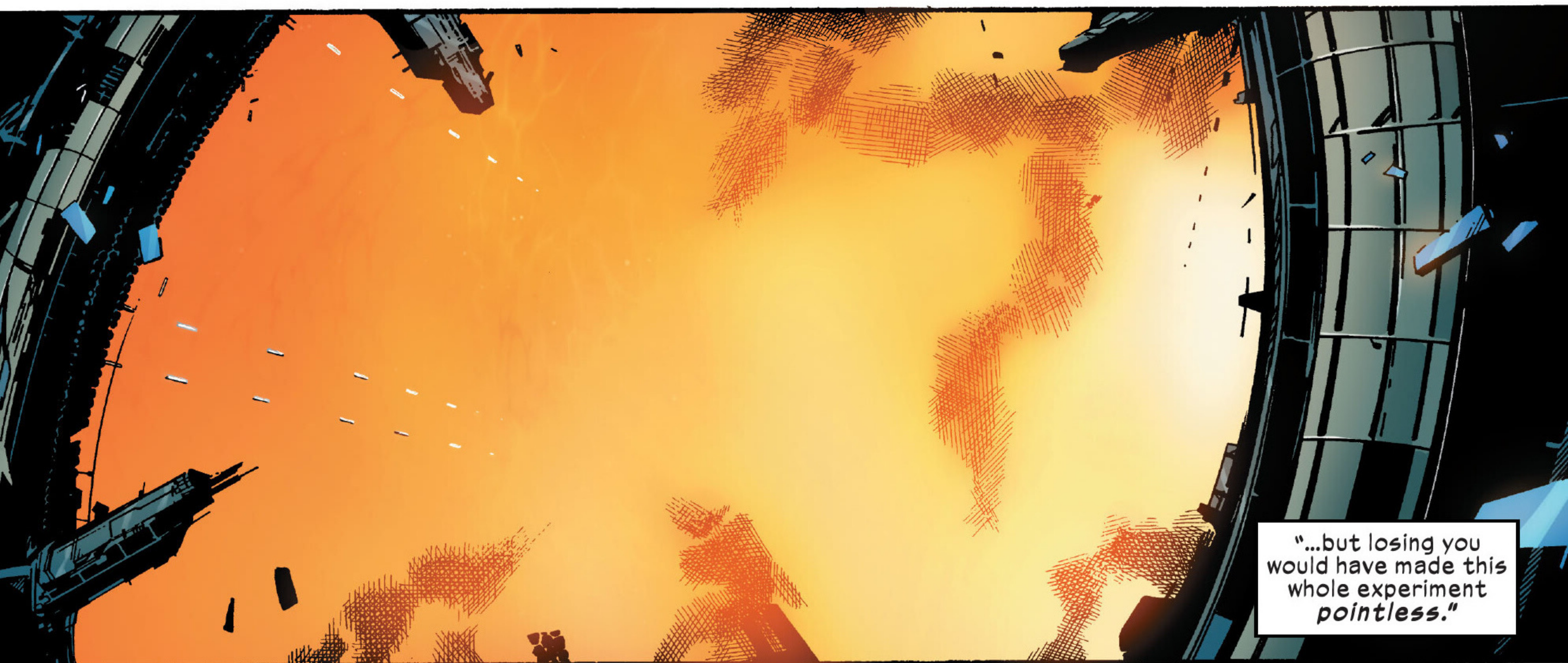
No. It's better that you were in transit.

Humans need leaders. Pack behavior is dependent on them.



It's bad enough that Doctor Gregor remains... compromised...

...and that so many died...



"...but losing you would have made this whole experiment *pointless*."

The Summer House.
Mutant Habitat.

Son.

Oh, hey,
Dad.

Jean
asked me
to come find you.
Dinner's almost
ready.

When we all got to
Krakoa, someone
asked me where
I wanted to
live.

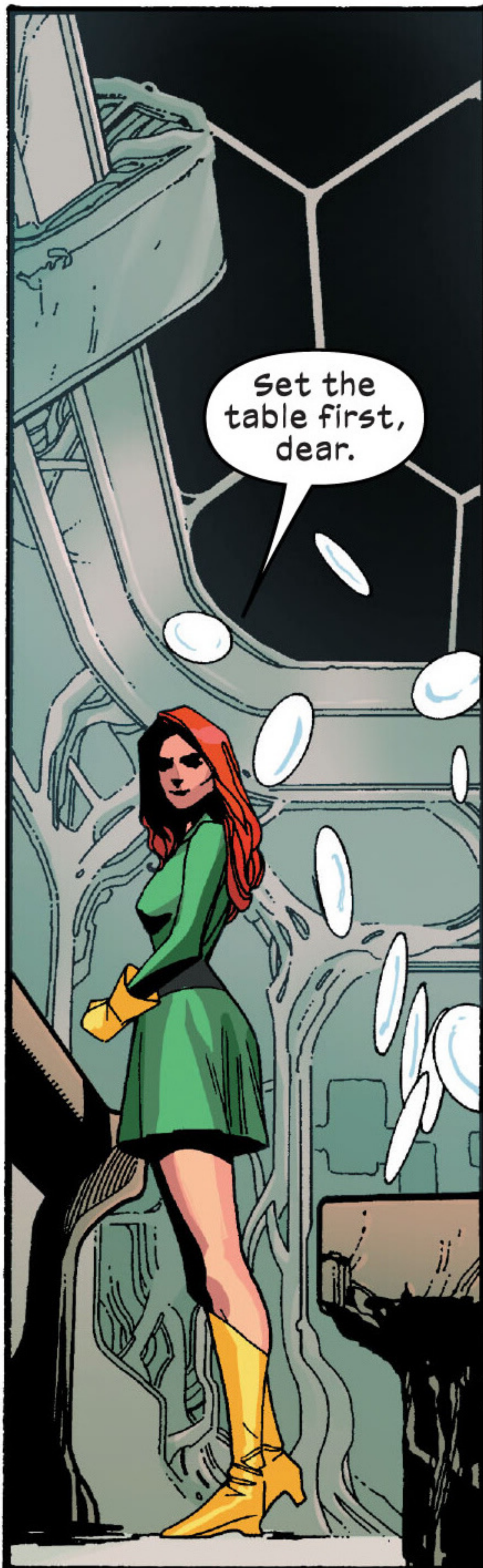
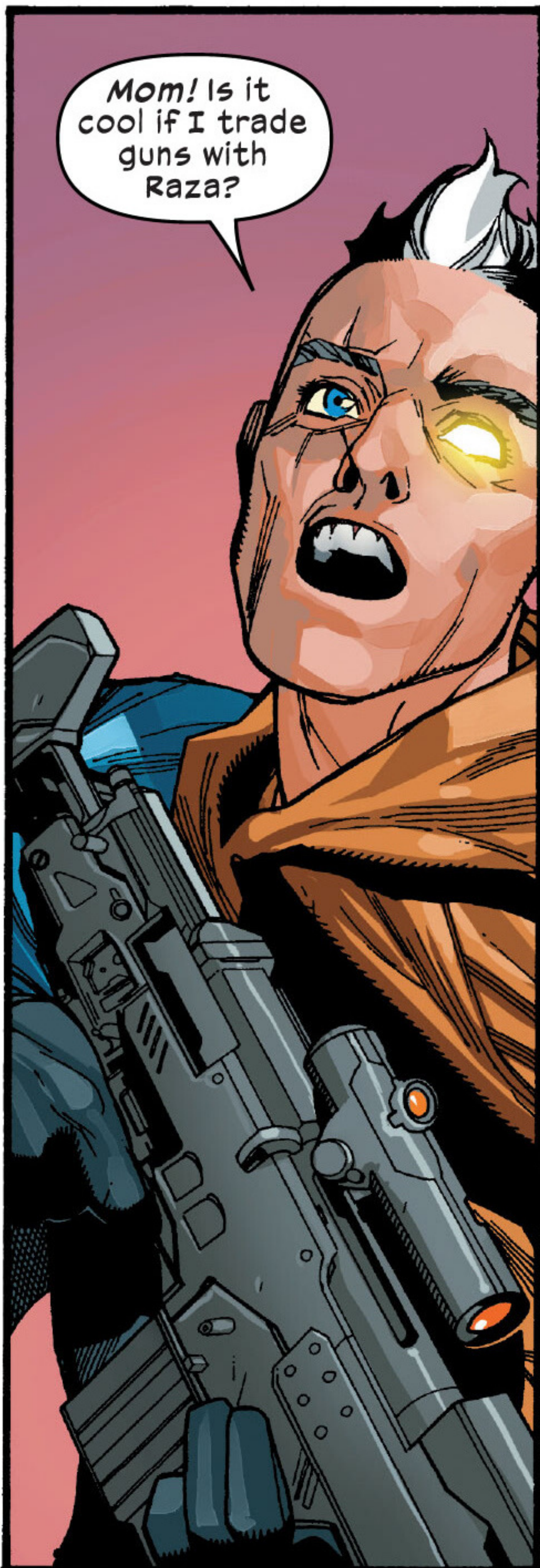
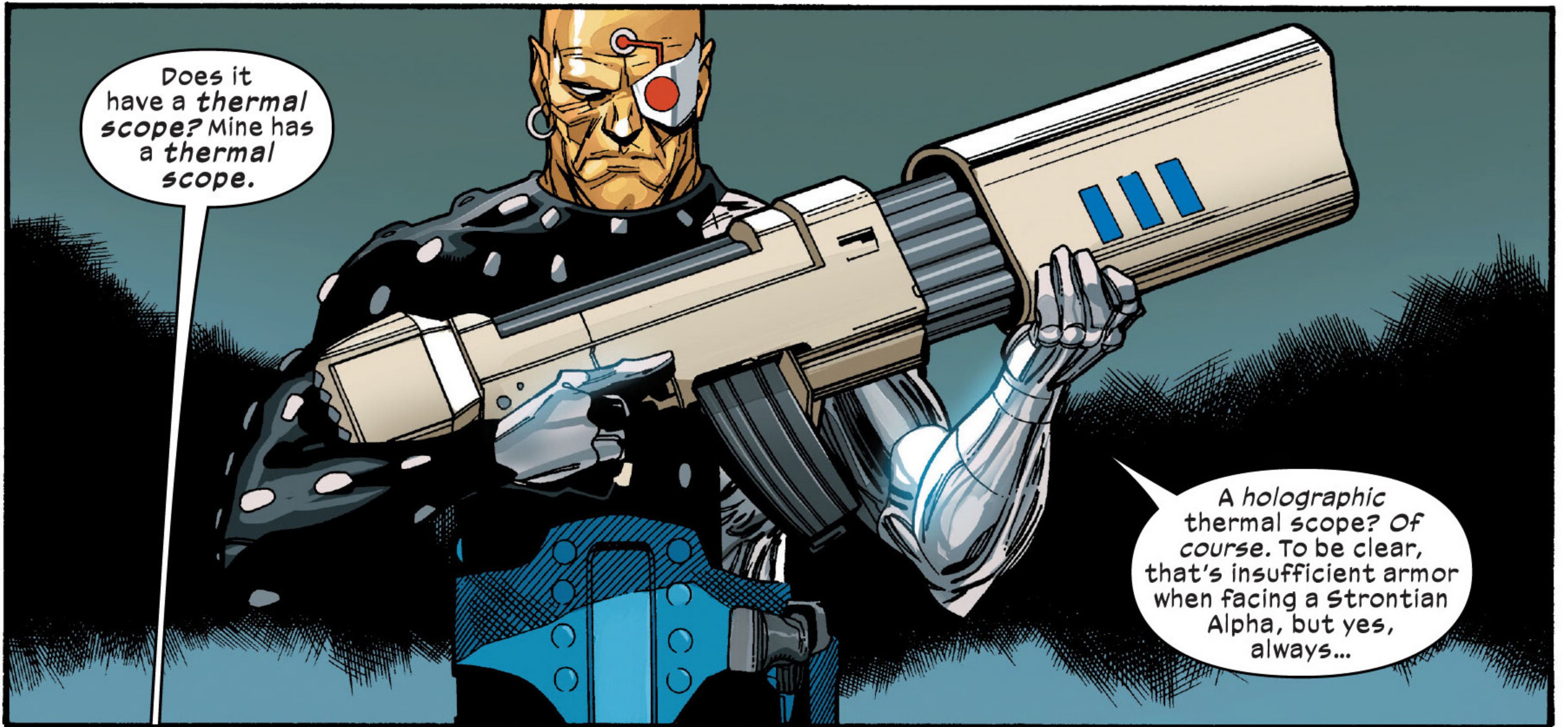
I didn't really worry about it at first--
we just hung out under the stars...happy
to soak it all in--but the more I
thought about it, I really wanted
a place with a view.

I can
tell.

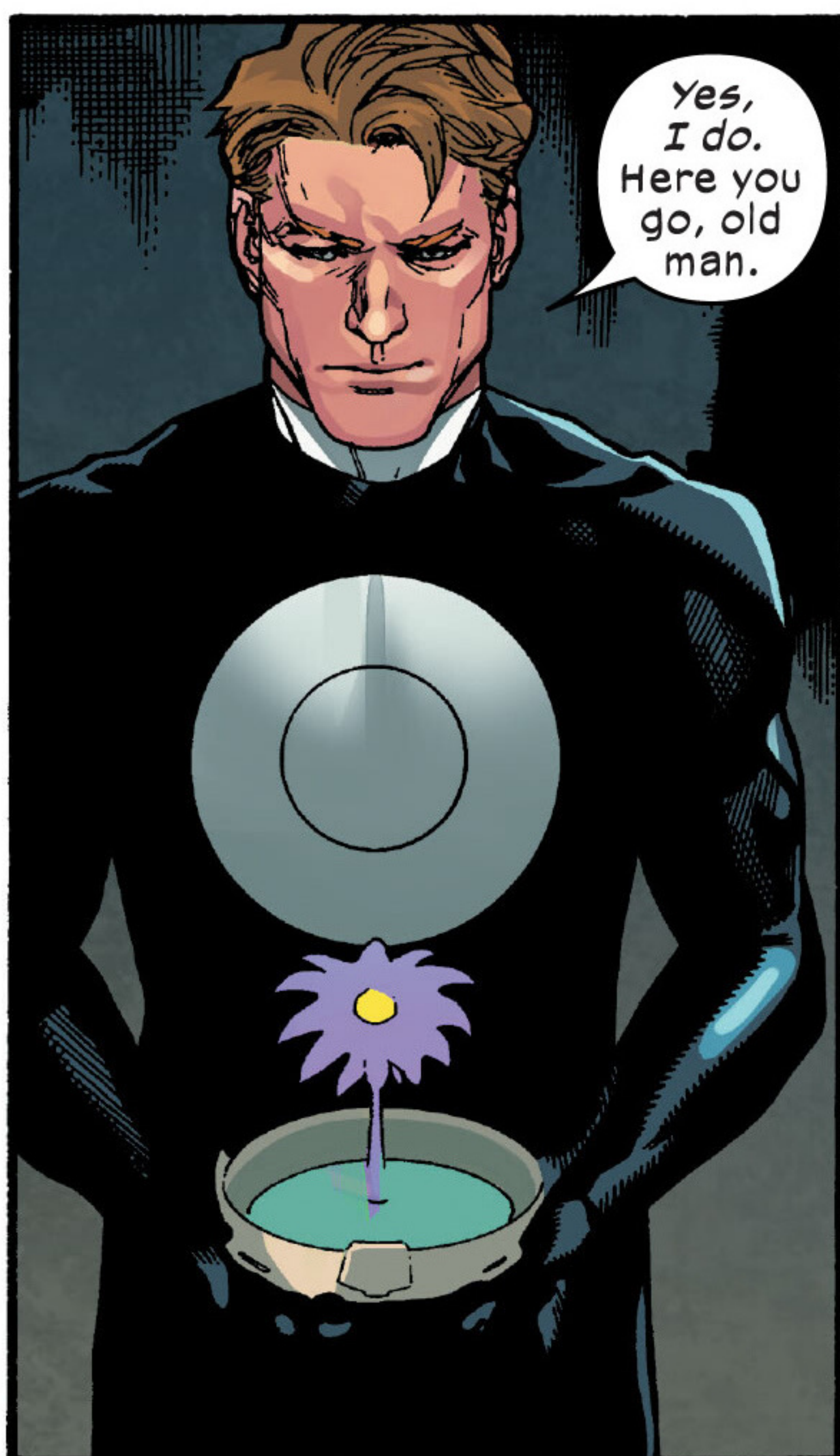
We can
grow Krakoaan
habitats anywhere, Dad,
and they all link back to
the main island. So I
figured, well...

Why
settle?







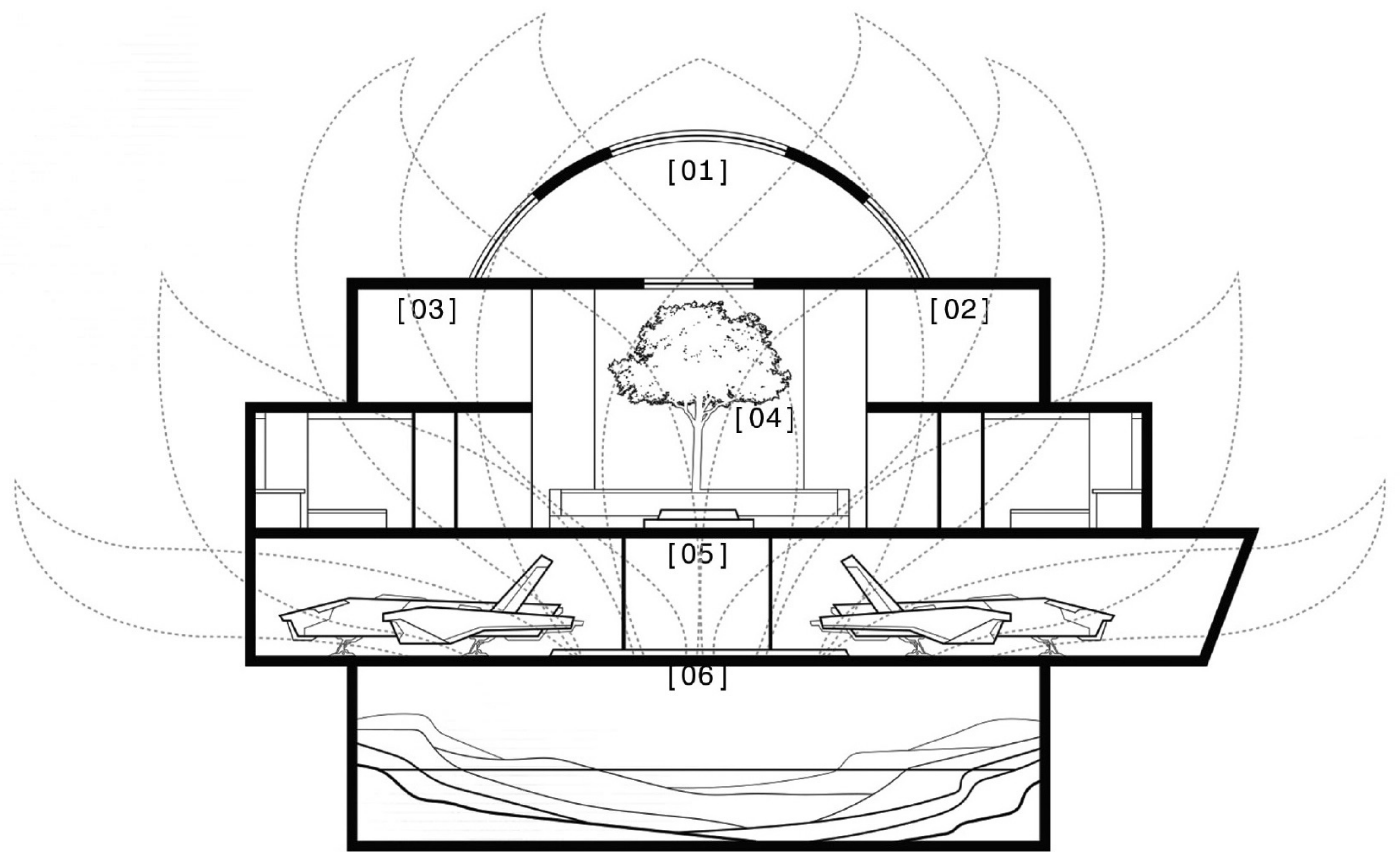


SUMMER HOUSE

THE BLUE AREA OF THE MOON

The Summer House is a Krakoan biome located adjacent to the Blue Area of the moon. Occupied by the Summers clan and other mutant allies, the base also serves as a departure point for first response / first strike capabilities.

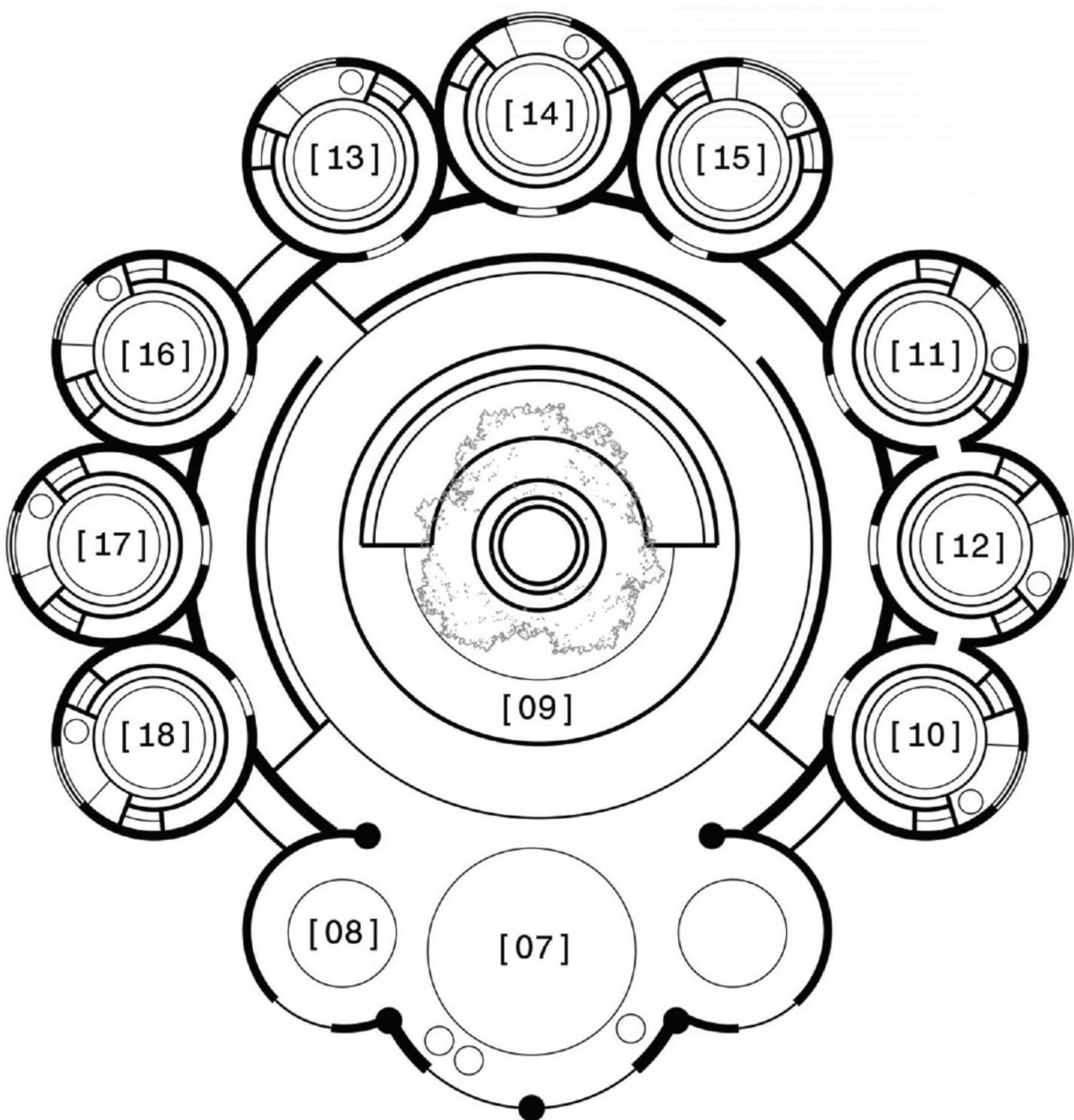
NOTE: While all mutants are technically welcome, Vulcan has been bringing home quite a few acquaintances from the Krakoan mainland who have stretched the acceptable bounds of decorum.



ELEVATION

- [01].....Observation
- [02].....Tactical ops
- [03].....Gymnasium
- [04].....Central living / dining / sleeping area
- [05].....Hangar / turnabout
- [06].....Sublunar biome / pool / gateway access

SUMMER HOUSE



FLOOR PLAN

- [07]

.....Kitchen
- [08]

.....Dining
- [09]

.....Living area
- [10]

.....Cyclops' Room
- [11]

.....Wolverine's Room
- [12]

.....Jean's Room
- [13]

.....Vulcan's Room
- [14]

.....Havok's Room
- [15]

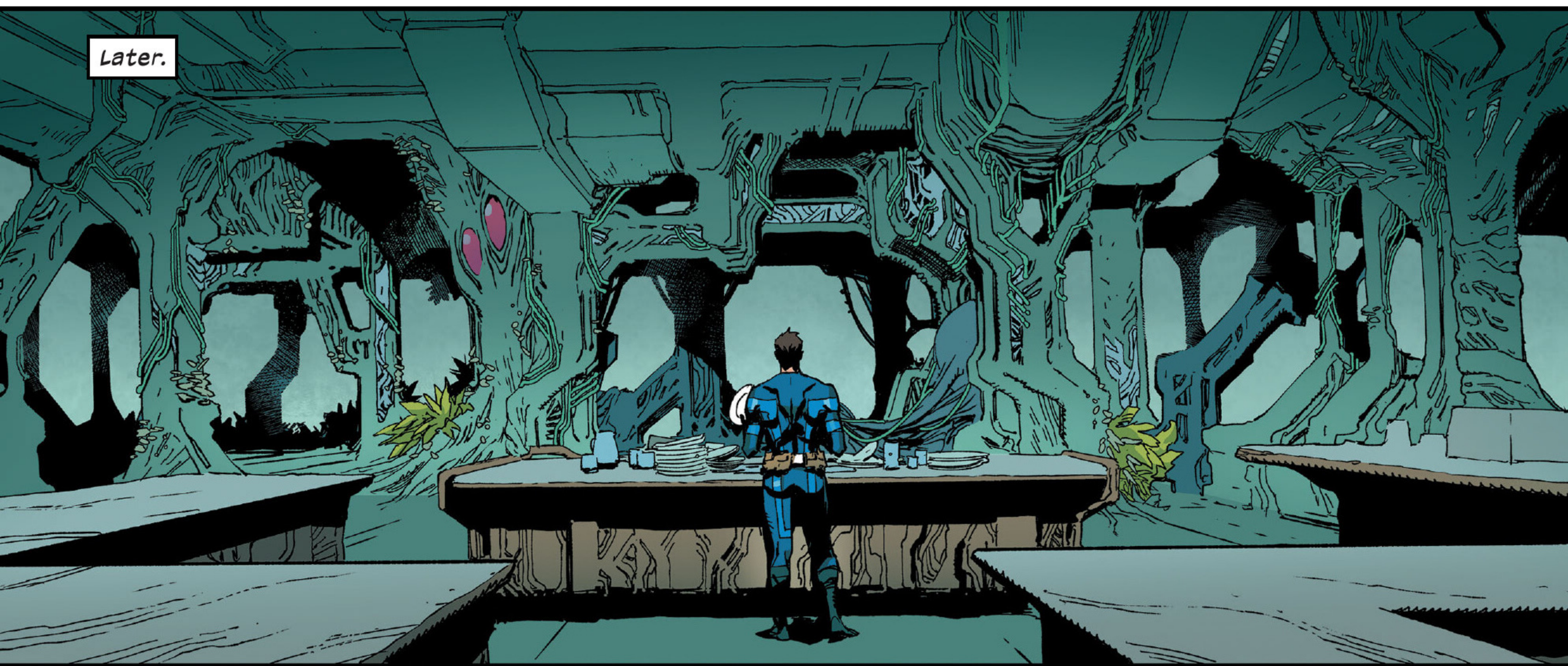
.....Empty
- [16]

.....Cable's Room
- [17]

.....Empty
- [18]

.....Rachel's Room

Later.



Got stuck doing the dishes, huh?

It's my night.



Well, move over. You wash and I'll dry.

Actually, that's not how it works.



I just spray this Krakoaan goo all over them and it eats all the bacteria and waste...

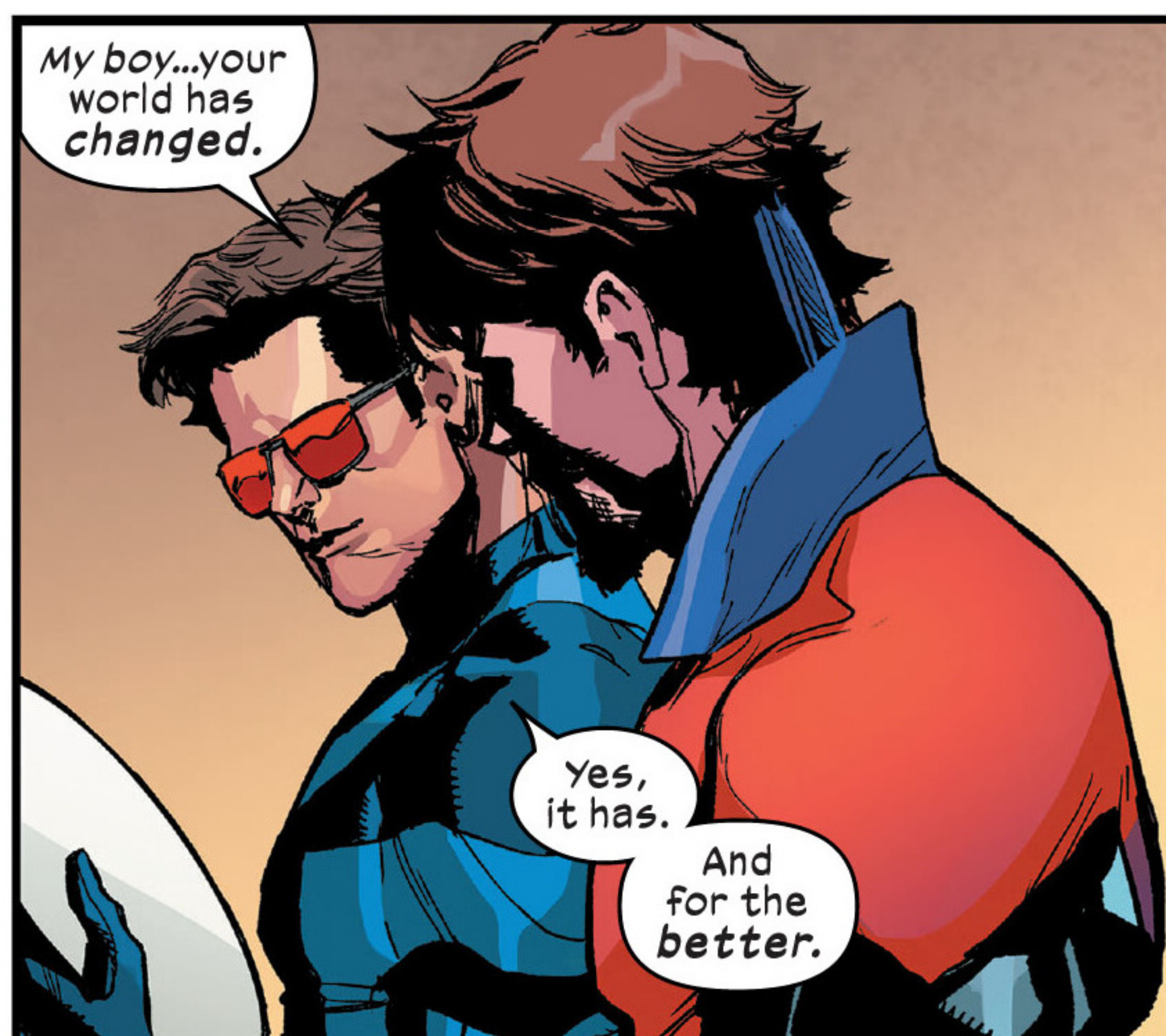
Then, when it converts that into various elemental gases, it just evaporates, leaving behind clean plates.



Son, that's disgusting. I think I'm going to vomit.

No. Disgusting was when Krakoa tried to grow us edible plates that also "improved" what it considered to be abnormal biological functions.

The plates and the goo were a compromise.



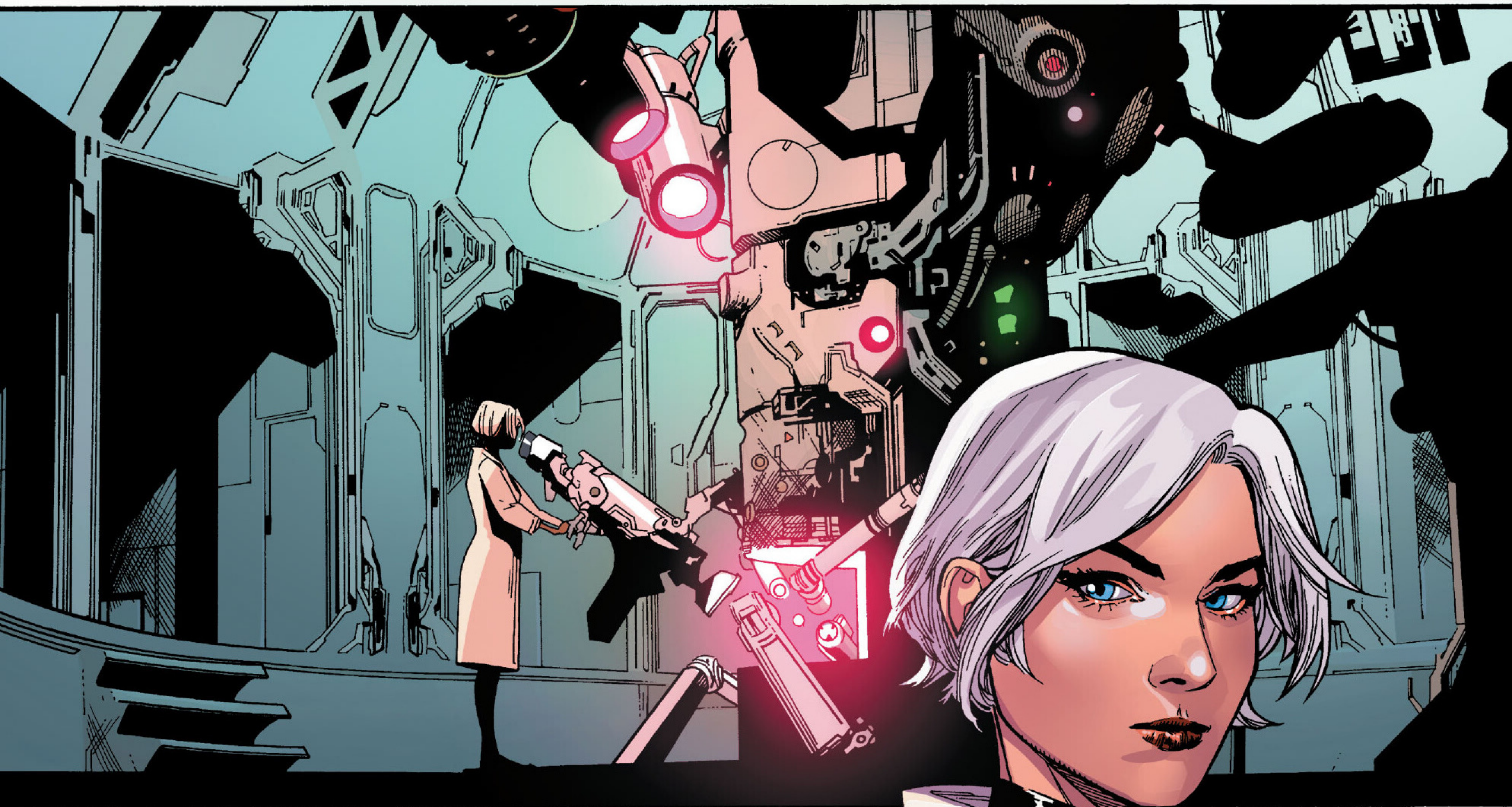
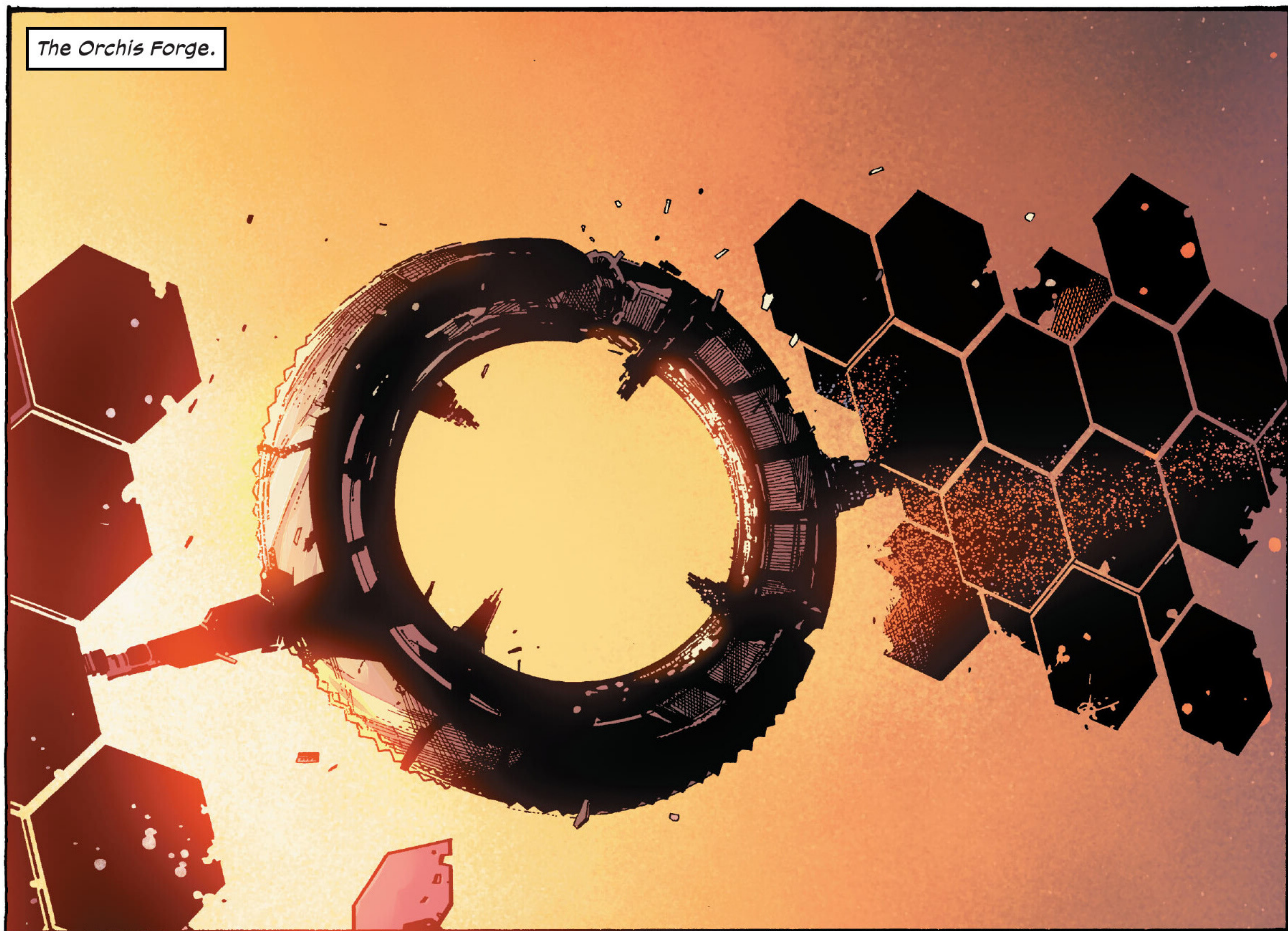
My boy...your world has changed.

Yes, it has.

And for the better.



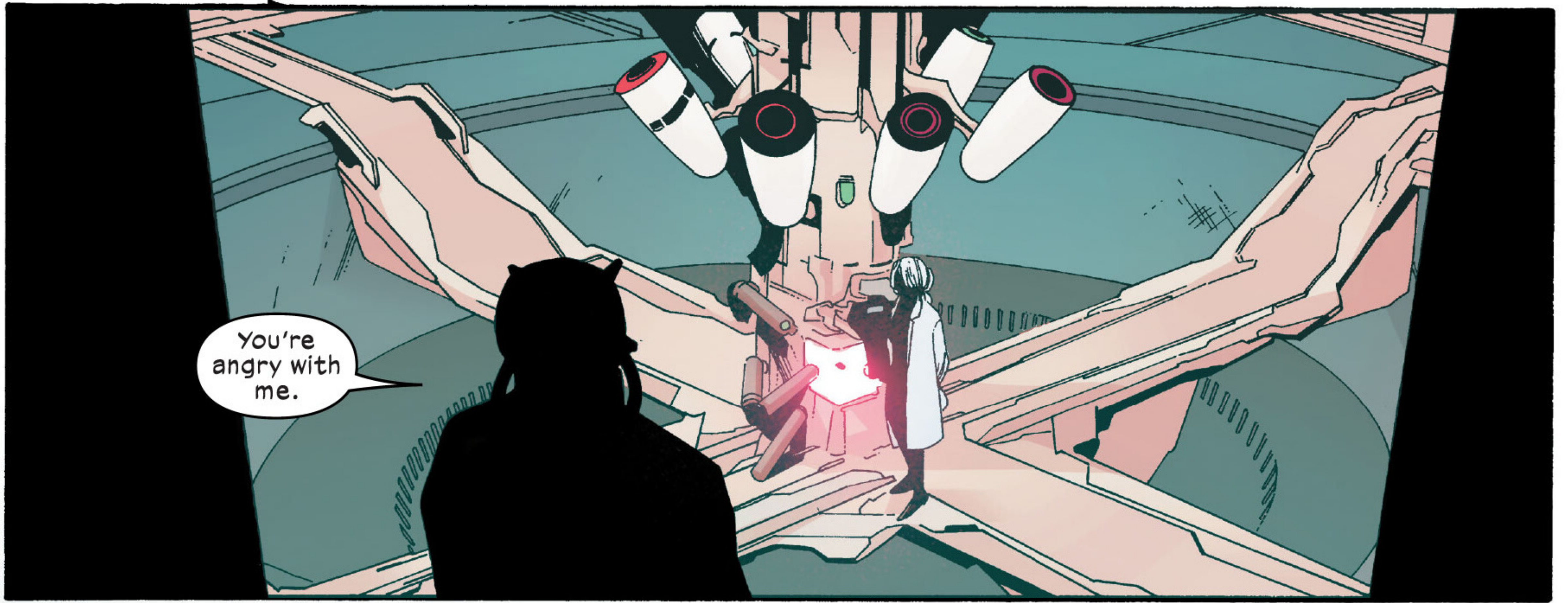
The Orchis Forge.



I had
heard you'd
arrived.

First out,
last in, always
a soft bed for the
man behind the
curtain.





You're angry with me.



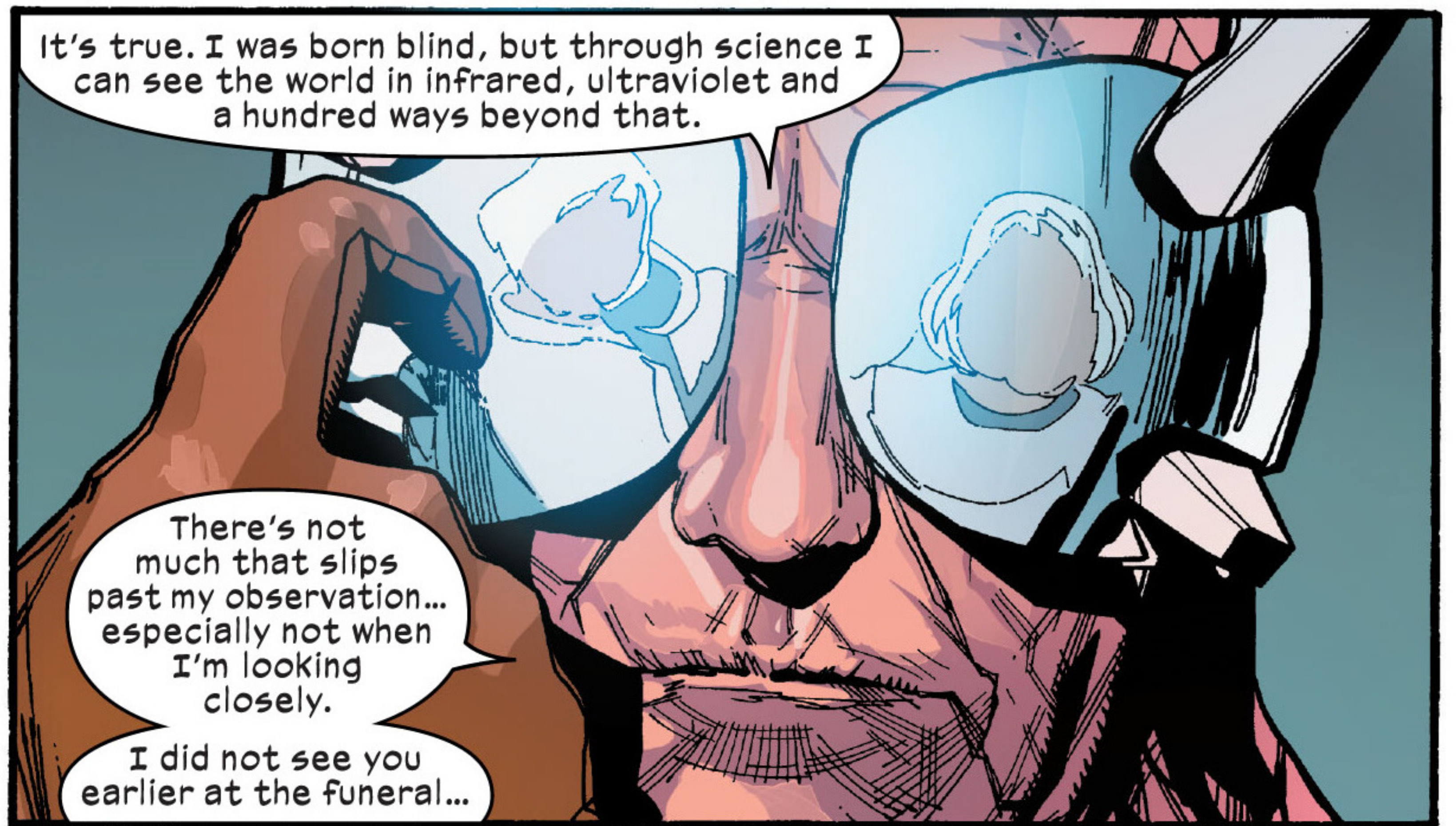
You think I shouldn't be angry? At you? At them?

If you want to use that rage for whatever it gets you, *Doctor Gregor*, that's fine...

So long as you don't get lost along the way or lose sight of where we are headed.



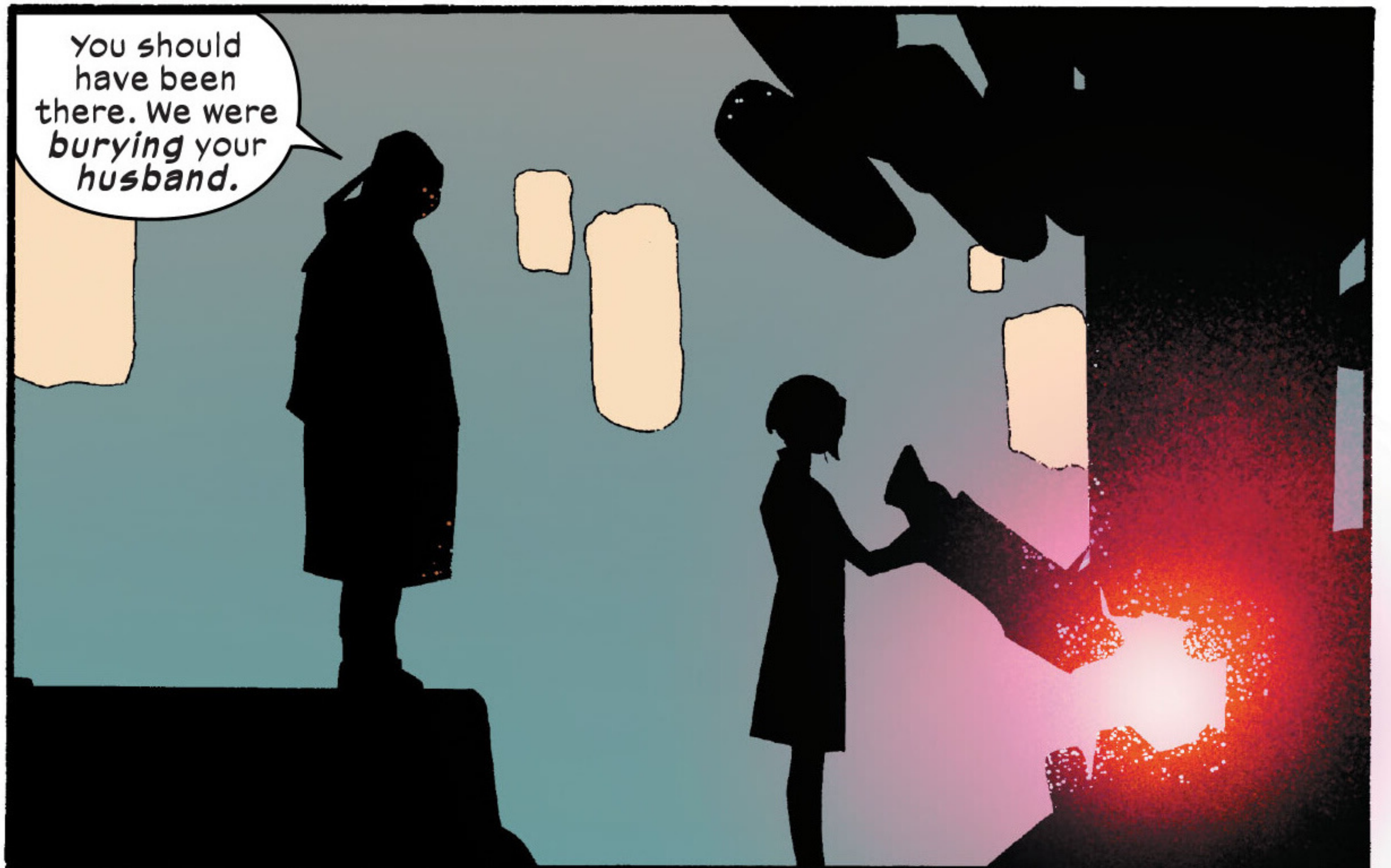
Lose sight?



It's true. I was born blind, but through science I can see the world in infrared, ultraviolet and a hundred ways beyond that.

There's not much that slips past my observation... especially not when I'm looking closely.

I did not see you earlier at the funeral...



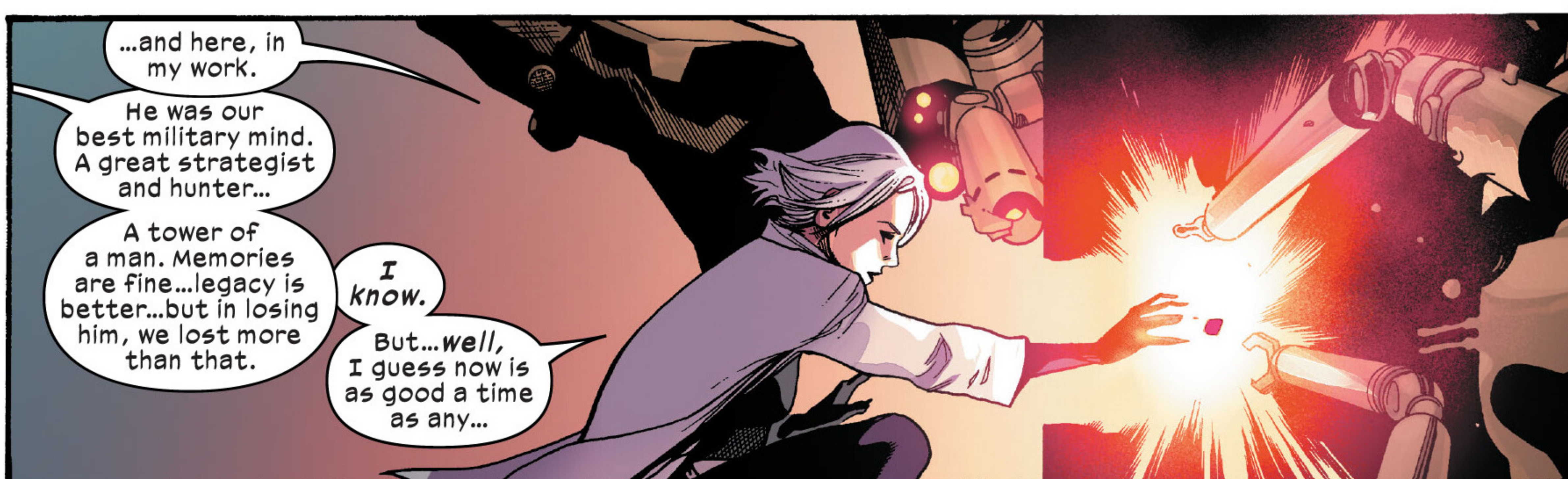
You should have been there. We were *burying* your husband.



There wasn't enough left to bury, Killian...

And even if there were, it would have just been a shell. *Nothing more.*

What he was lives here...



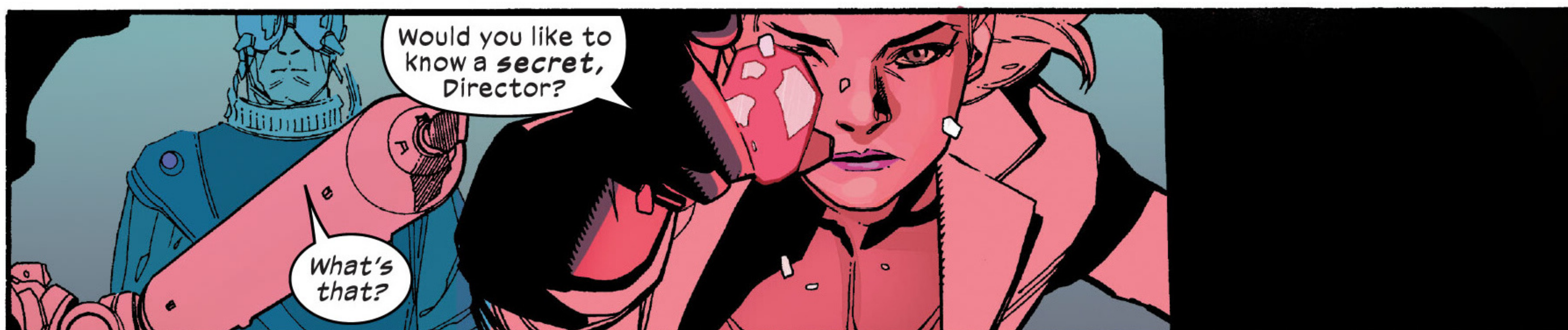
...and here, in my work.

He was our best military mind. A great strategist and hunter...

A tower of a man. Memories are fine...legacy is better...but in losing him, we lost more than that.

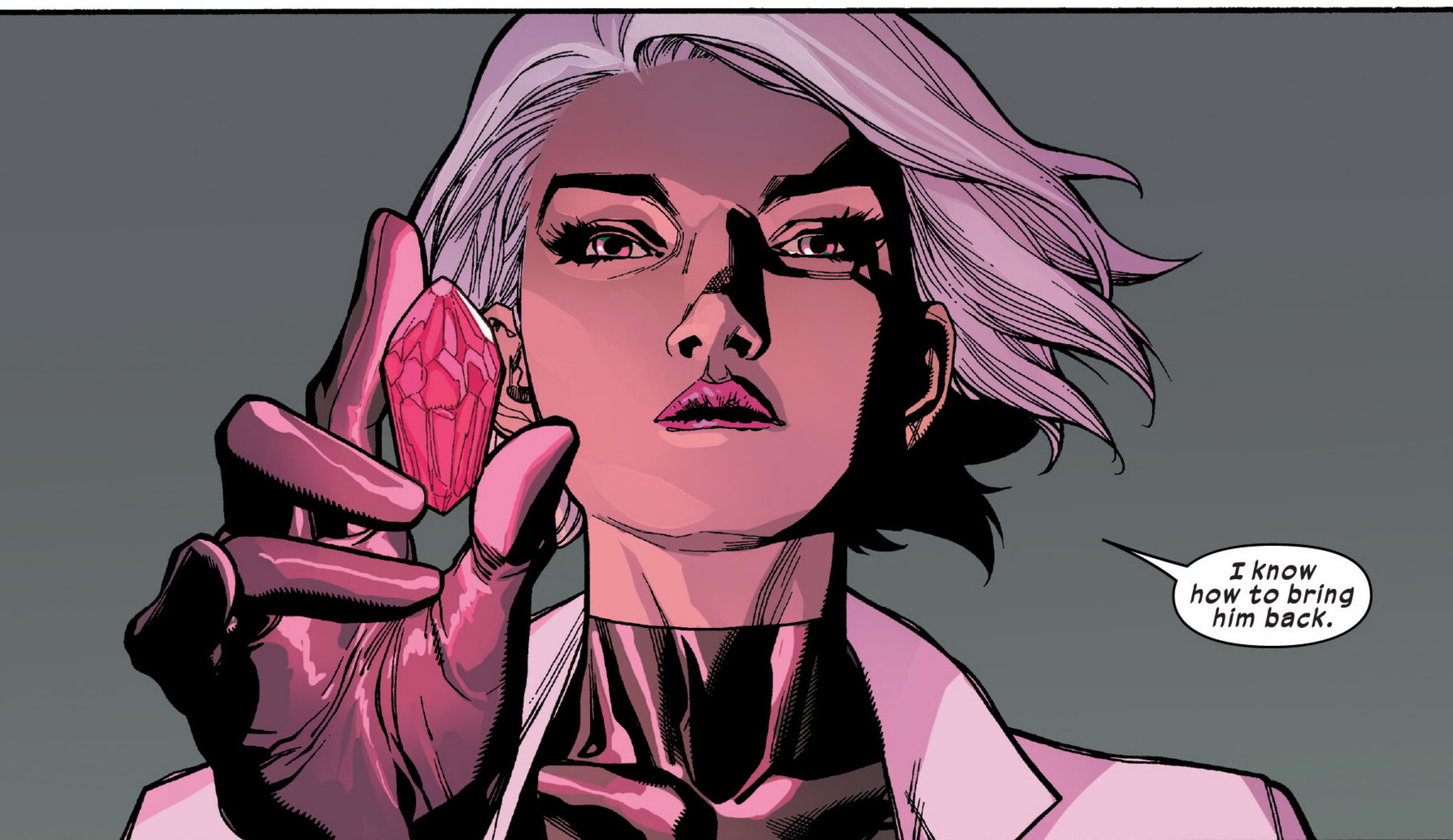
I know.

But...well, I guess now is as good a time as any...



Would you like to know a *secret*, Director?

What's that?



I know how to bring him back.



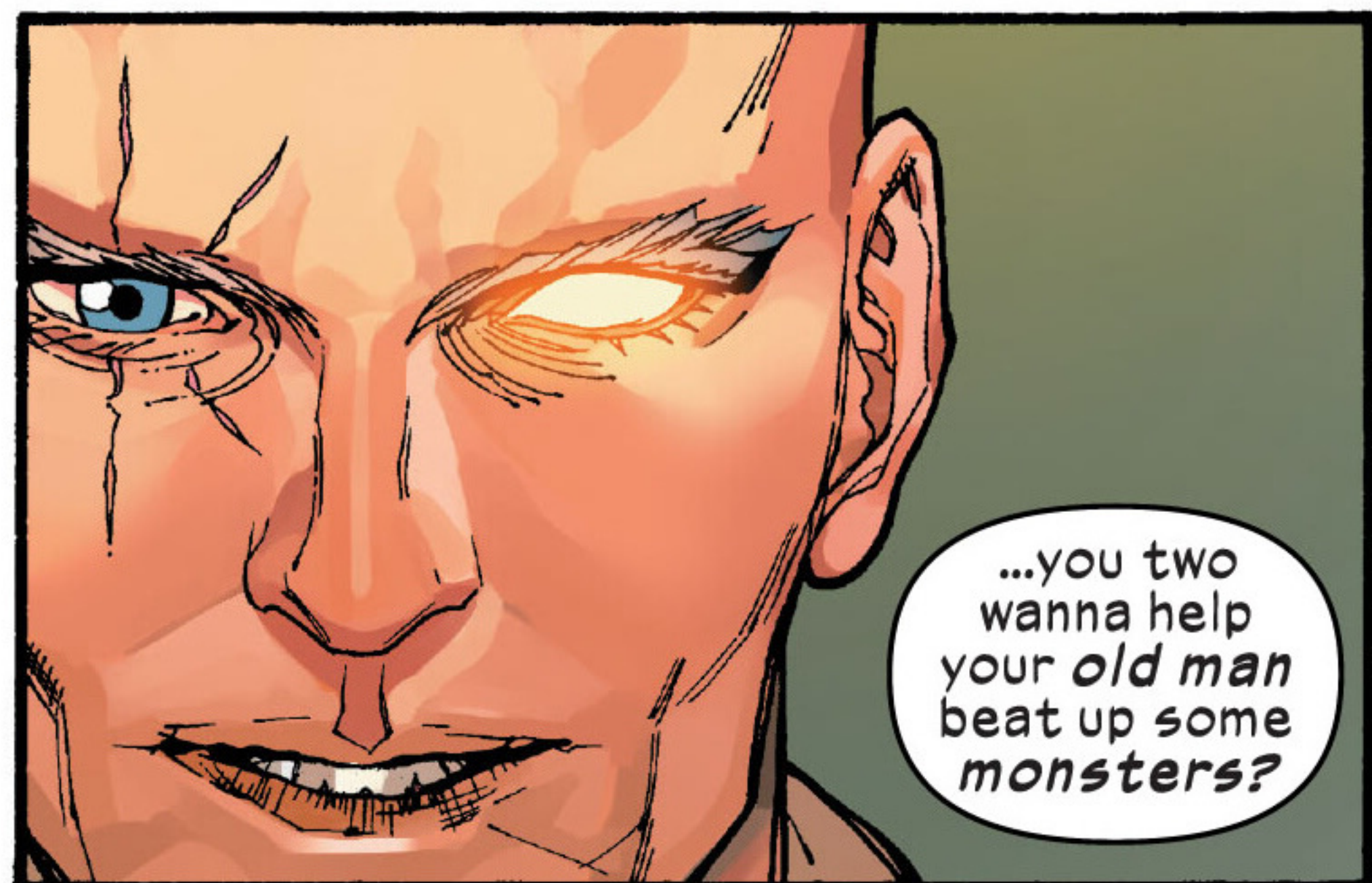
X-Men #1 Variant

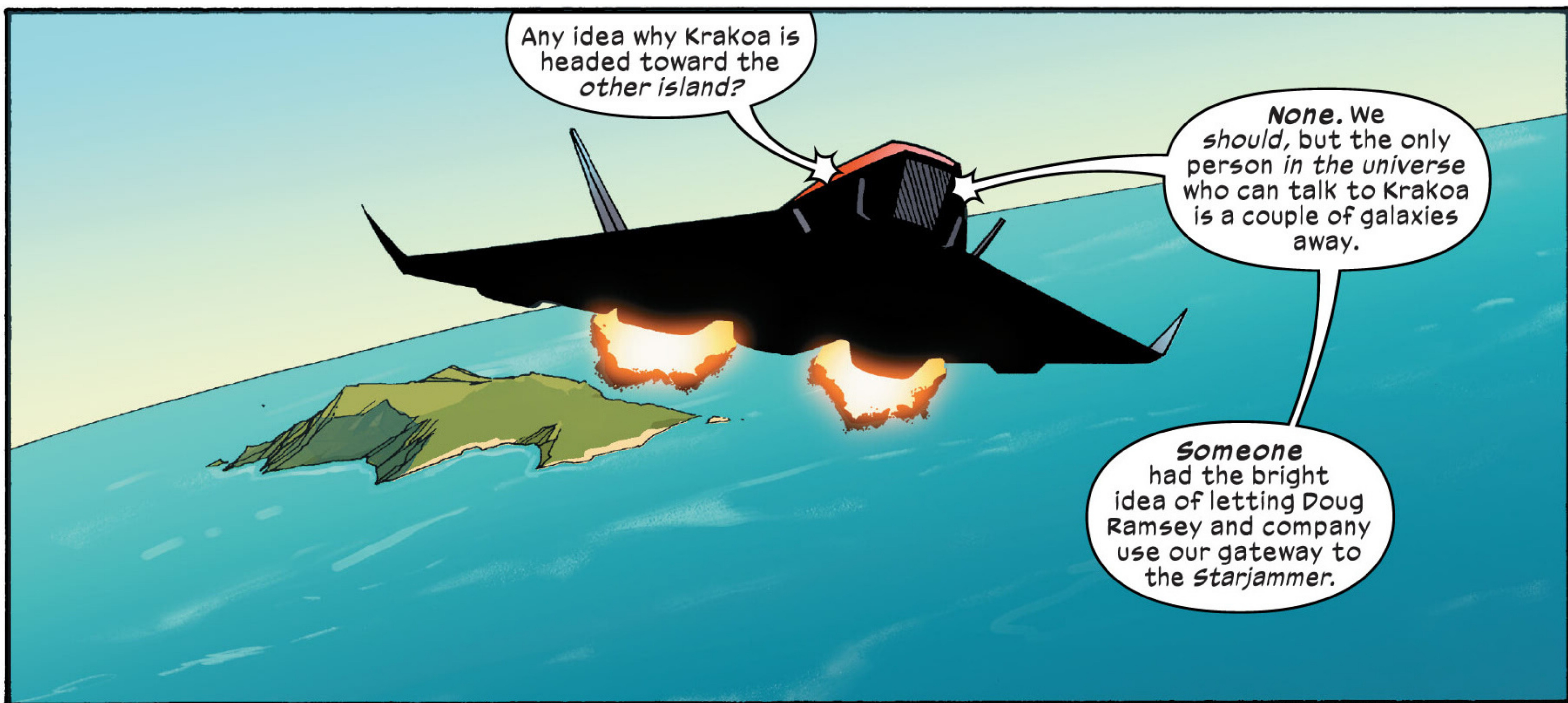
by Russell Dauterman



Summoner

2





Any idea why Krakoa is headed toward the other island?

None. We should, but the only person in the universe who can talk to Krakoa is a couple of galaxies away.

Someone had the bright idea of letting Doug Ramsey and company use our gateway to the Starjammer.



It was you, wasn't it?

This is the voice of a guilty man, Rachel. Throw the book at me.



Hey! So, I brought about a couple hundred rounds for my pistol. *Standard issue.*

A couple thousand for the rifle I got from Raza--which is a lovely bit of business--along with the thermal grenades I'm packing...



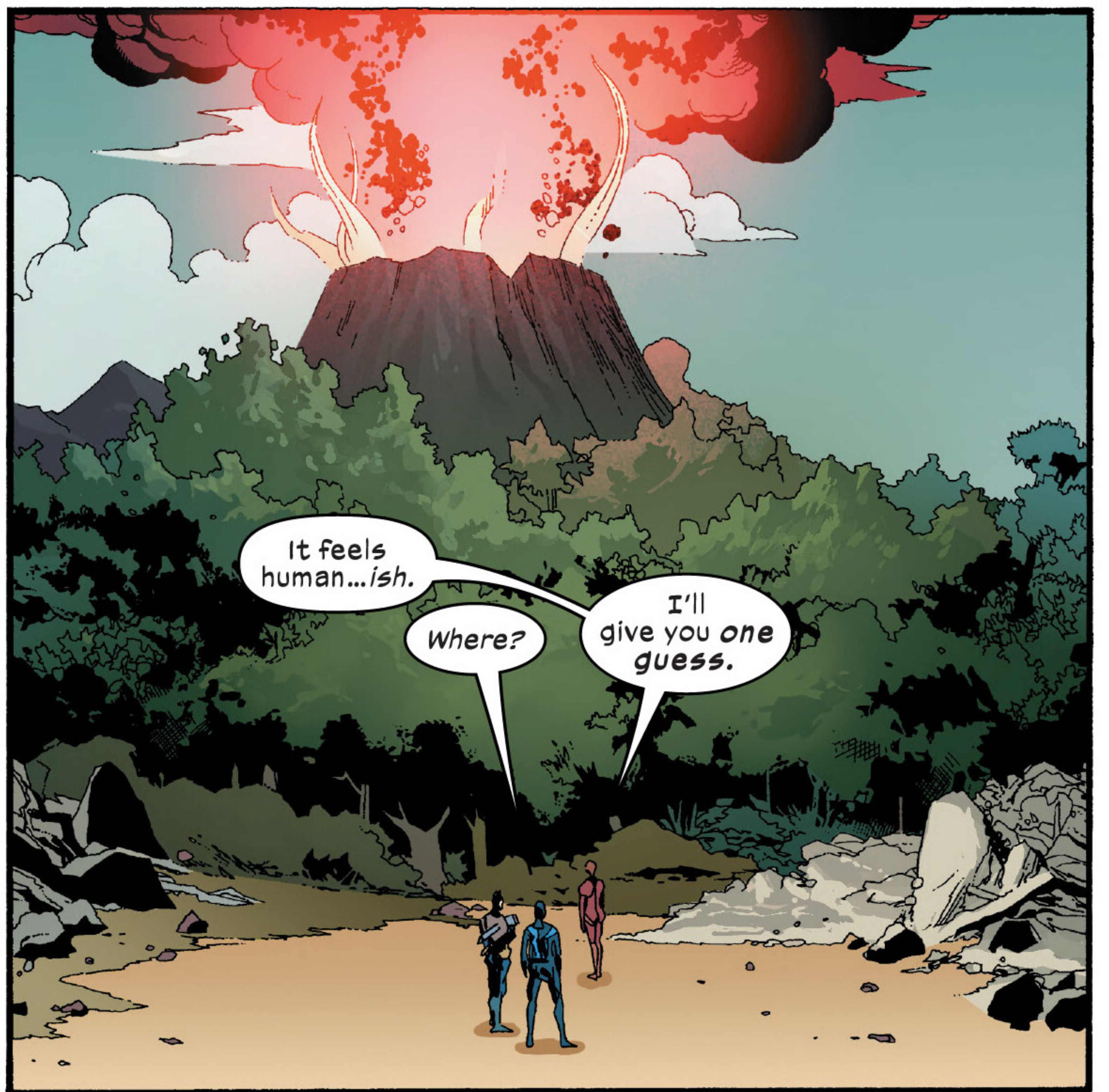
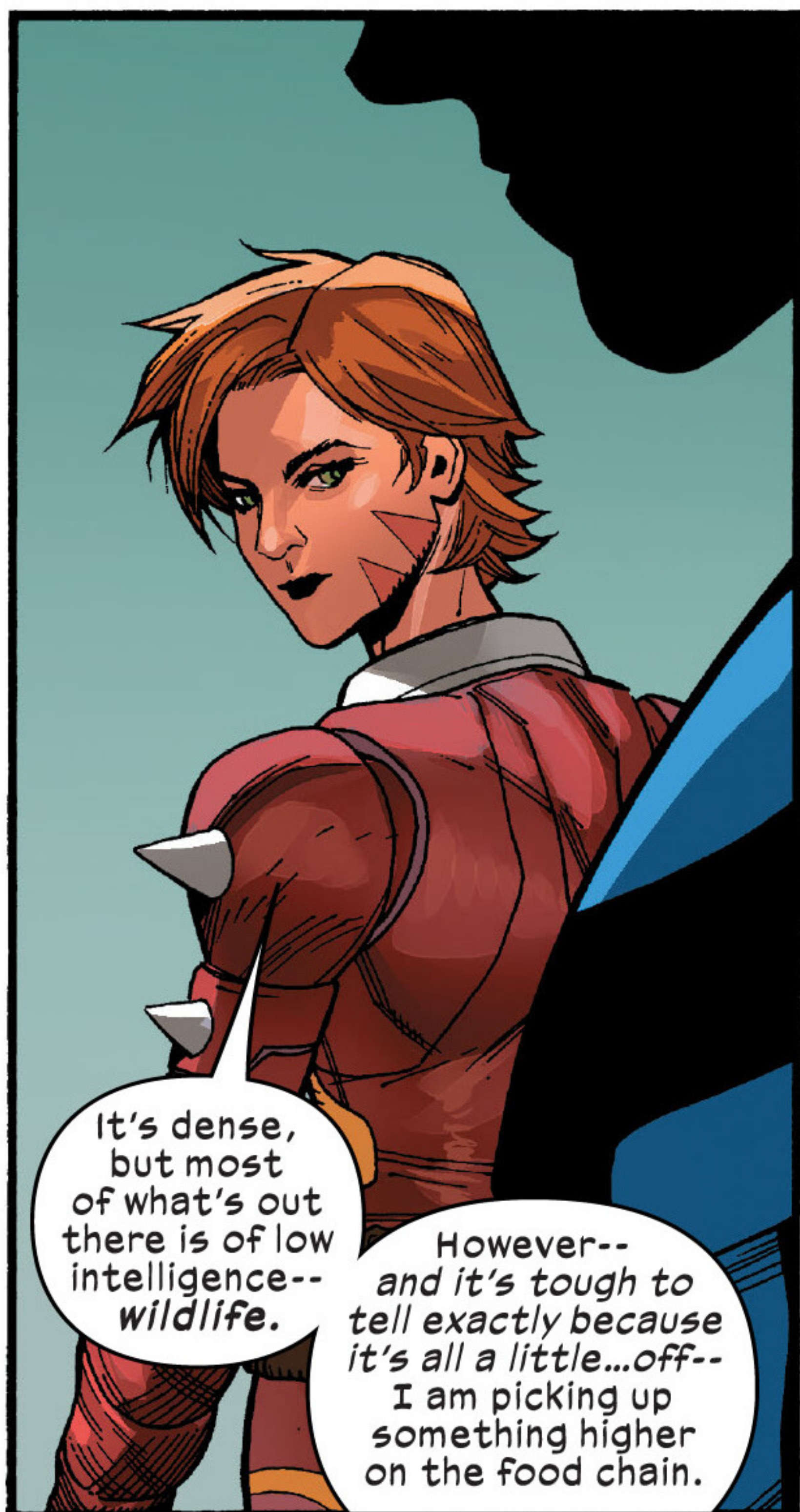
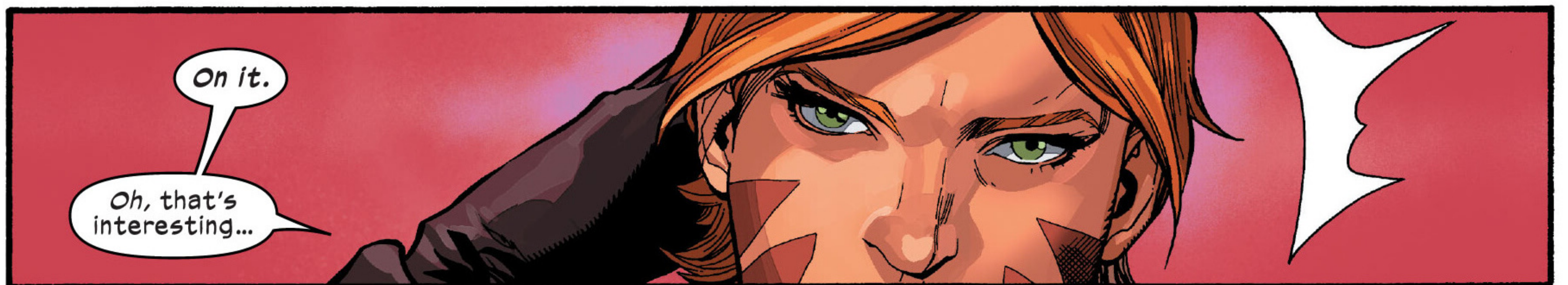
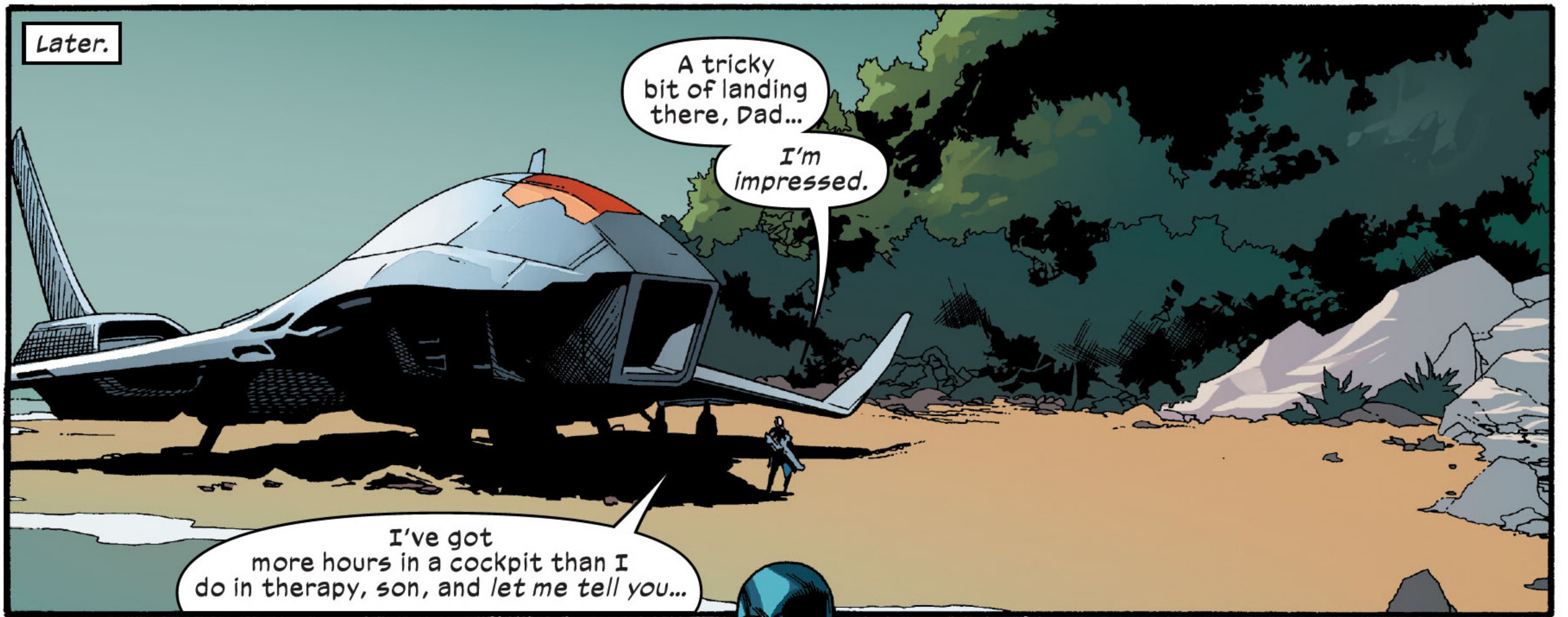
...which sounds like it should be *fine*...but now I'm wondering if I should have brought *anything else.*

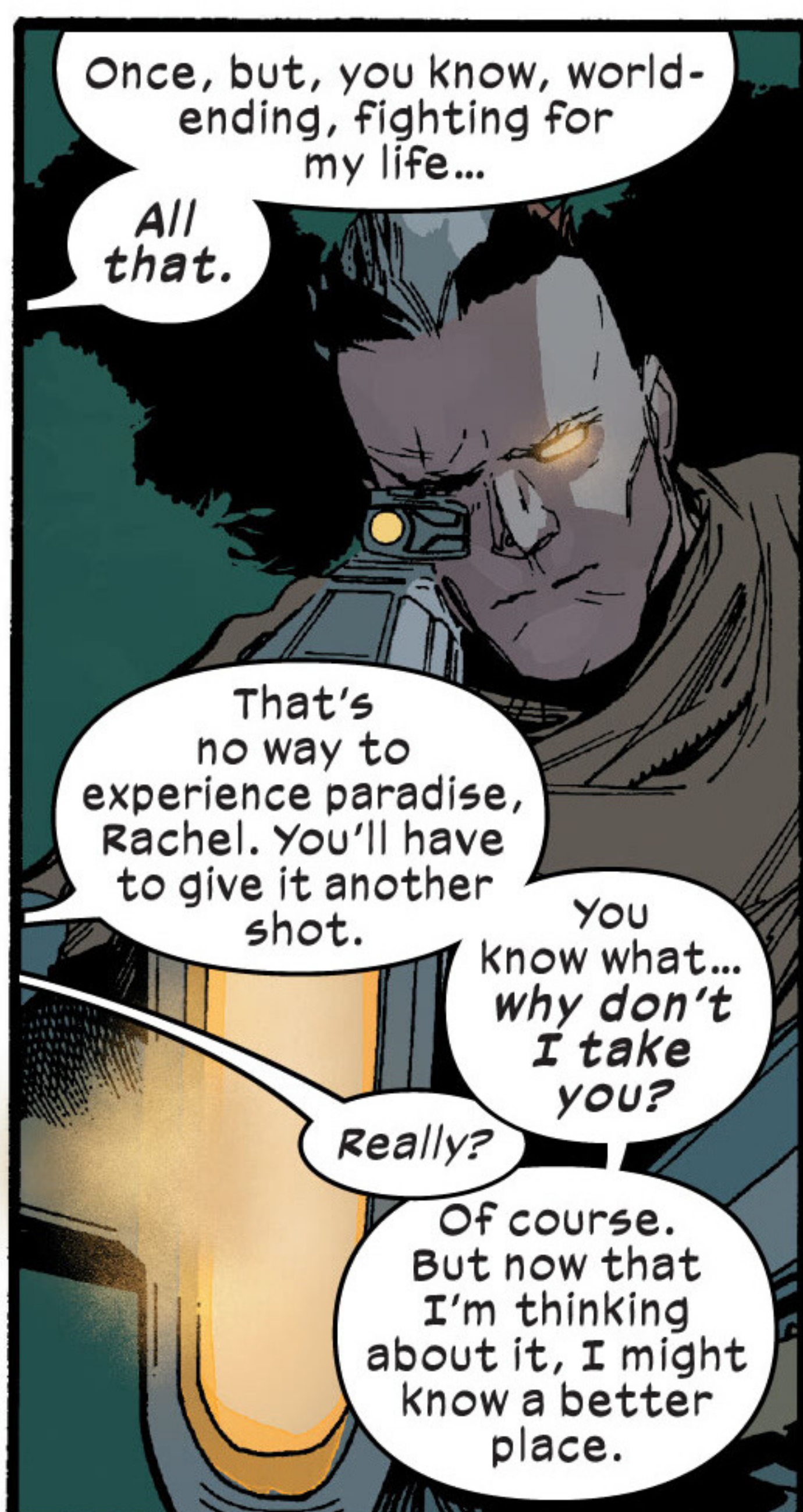
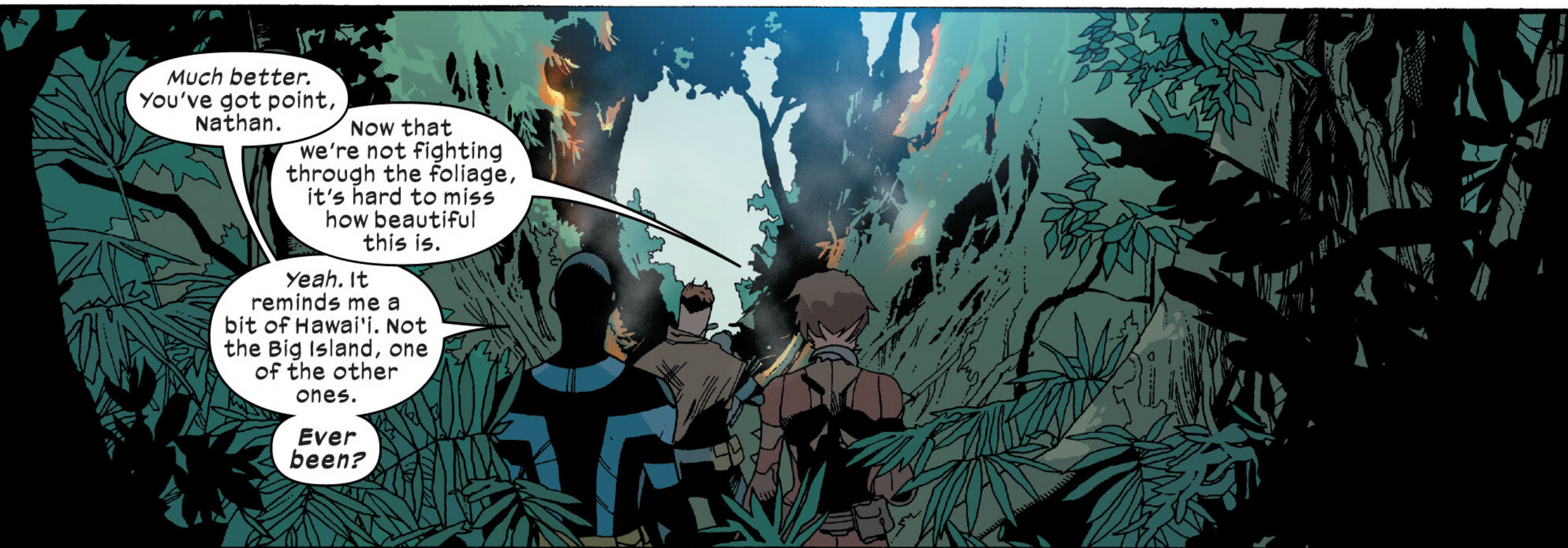
Well, son... take a look for yourself.

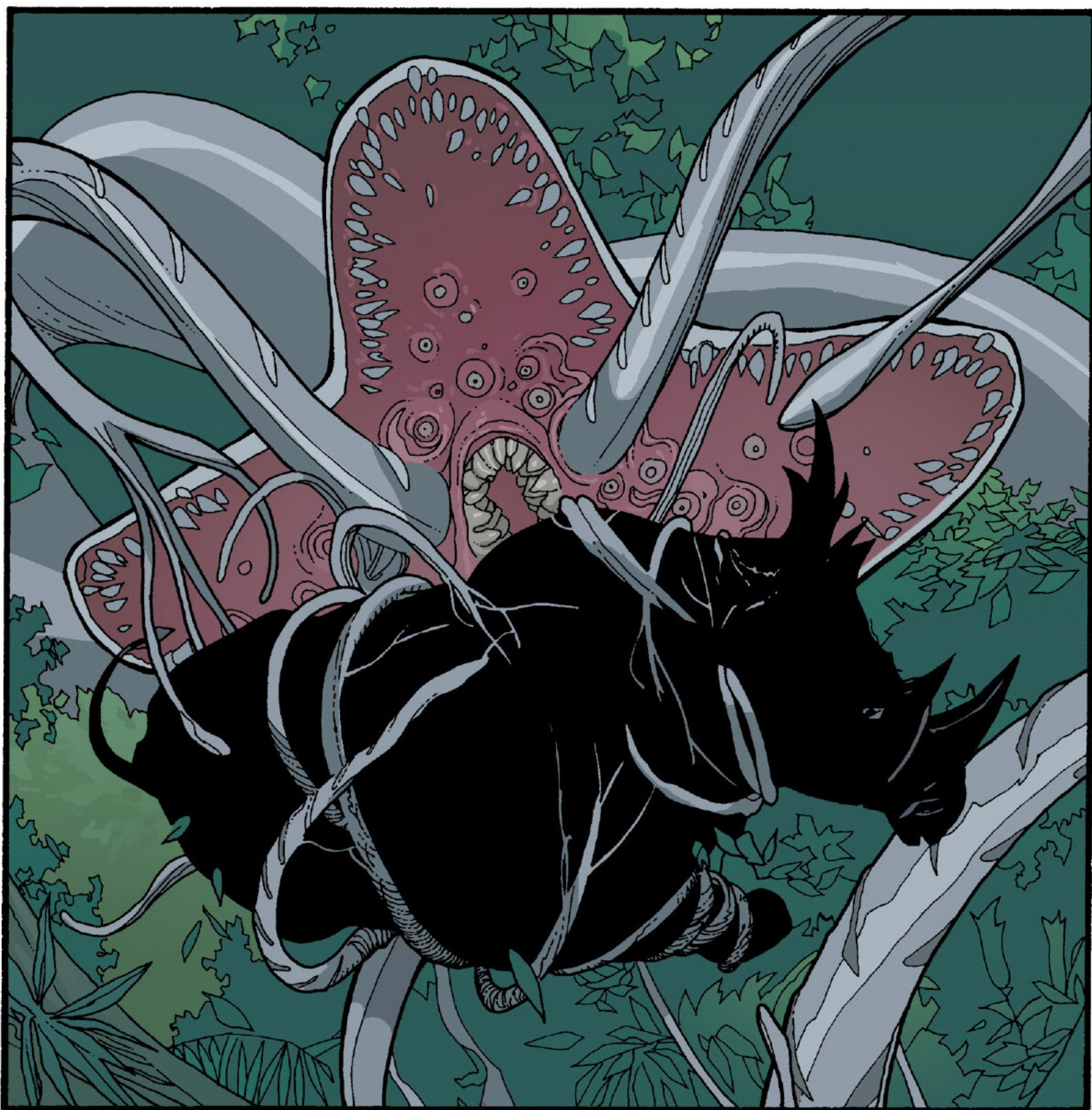
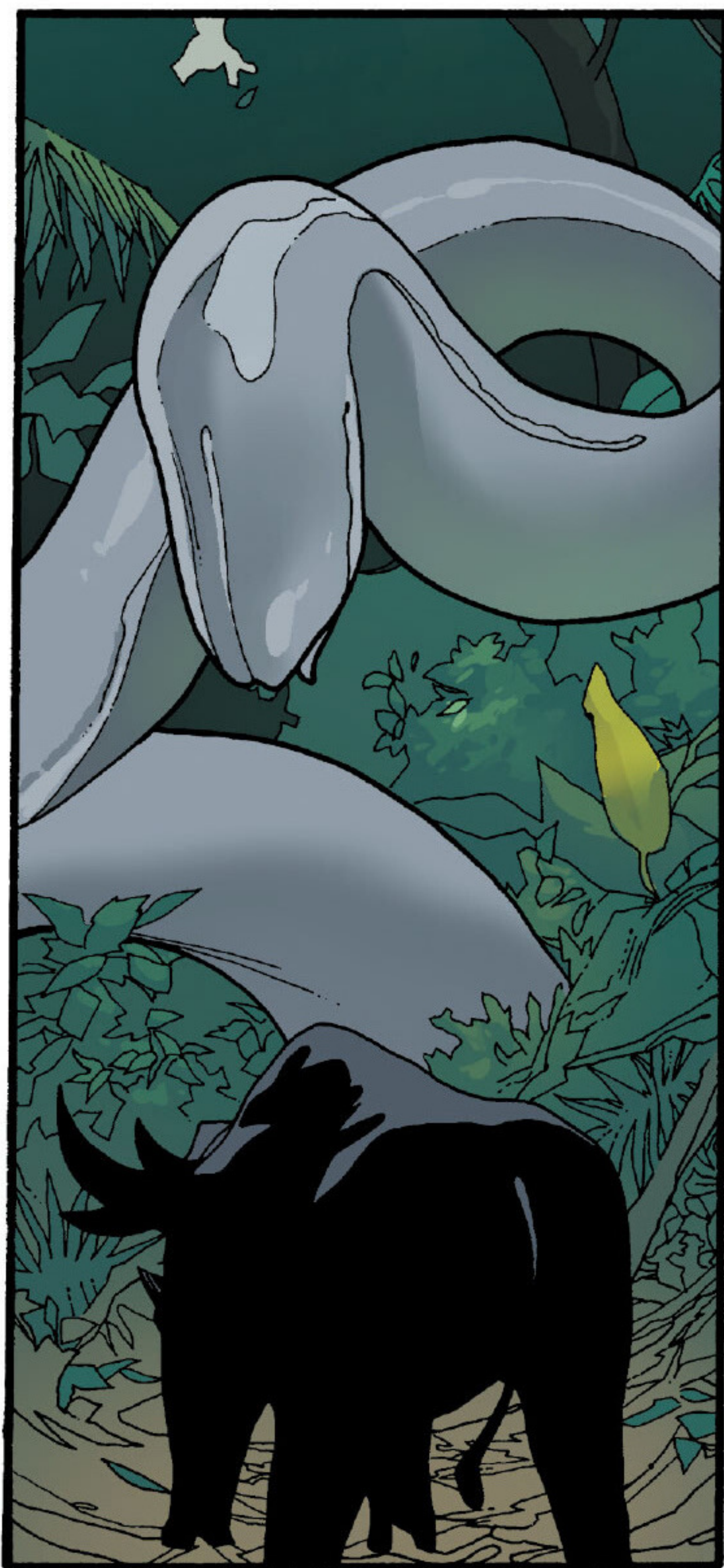
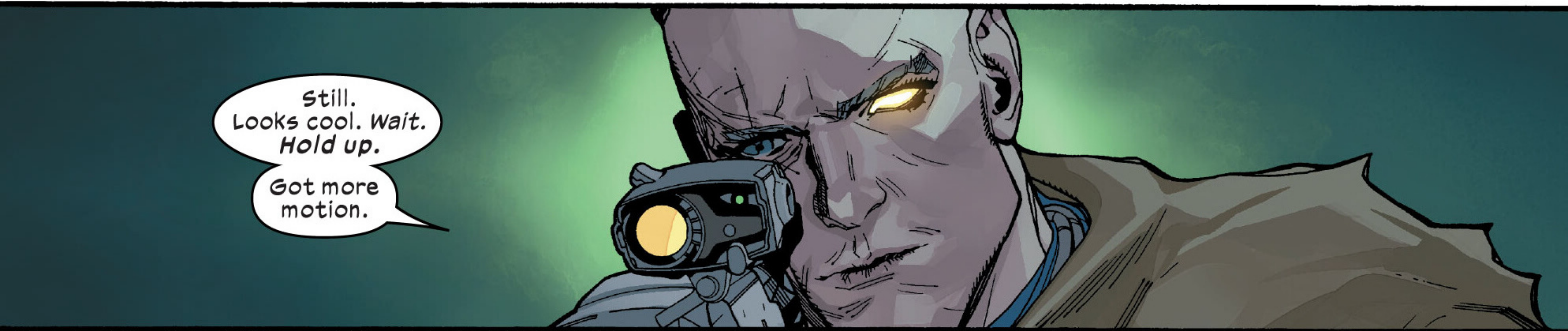
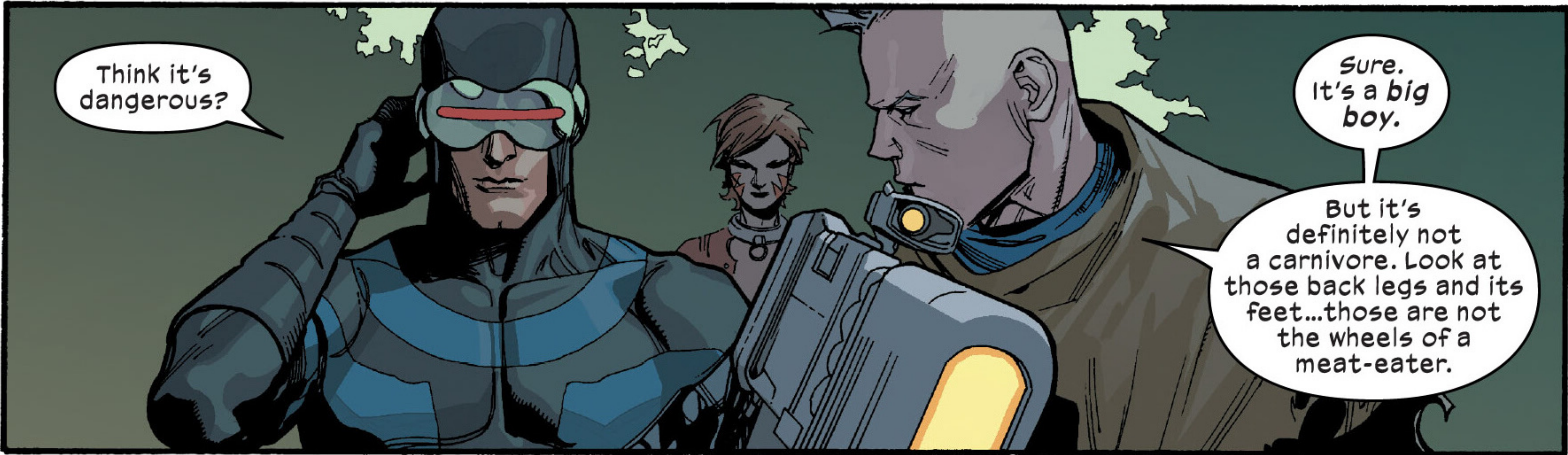
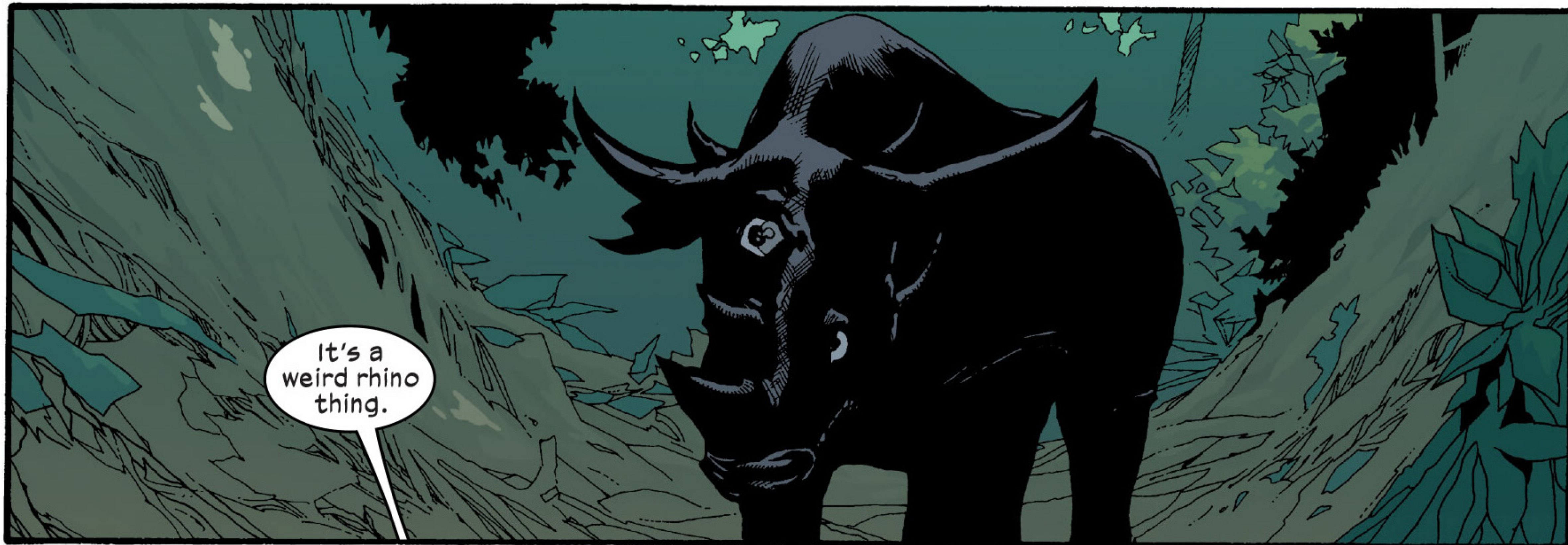
Yeah... okay...

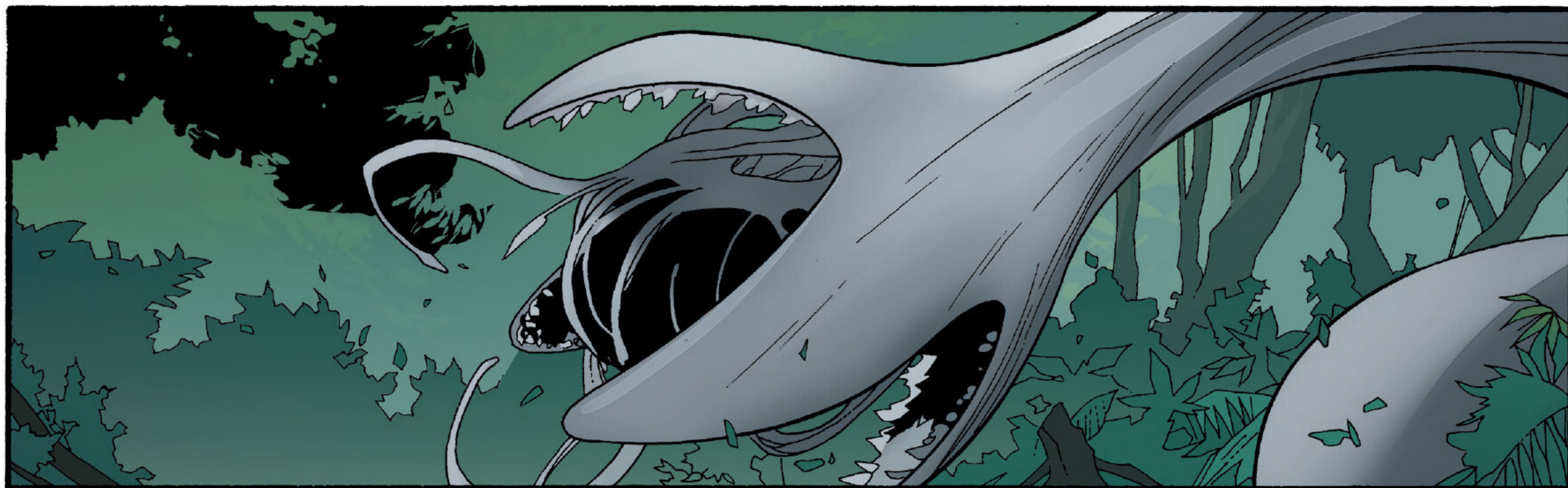


I
shoulda
brought a
bigger
gun.

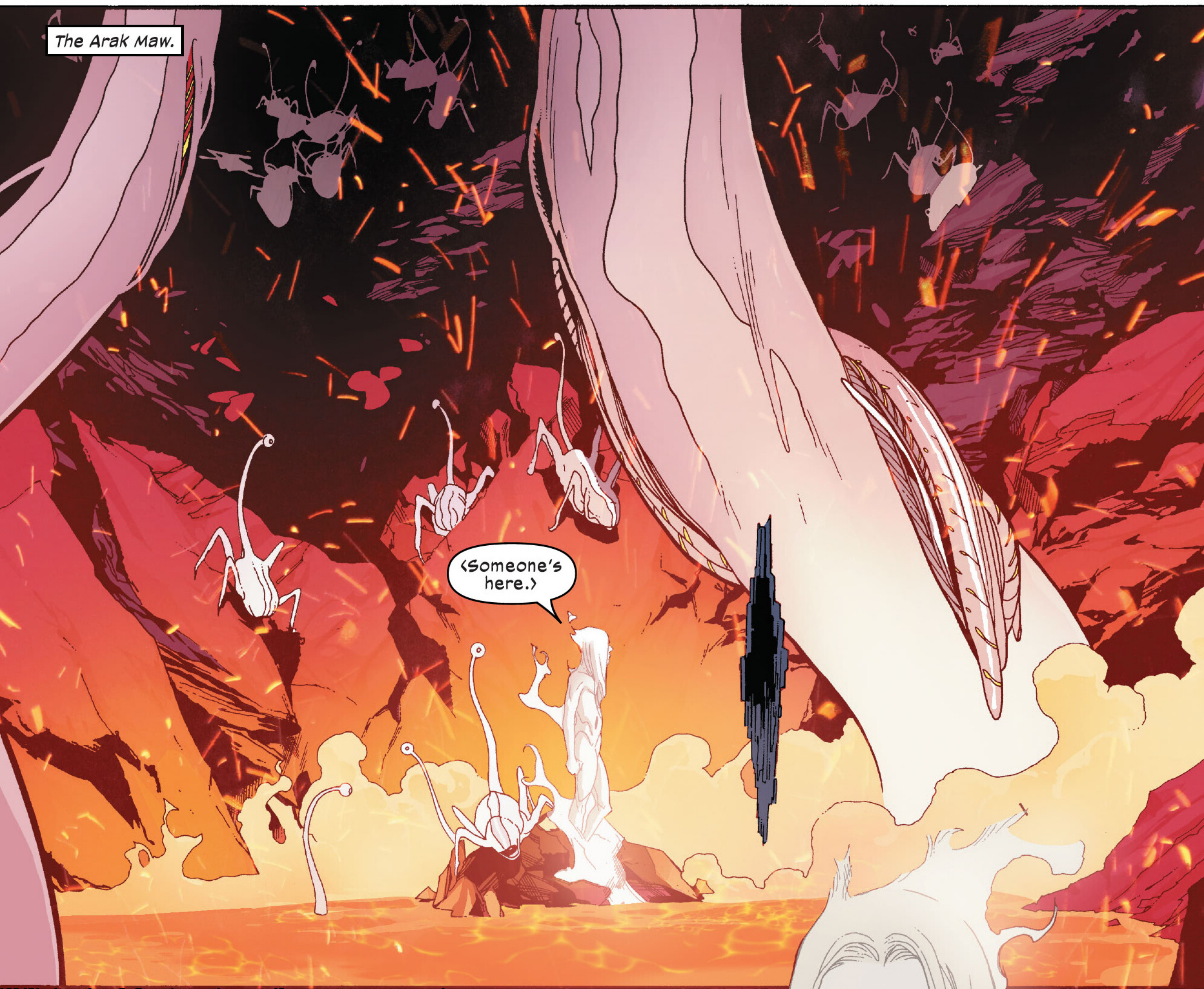








The Arak Maw.



Someone's here.

Ours is a *hard* land, son. But this *soft* place will offer trials of a different sort--ones you are not used to.

War is all you have ever known...and it will not have prepared you for this.

How will I know what to do?

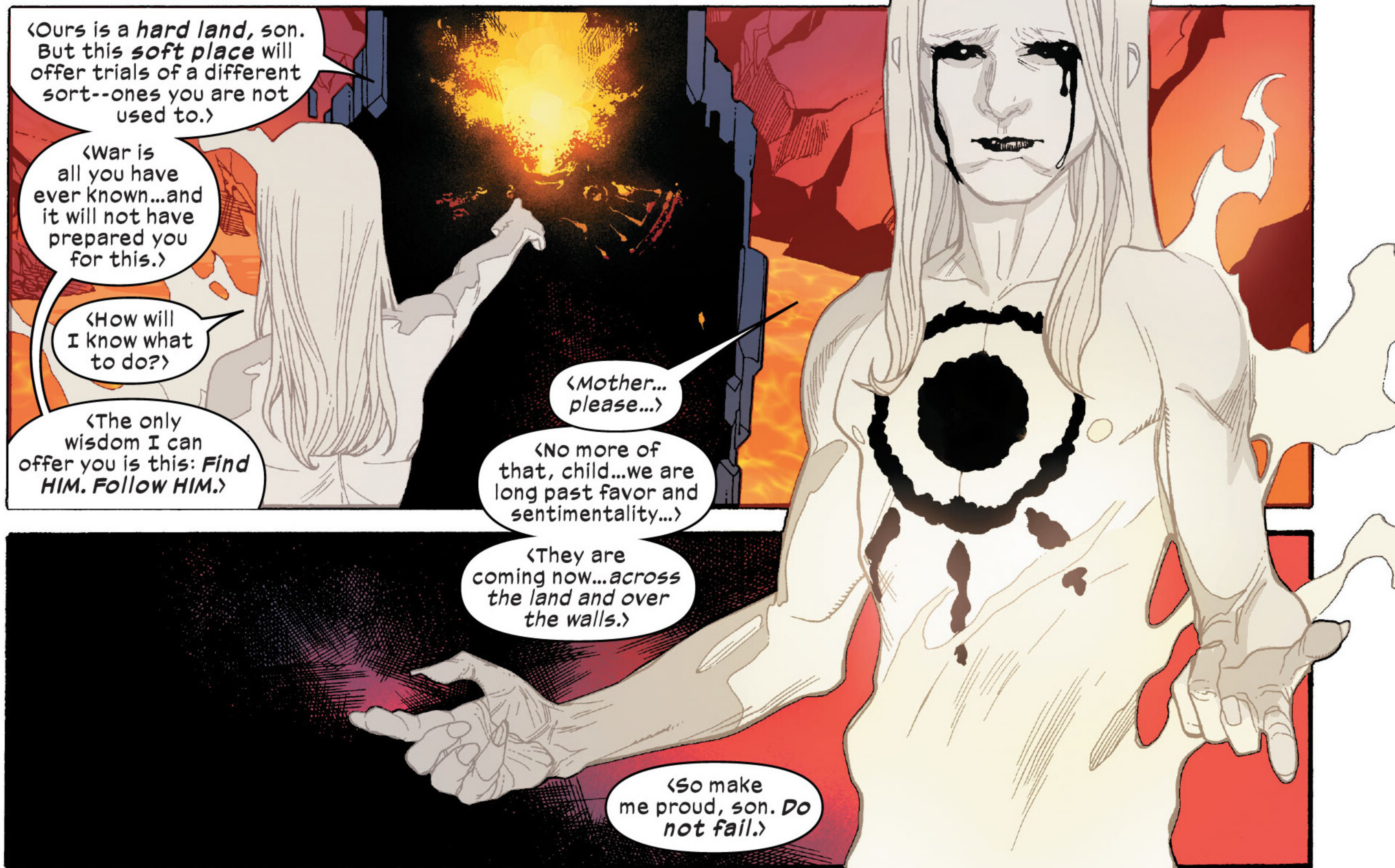
The only wisdom I can offer you is this: *Find HIM. Follow HIM.*

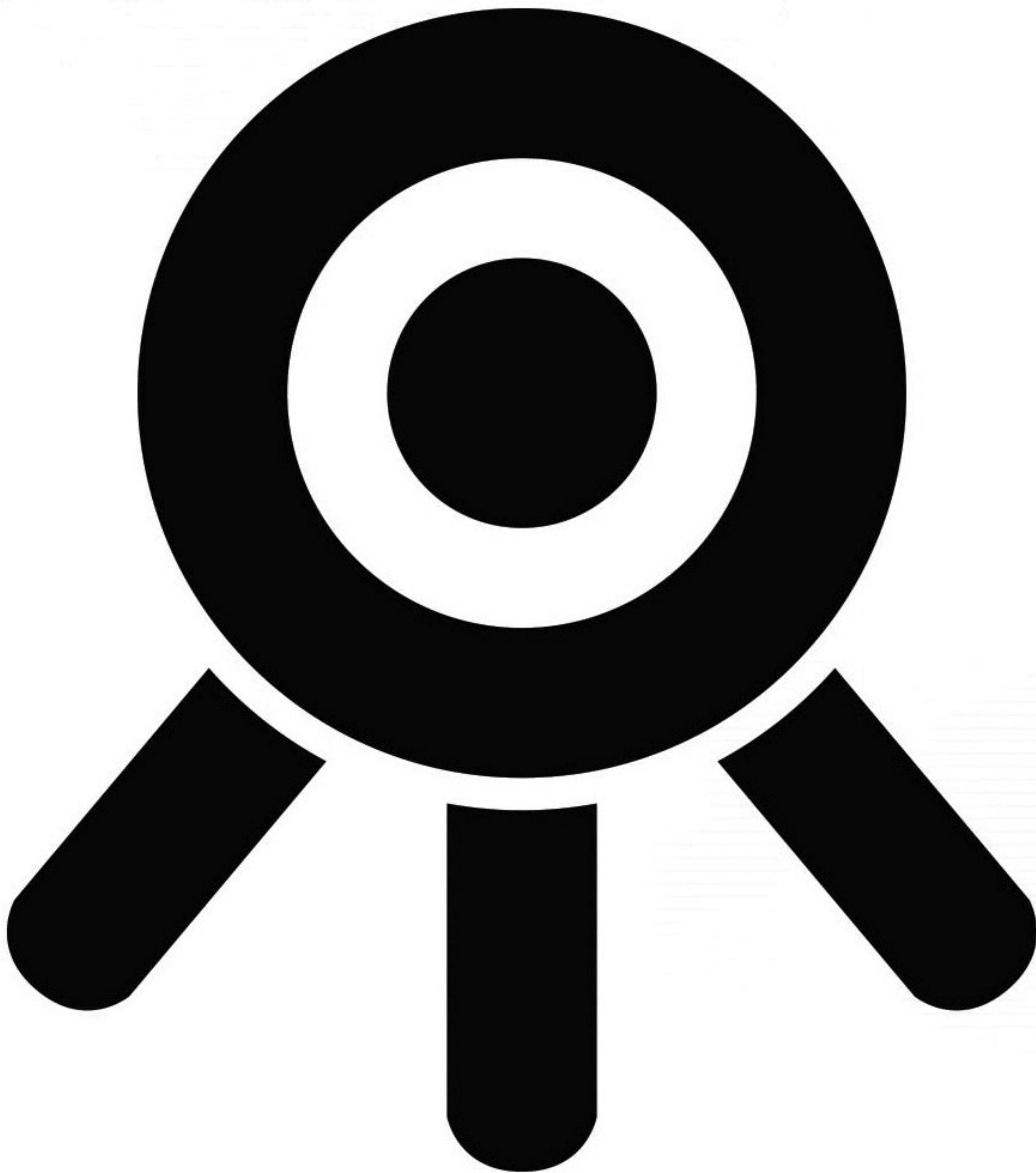
Mother... please...

No more of that, child...we are long past favor and sentimentality...

They are coming now...*across the land and over the walls.*

So make me proud, son. *Do not fail.*





UNDER THIS SIGN, A SUMMONER

Nameless and ageless, a Summoner of Arakko can bridge the chasm between the lost island of Arakko and the land beyond the wild borders of Otherworld.

Able to control the dark beasts that serve the adversaries of Arakko, for millennia Summoners have served as the greatest deterrent to Arakko’s eternal enemies. However, in recent years, their numbers have dwindled as the high cost of an endless war has resulted in a dearth of replacements.

Time continues to grow short for Arakko.



SUMMONER MINOR

Traditional Number:
600 [CURRENTLY: 250]

Able to summon a single host or minor daemon.



SUMMONER ADEPT

Number:
30 [CURRENTLY: 8]

Able to summon a small horde of minor daemons or one major elemental.

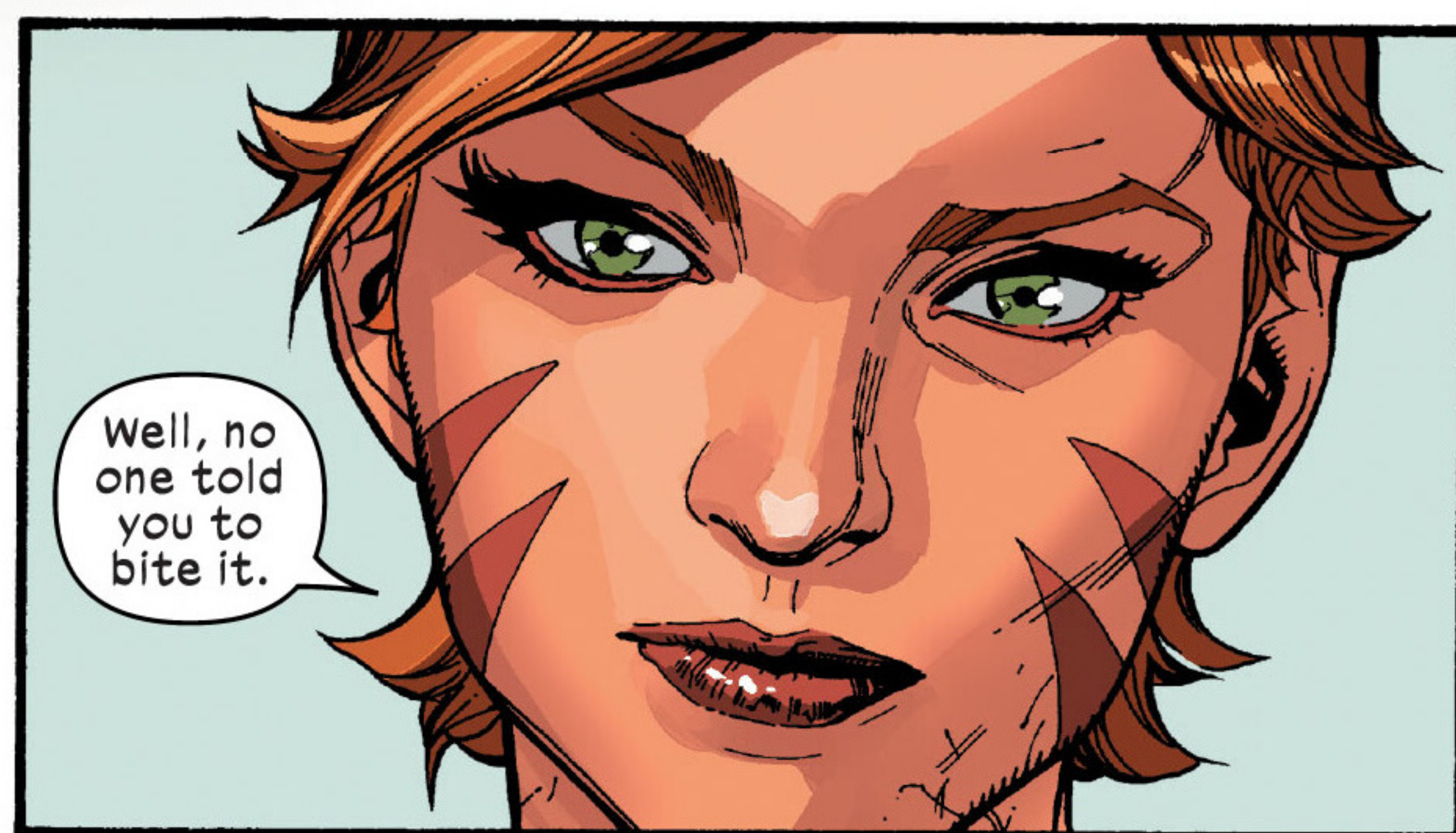


HIGH SUMMONER

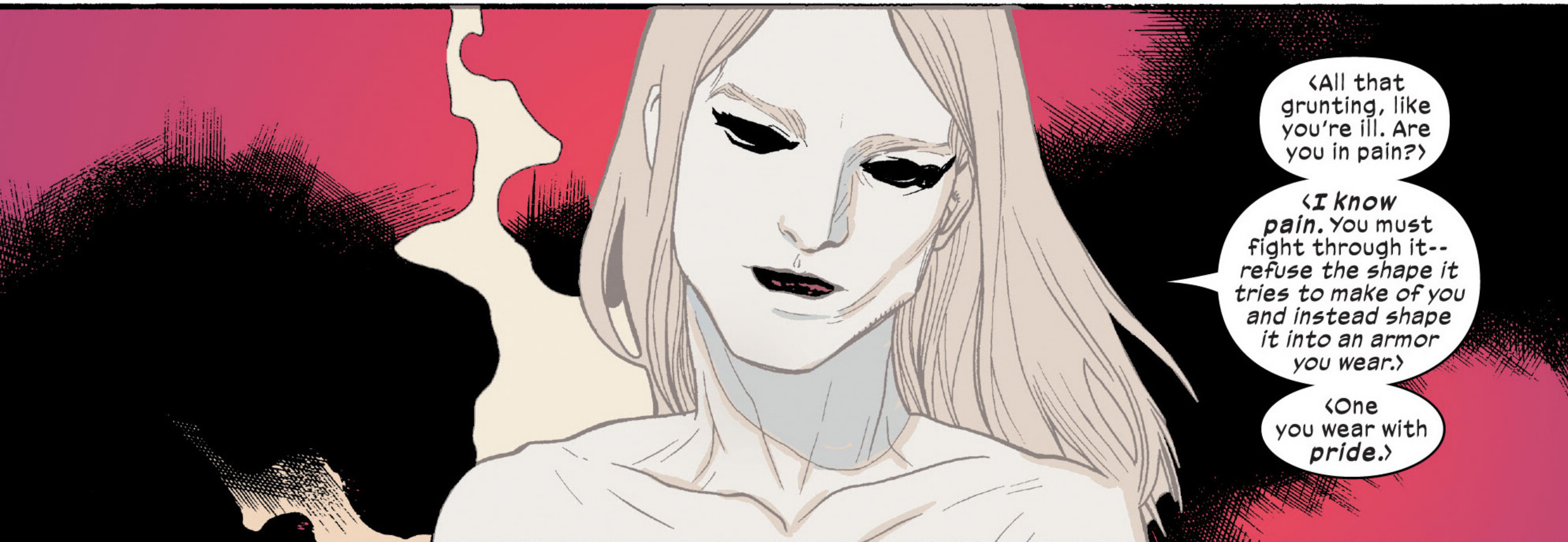
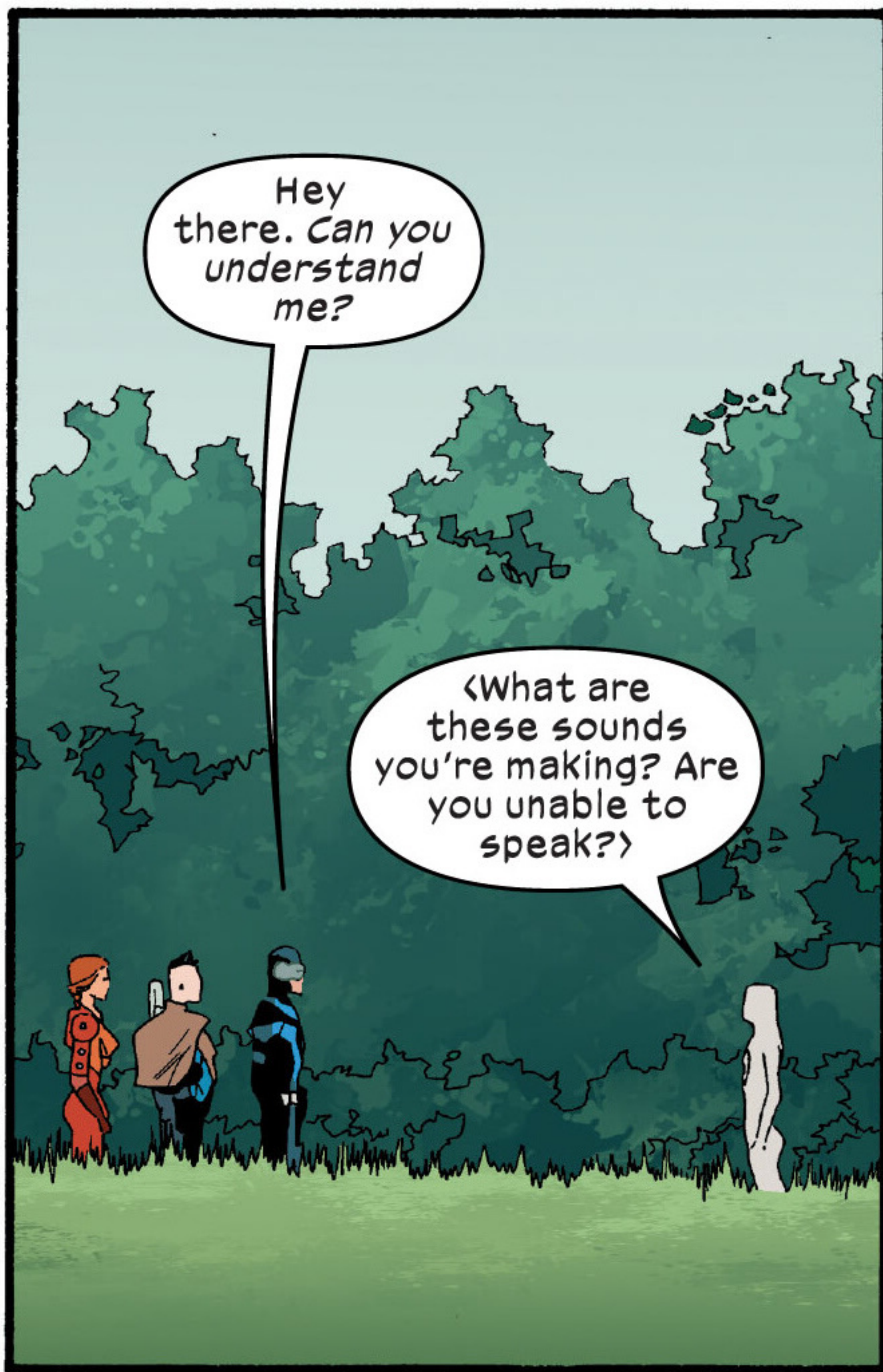
Number:
3 [CURRENTLY: 1]

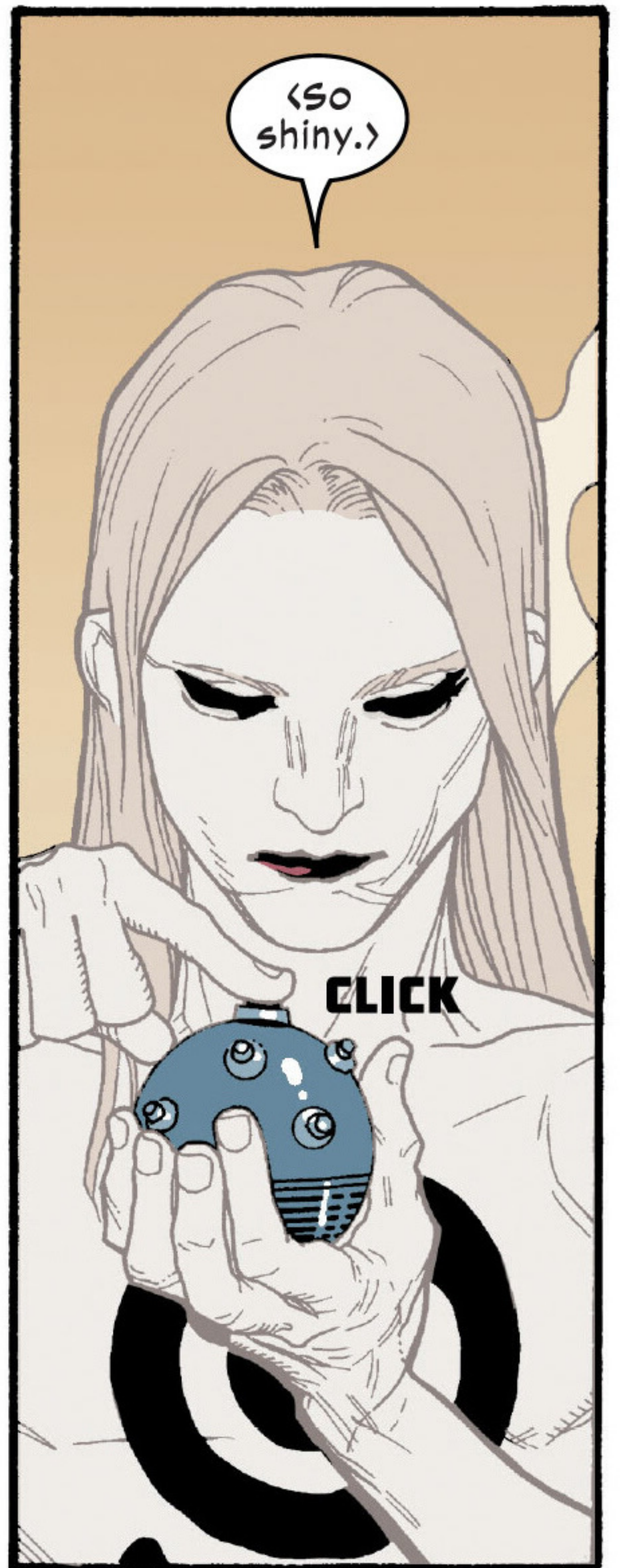
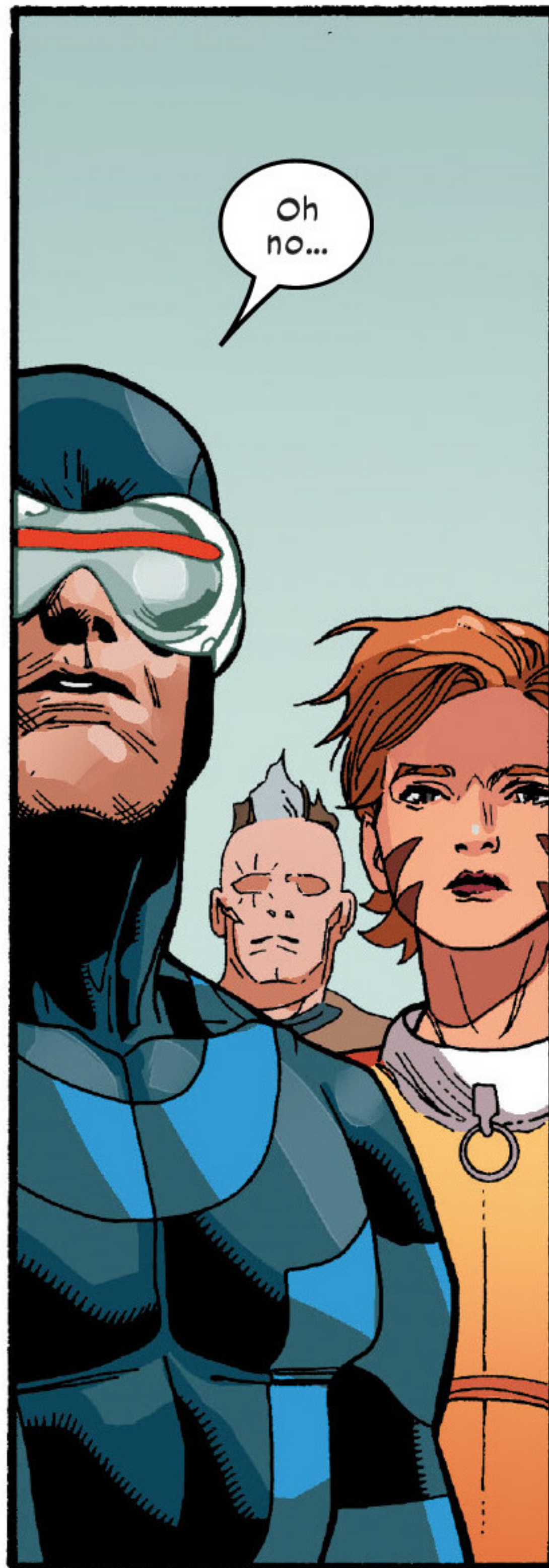
Able to summon a horde of elementals and up to three major daemons.

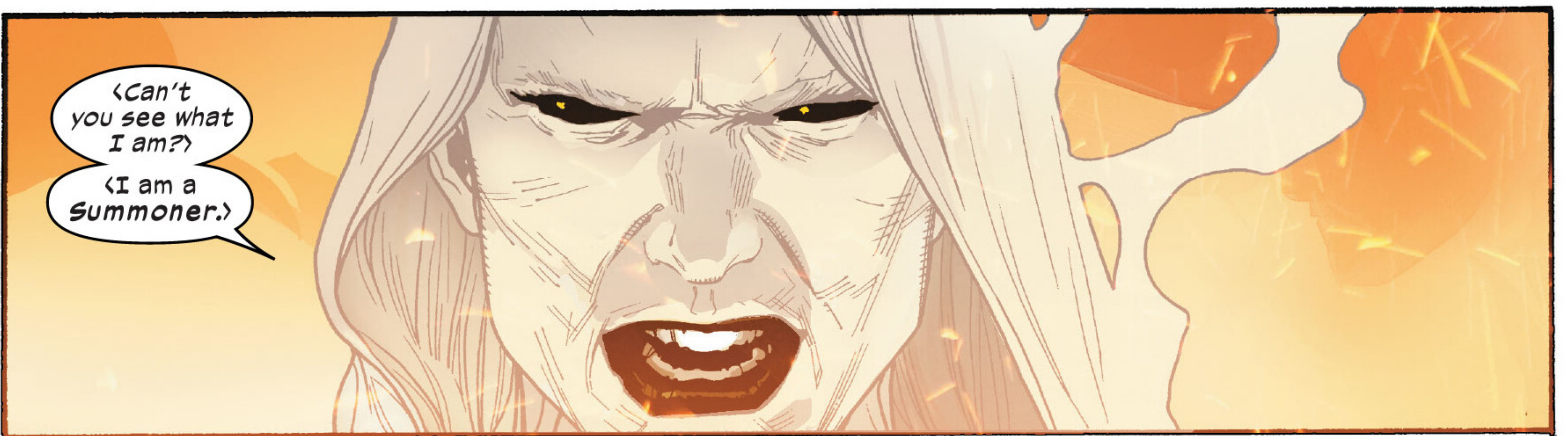
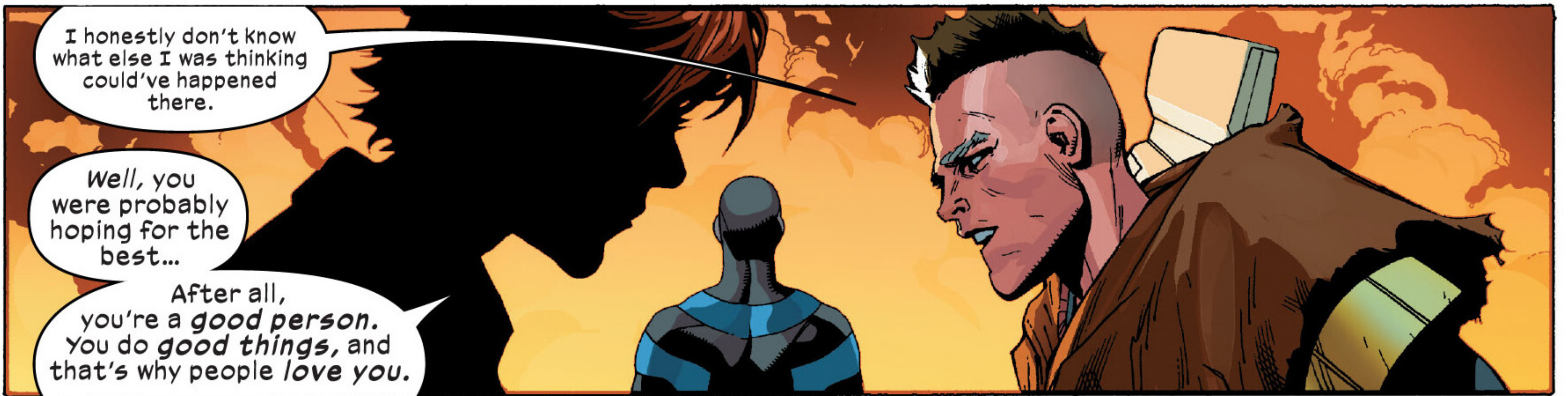
Later.
One hour from
contact with
Krakoa.

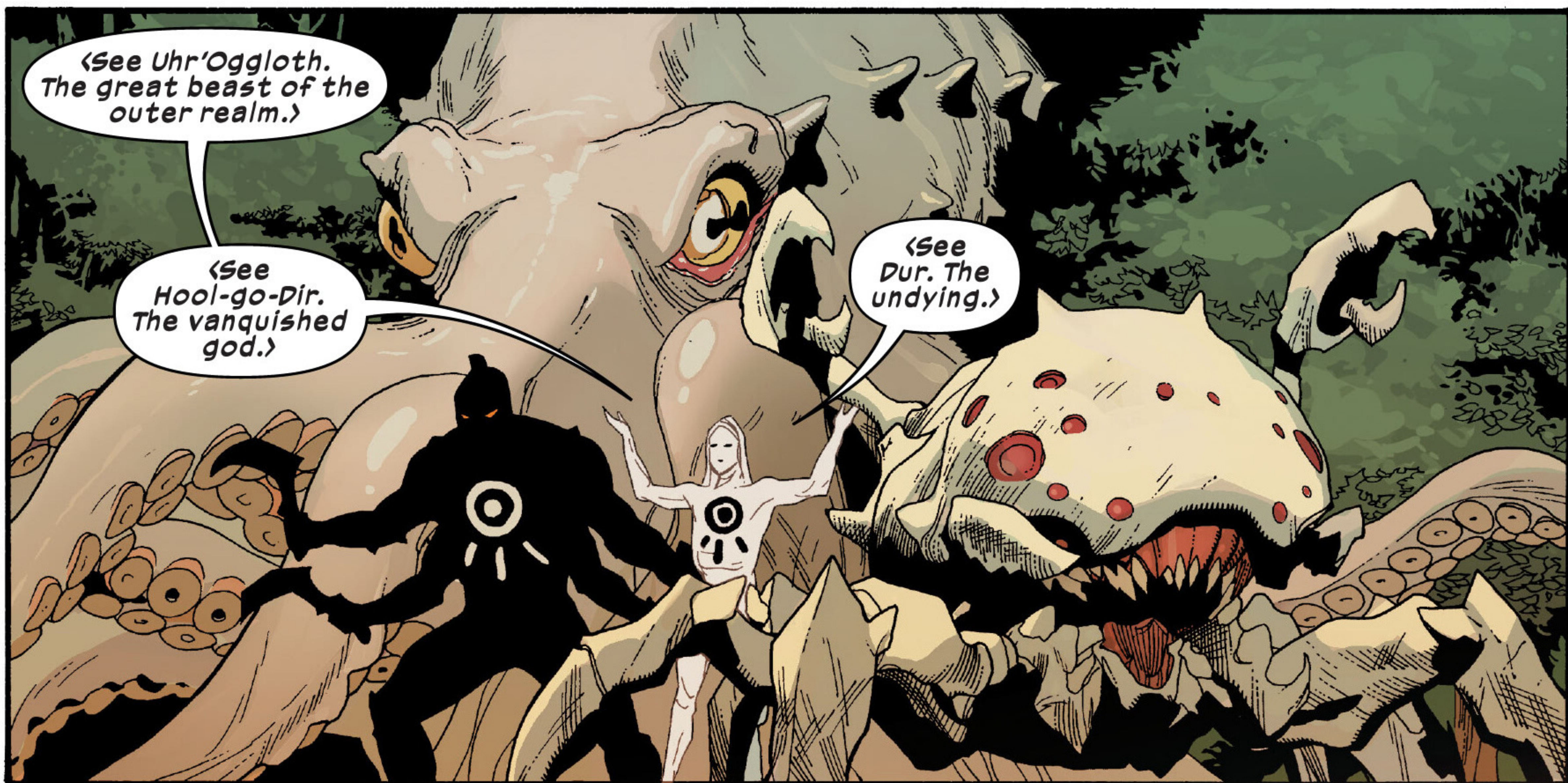












«See Uhr'Oggloth.
The great beast of the
outer realm.»

«See
Hool-go-Dir.
The vanquished
god.»

«See
Dur. The
undying.»



«See
them...and see
your end!»

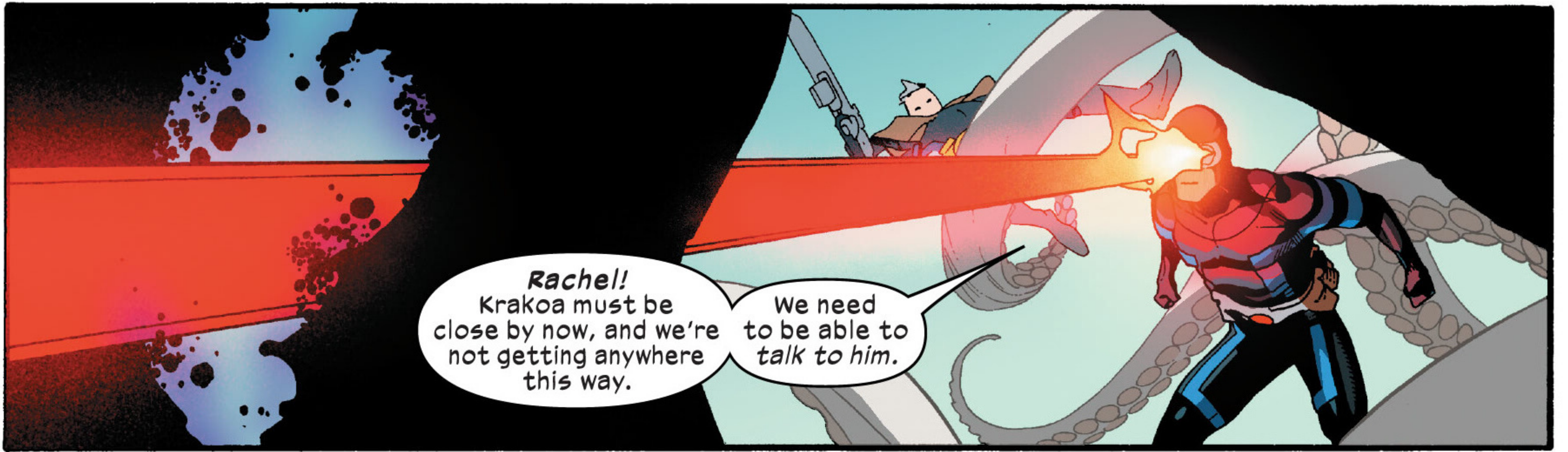
«For I am a
son of Arakko--
a defender of the
keep. One does
not attack me
and live!»



You know
what you could
really use right
now, Cable?

I do, Cable. A
thermal grenade.
Well, yes, Cable, but
if you hadn't already
used it, you actually
wouldn't need it,
would you?

Hey! Shut up,
already. I'm a time-
traveler! Nothing
makes sense!



Rachel!
Krakoa must be
close by now, and we're
not getting anywhere
this way.

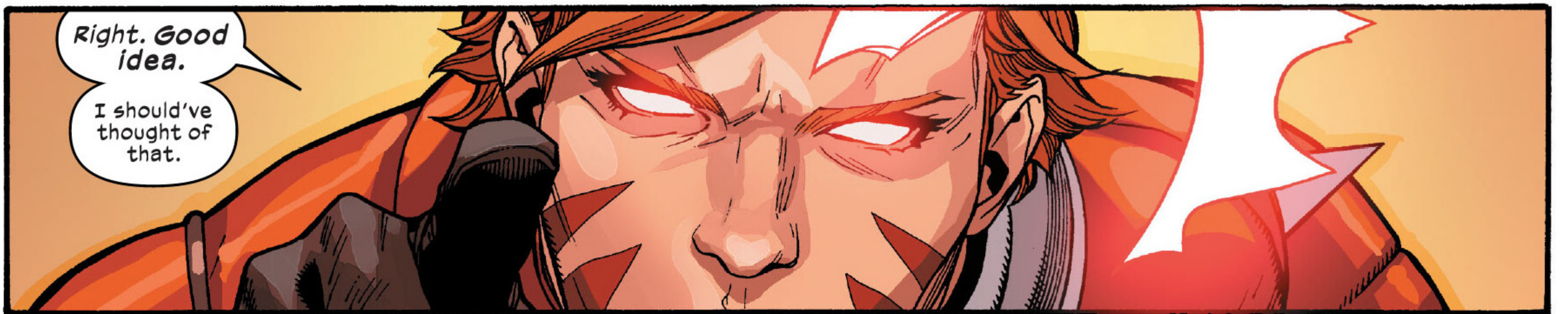
We need
to be able to
talk to him.



We tried,
remember?

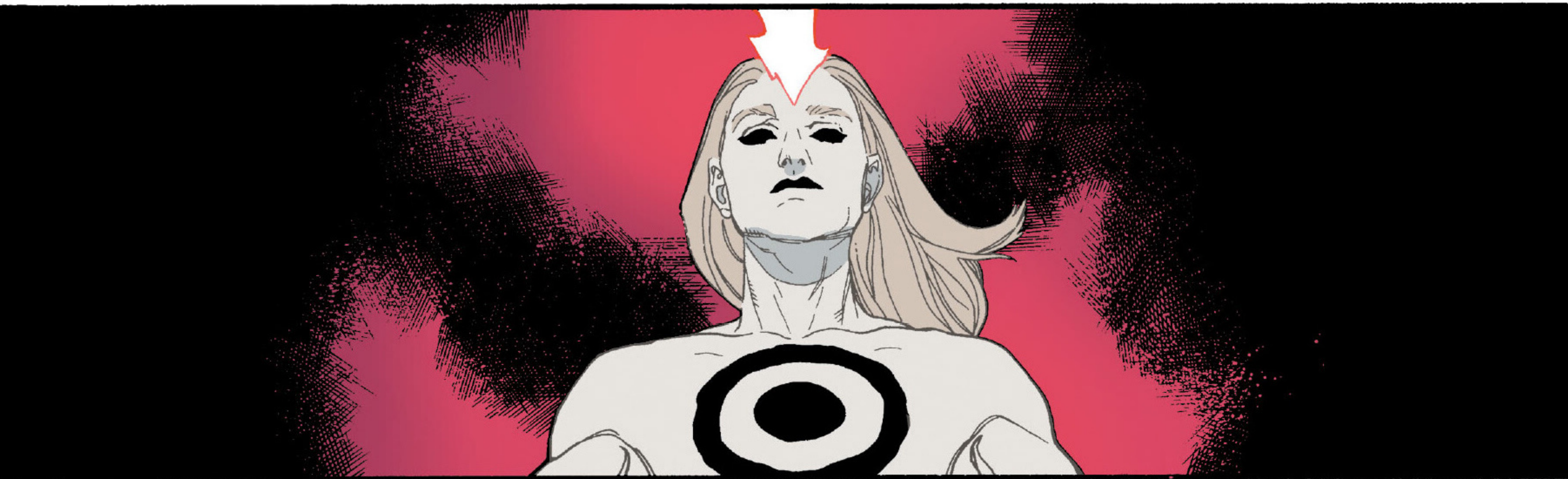


Yes...
But you've
helped download Krakoa
into every mutant's mind
when they get to the
island, right?

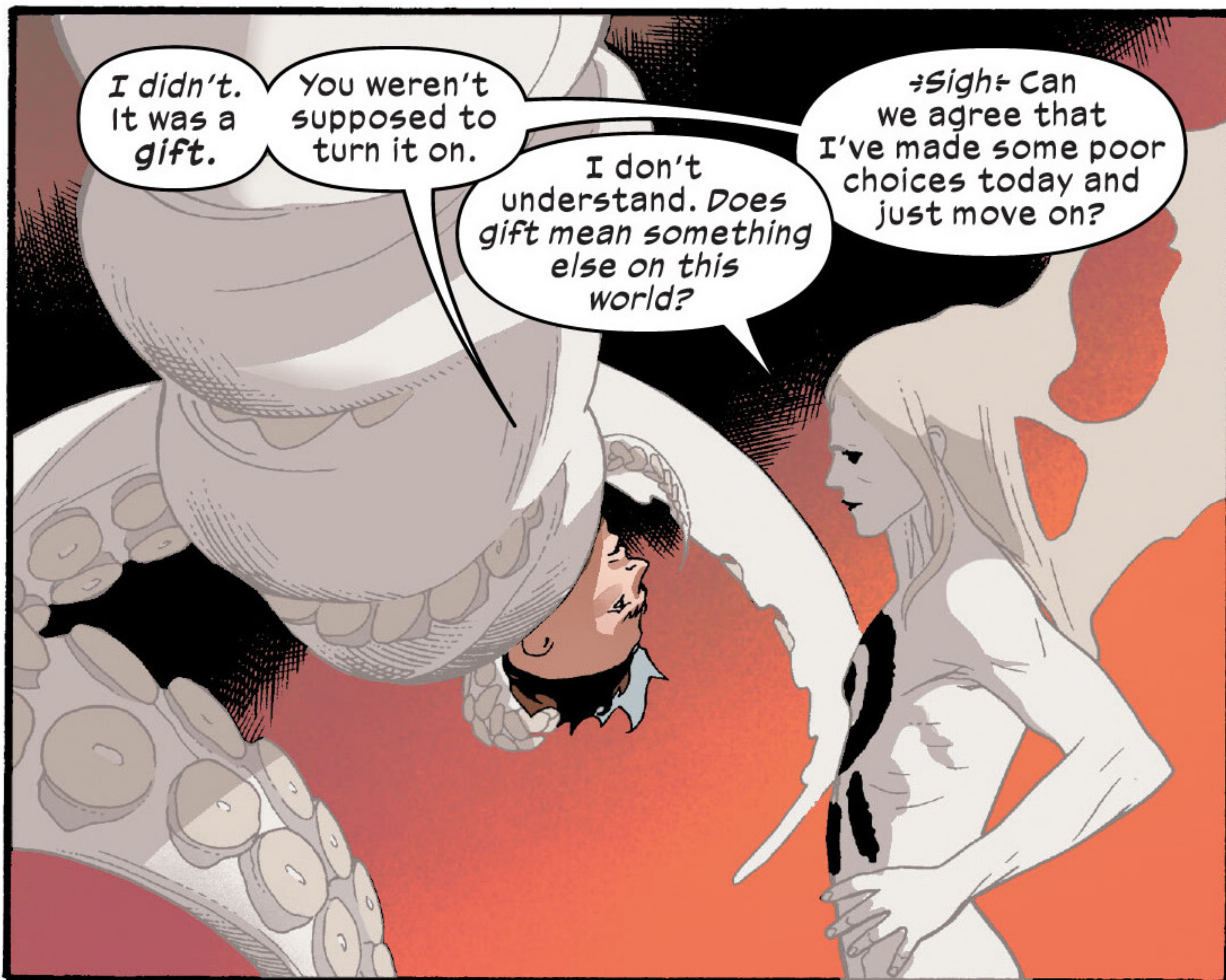
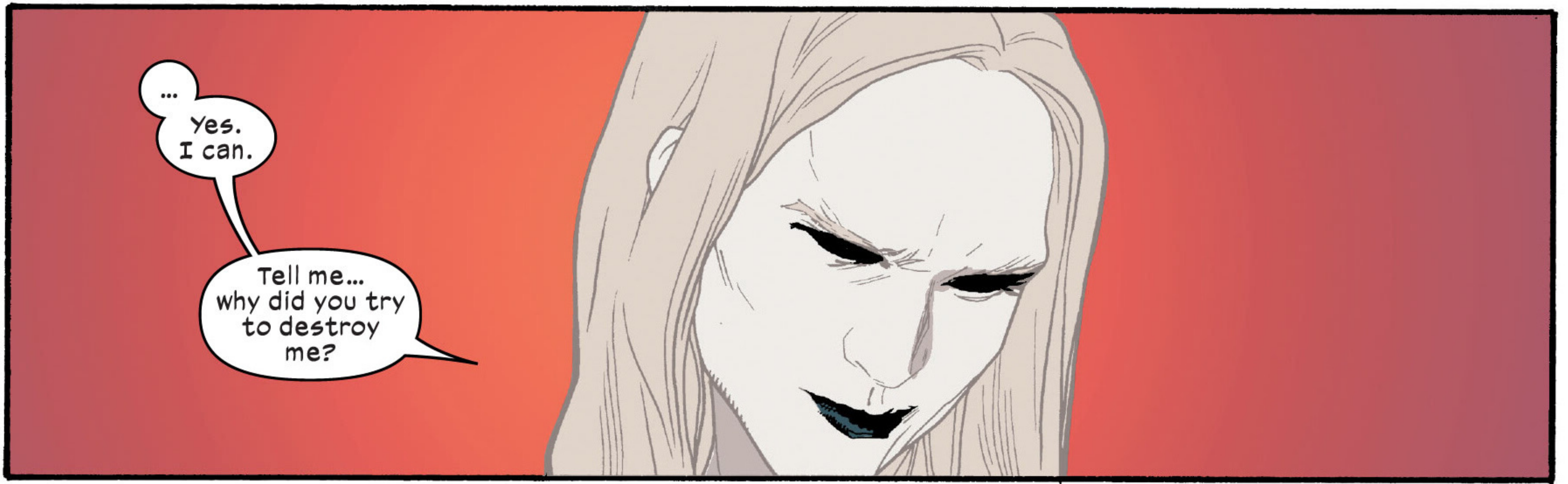


Right. Good
idea.

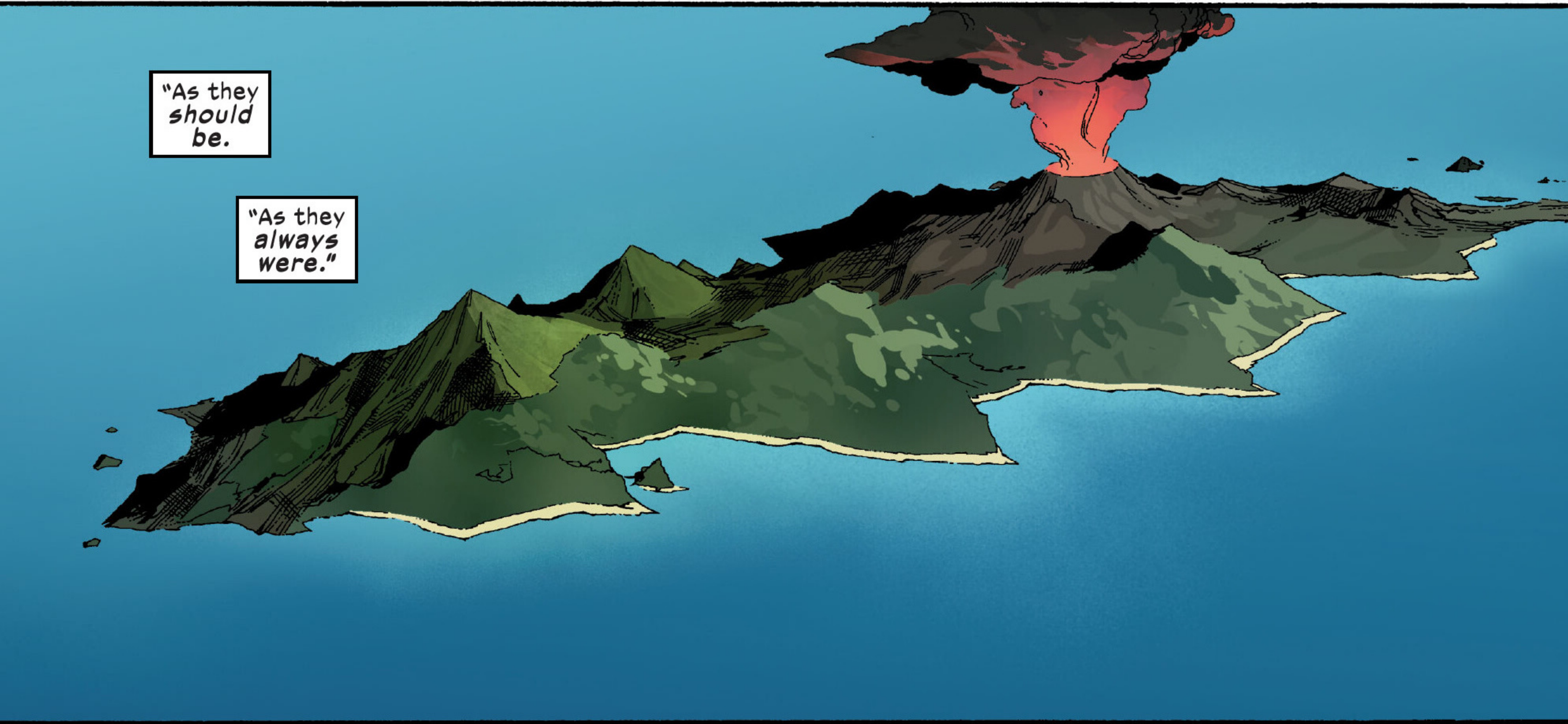
I should've
thought of
that.

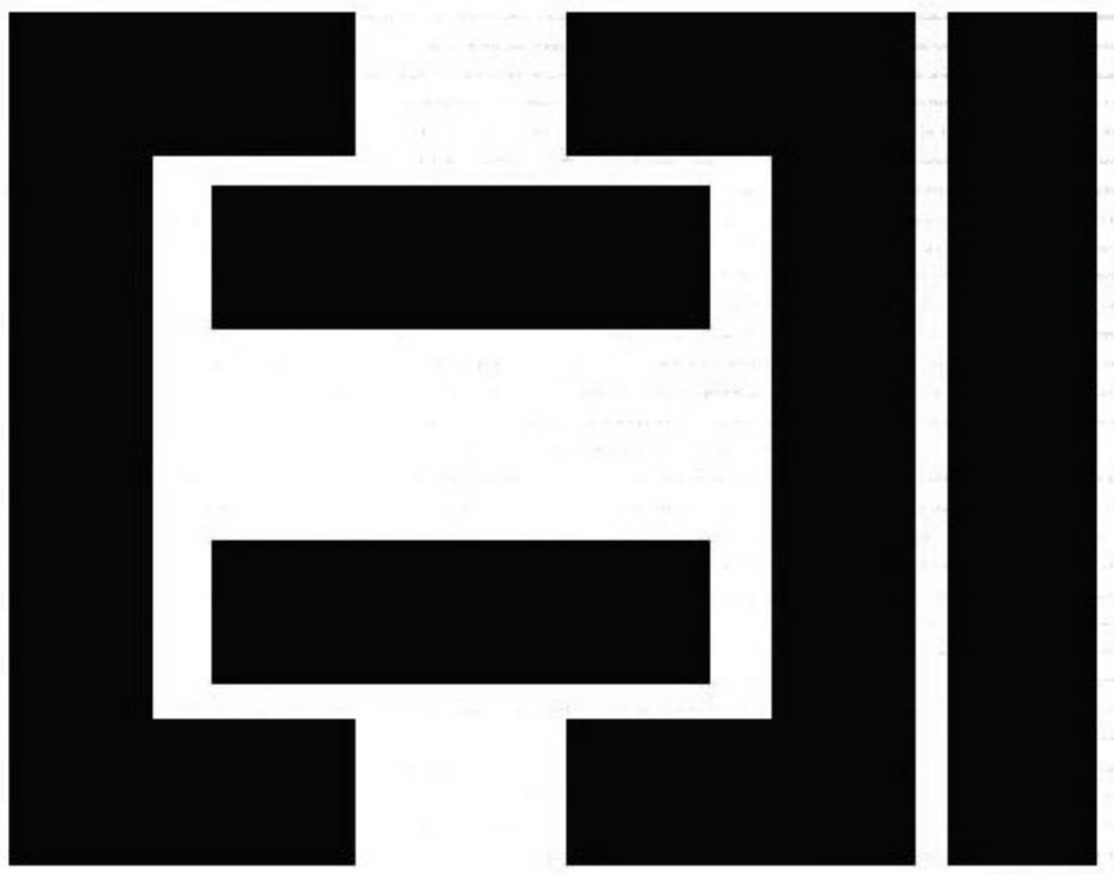


Uhfff!
Ca--can
you understand
us now?



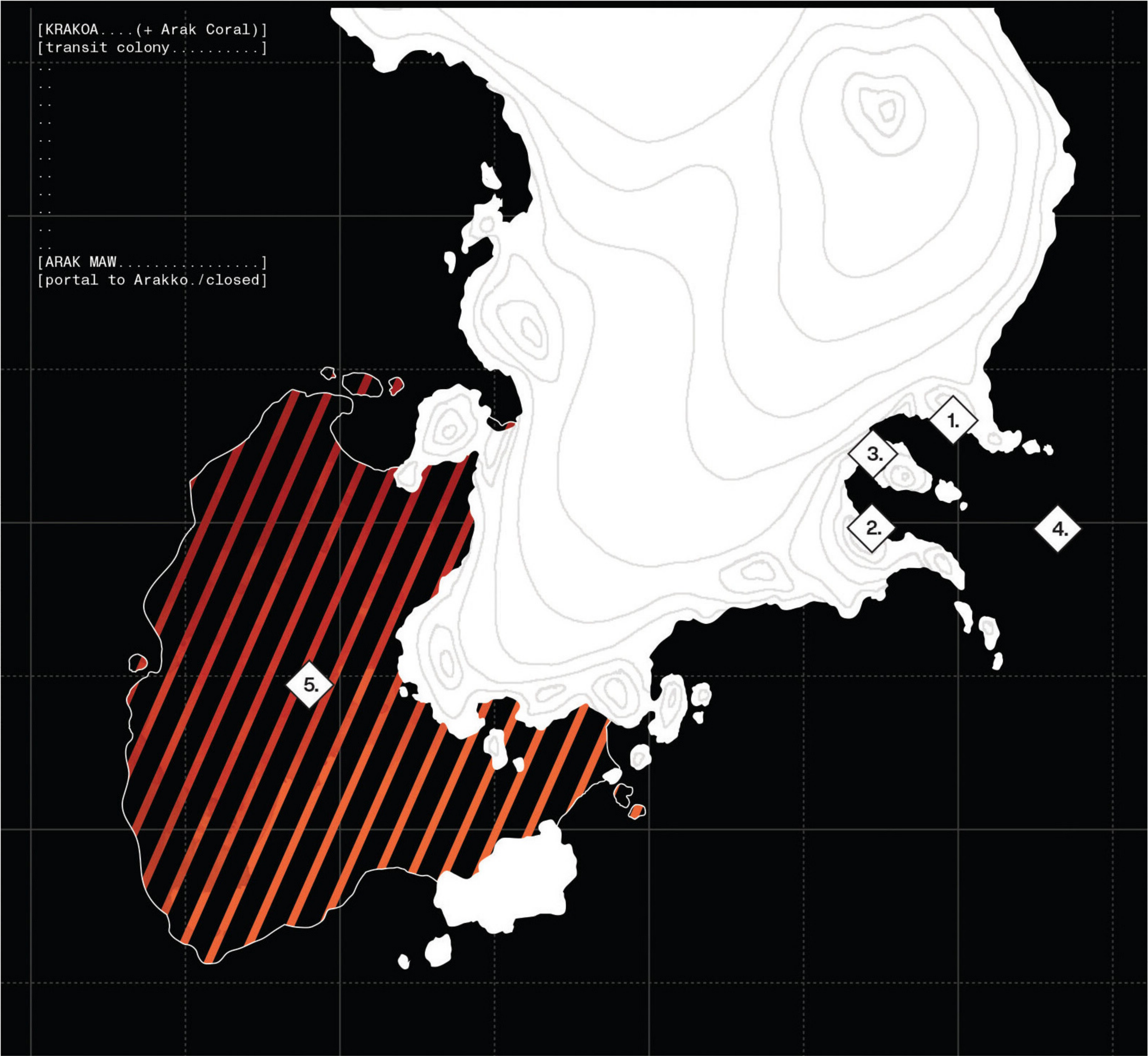
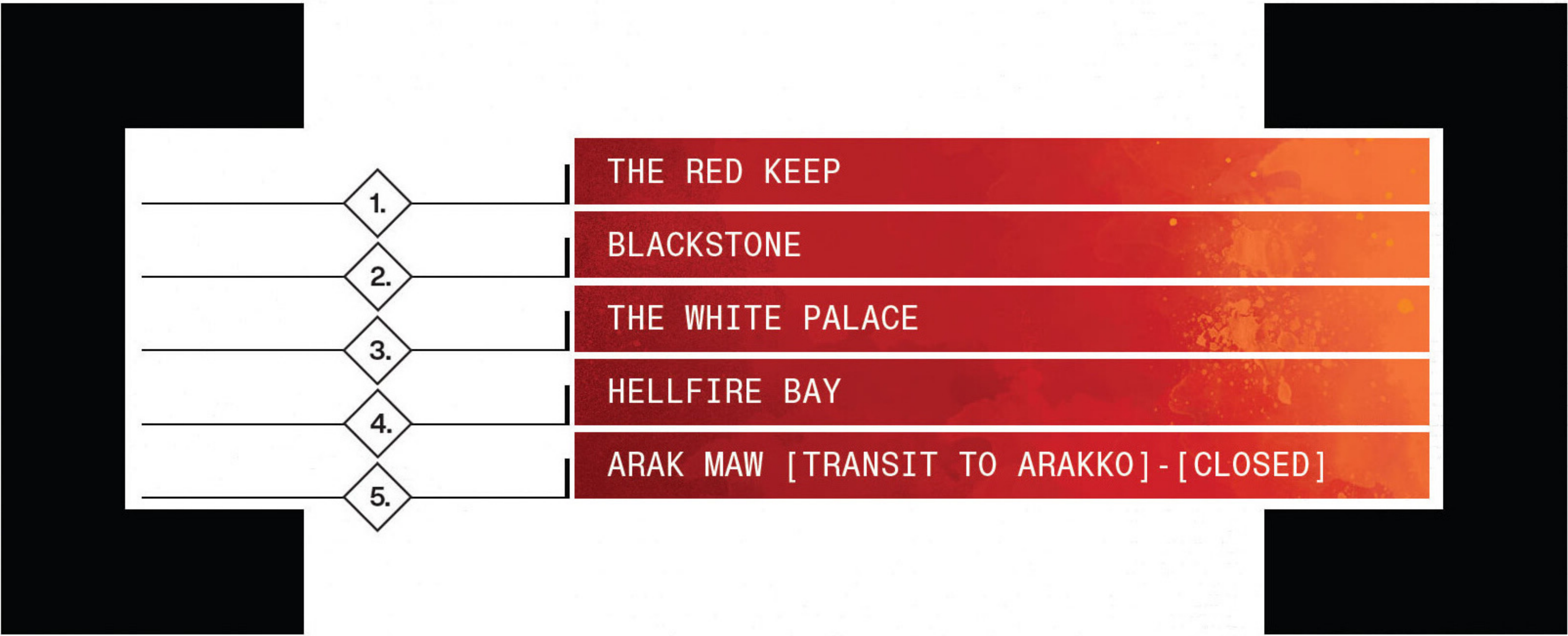






[kra_koa.].....[X]
[Arak_maw].....[X]

KRAKOA [+ARAK CORAL]



[kra_koa.].....[X]
[summoner].....[X]

Later.



«This world is strange...the sky is something to behold. It's almost overwhelming, the lack of true darkness.»

«My mother told me all about you. It's fitting you come at night.»



«For at night...even new gods slumber.»

«We have never met, but I would recognize your seed anywhere...»

«Did you run away... or were you sent?»



«Of course you would have. How could you not?»

«The enemy has come. And though the walls hold-- and for now, your children hold the point--soon Arakko will fall.»

«I wanted to stay...I would have stayed...»





Hmmm.

<And which of my children is mother to you?>



<War.>



<Yes. I can see that now. You have it in you.>

<Will you save us? Can you save us?>

<I can. I will.>

<For I mean to save all of my children...>

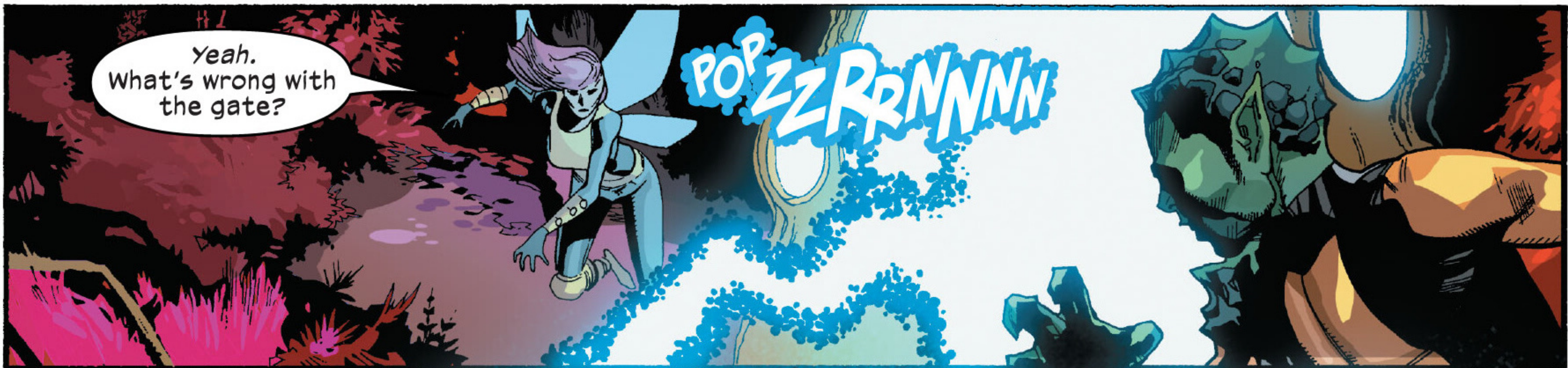


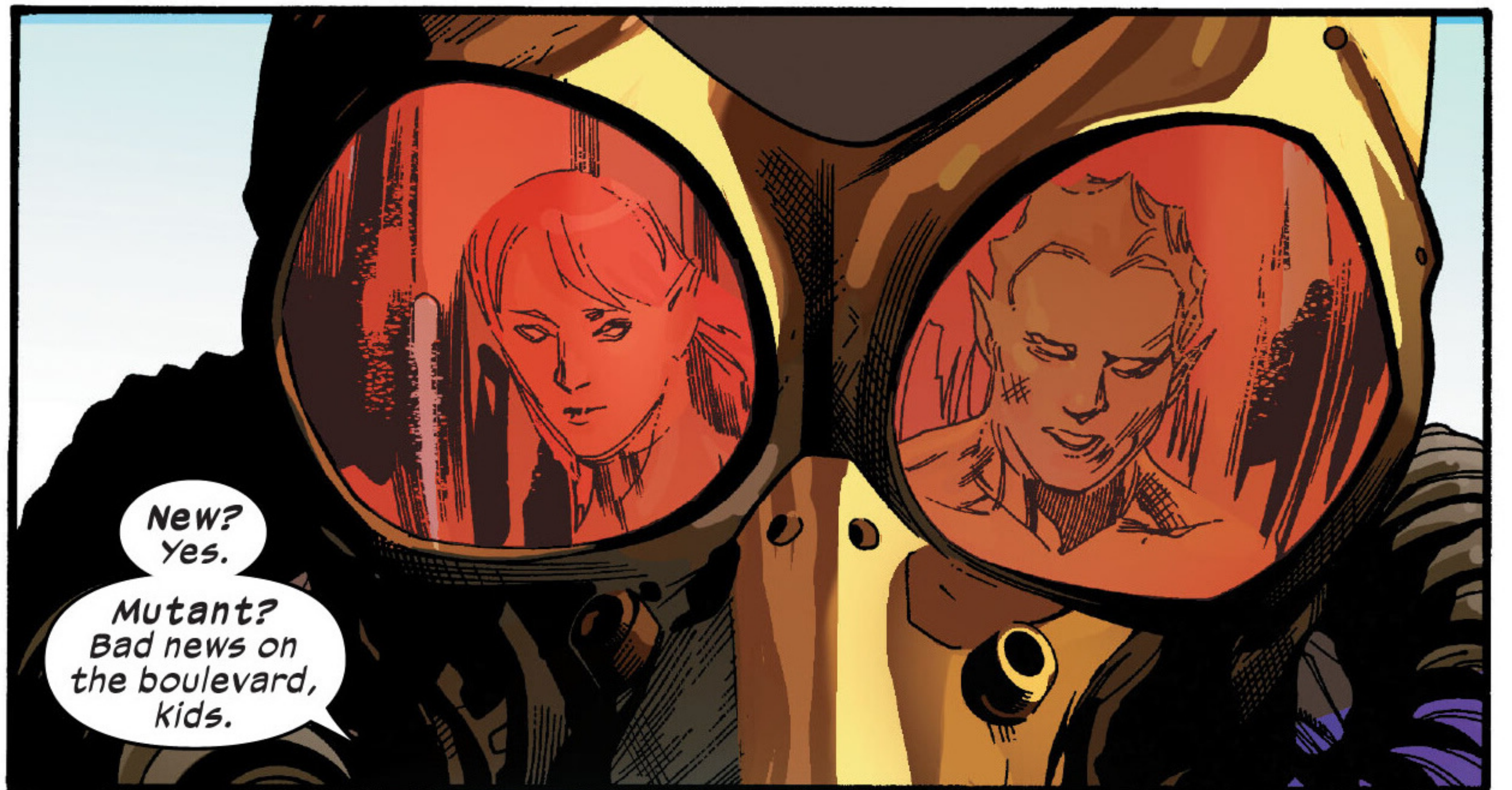
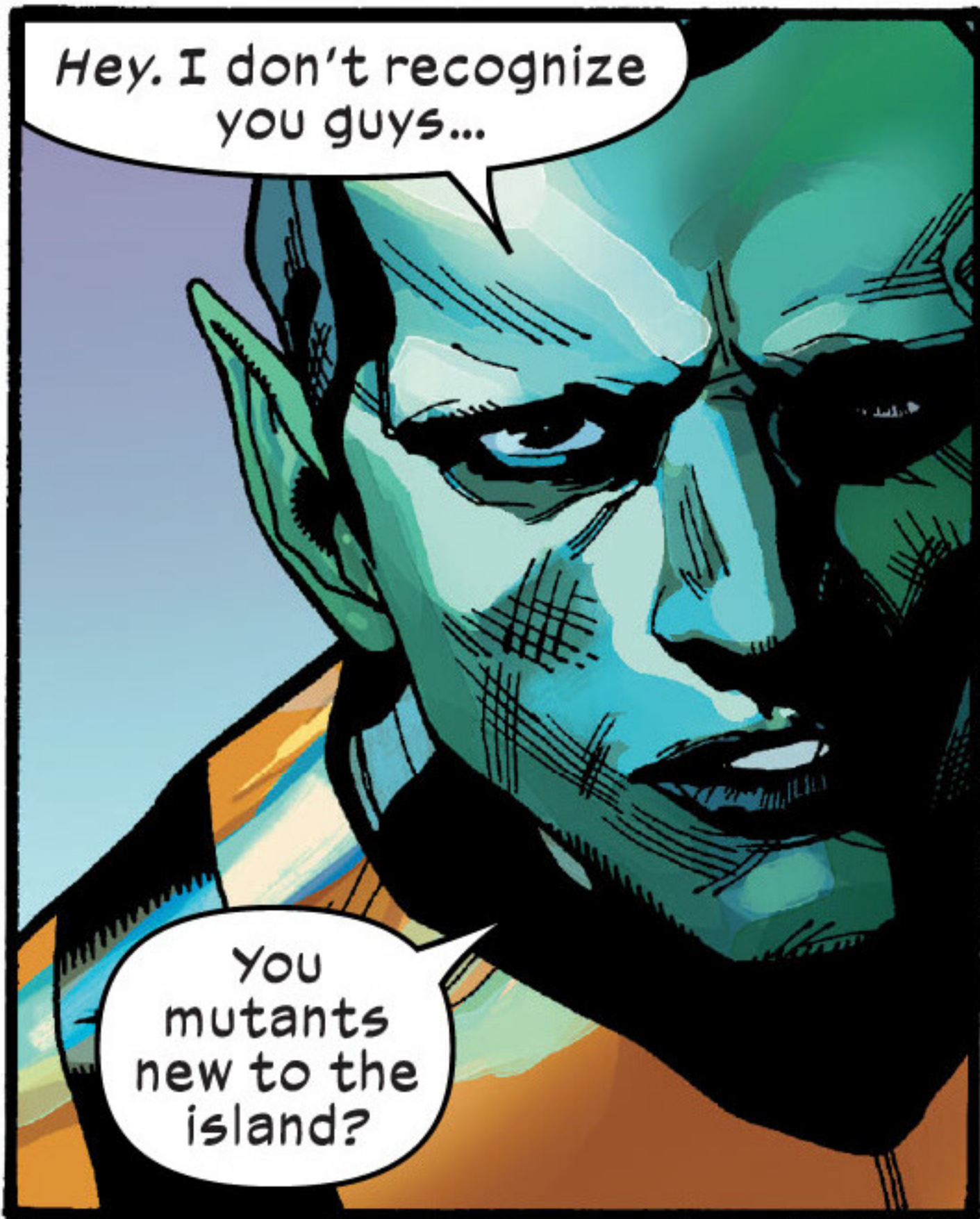
<Those of Krakoa... and those of Arakko.>



Hordeculture

3





Krakoa.
The Quiet Council.

All right. We're
here.

What's
gone wrong
now?



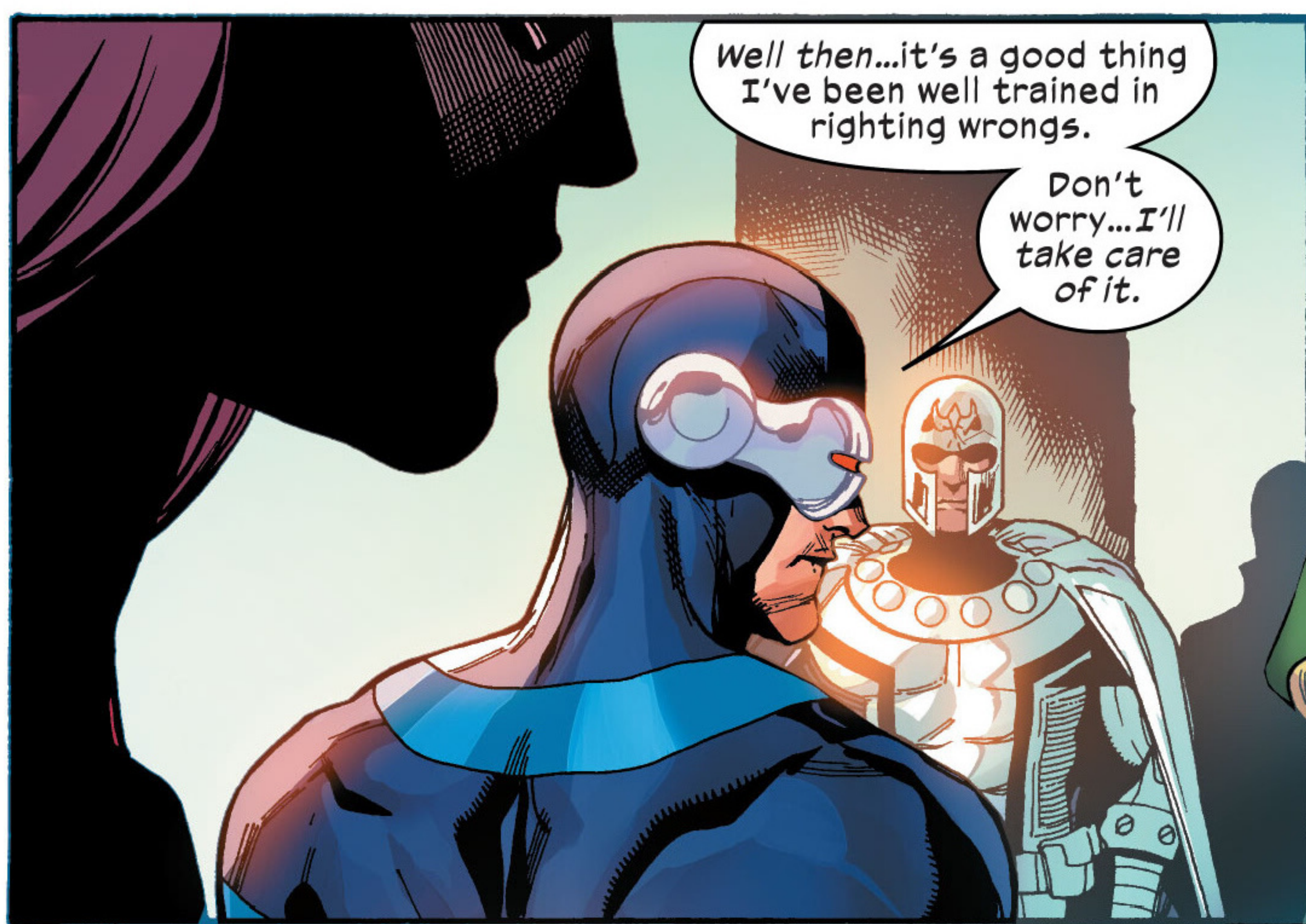


Hey.
I know that
look. You all
right?

I smell
smoke. Should
I assume
fire?

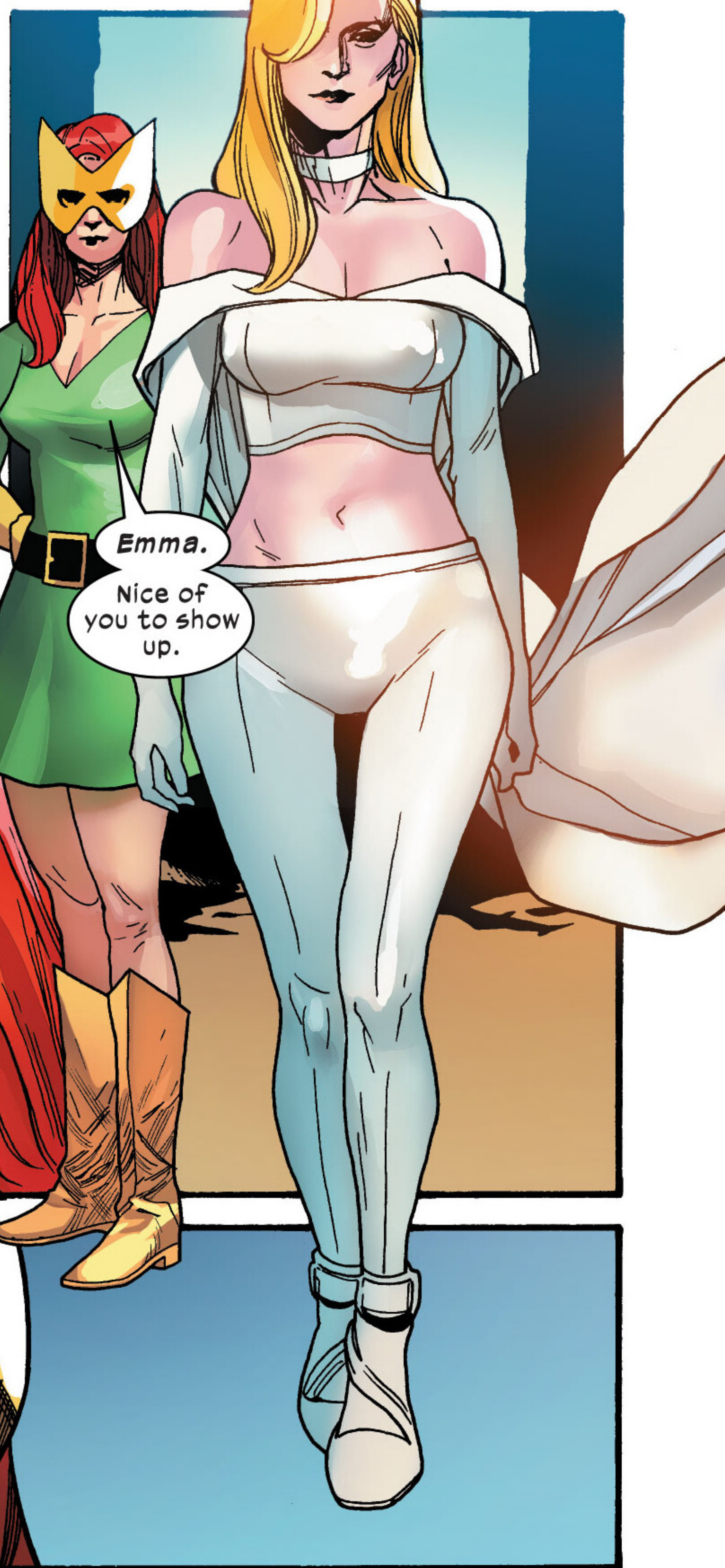
Yes.
We're going
to send you
out.

We can't
access the Savage
Land. Something's
wrong with
Krakoa.



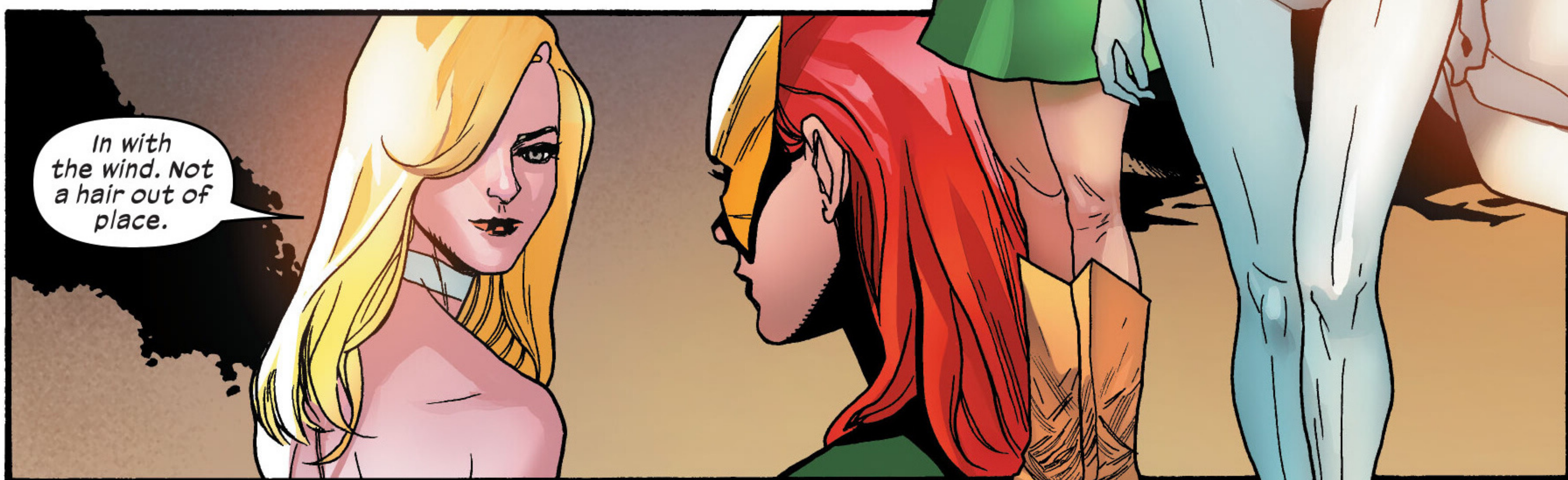
Well then...it's a good thing
I've been well trained in
righting wrongs.

Don't
worry...I'll
take care
of it.

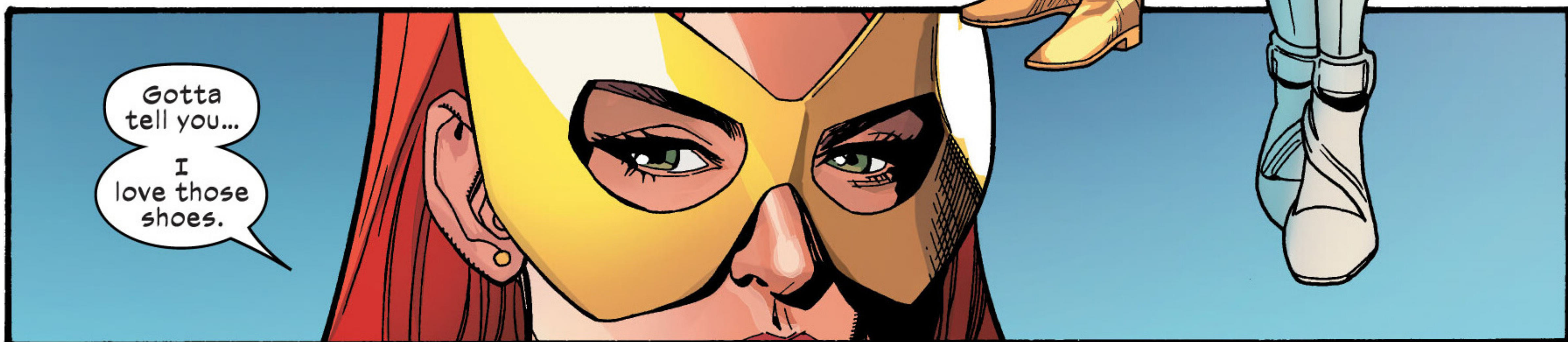


Emma.

Nice of
you to show
up.

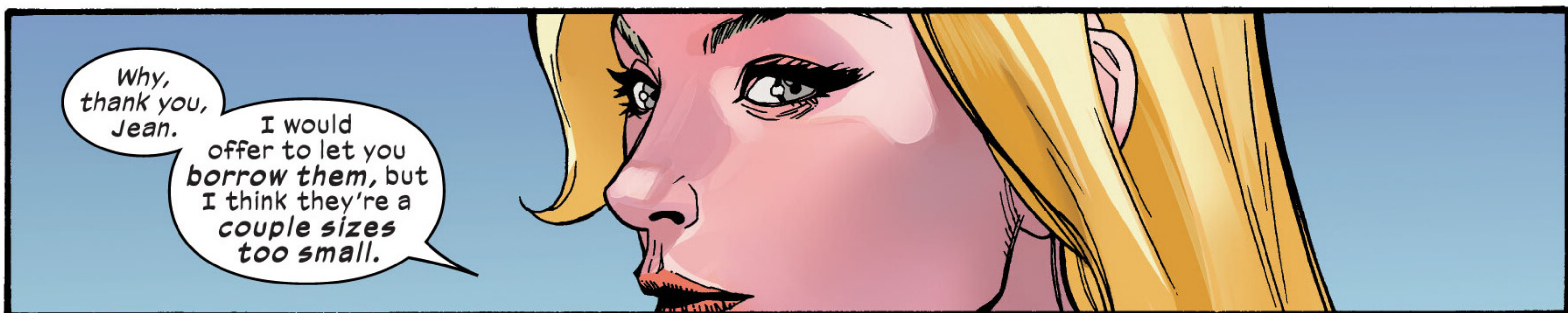


In with
the wind. Not
a hair out of
place.



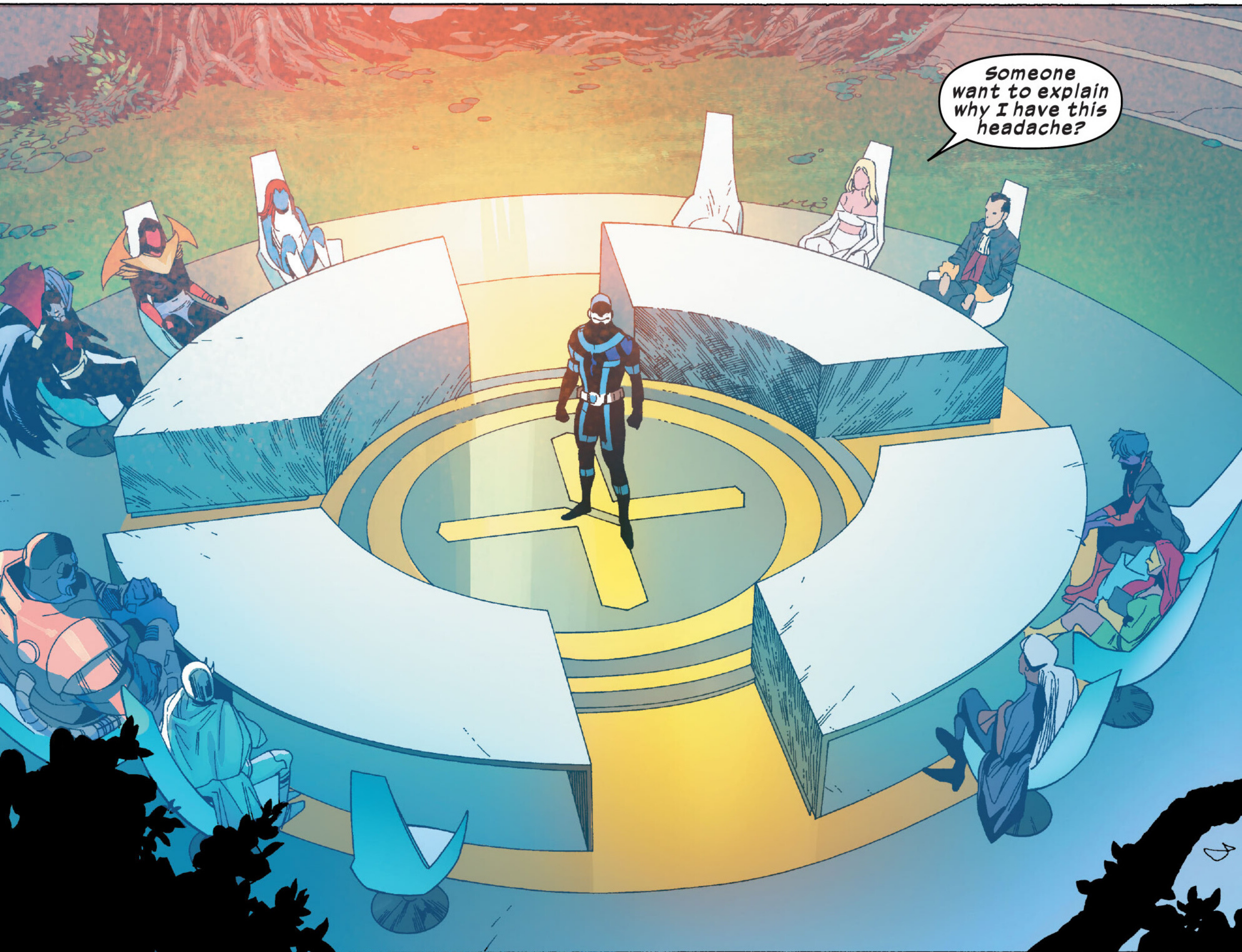
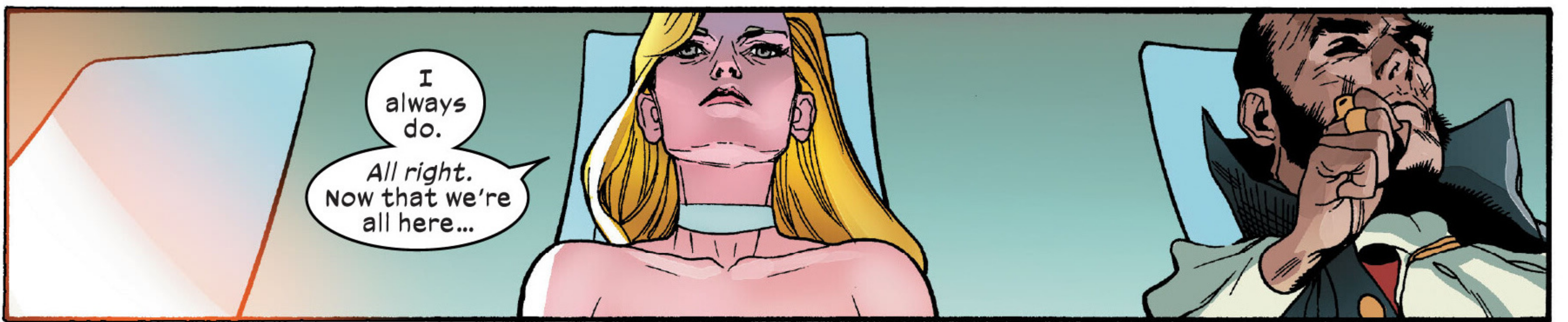
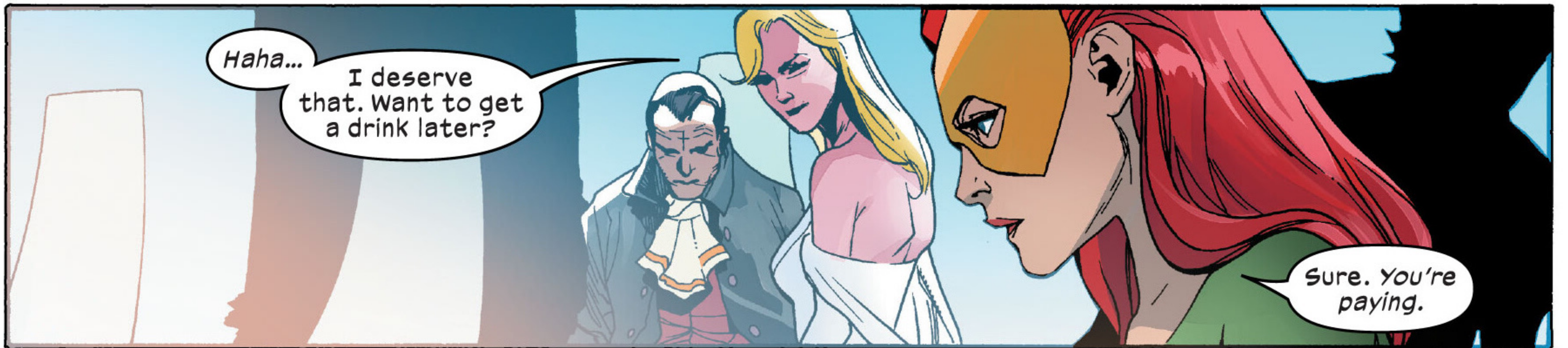
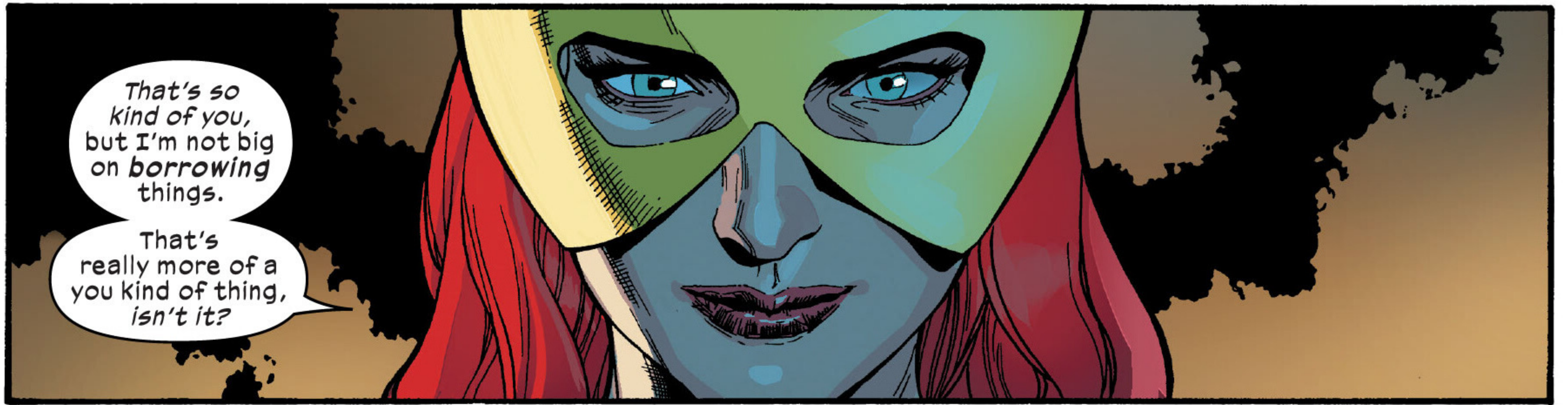
Gotta
tell you...

I
love those
shoes.



Why,
thank you,
Jean.

I would
offer to let you
borrow them, but
I think they're a
couple sizes
too small.



[00.Krakoa.....X]
[00.....0]

KRAKOA IS SCREAMING

SAVAGE LAND GATEWAY NONRESPONSIVE

The [suspected] forced seizure of a Krakoan gate has caused Krakoa itself incredible discomfort -- this has resulted in several unexpected, abnormal island disturbances:

- Krakoan wildlife has gotten more aggressive. After a period of over a month with no reported incidences with the island’s wildlife, there have been six in the last hour.
- Undetectable to most mutants, Black Tom Cassidy has noted a decrease in island mass. Beast has confirmed this and noted a decrease of .0001 percent, or roughly 158 square feet.
- Finally, all telepaths within the localized manifestation of the island are currently experiencing an increased level of psychic assault/consumption.*

An action team has been tasked with discovering what has happened to the gate and, if possible, re-establishing its connection to Krakoa.

FEED THE ISLAND

*As most know, Krakoa “feeds” on the psychic energy of mutants. When the island is at maximum growth [not the contracted, pre-nation state, “winter” version], Krakoa needs to consume two mutants a year to maintain a stable environment. However, the current population of Krakoa means that only a minimal amount of psychic energy is needed from each citizen to maintain the health of the island -- something each mutant is happy to give.

There are aggressive protocols in place to ensure that Krakoa is not exceeding its minimal psychic draw. Two mutants who share similar limitations as the island [mutants who feed on mutants], Selene and Emplate, have been tasked to observe the levels of psychic depletion among the island’s mutant population. [Similar protocols are used for the two of them as well.]

[Krakoa].....[EAT]
[.....].....[NUL]

[SELENE].....[EAT]
[MPLATE].....[ALL]

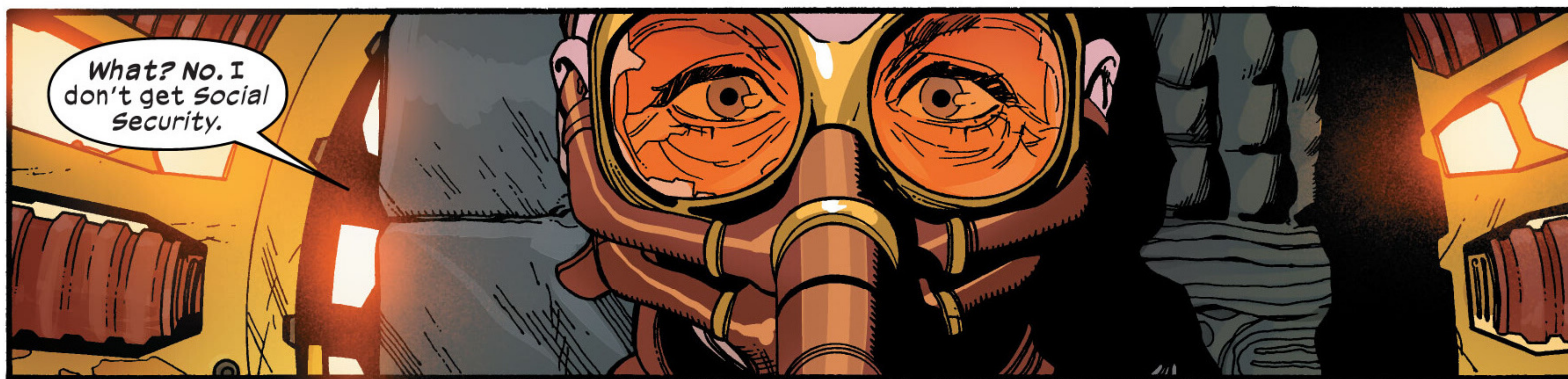


That's the last two. Not much *fight* in them.

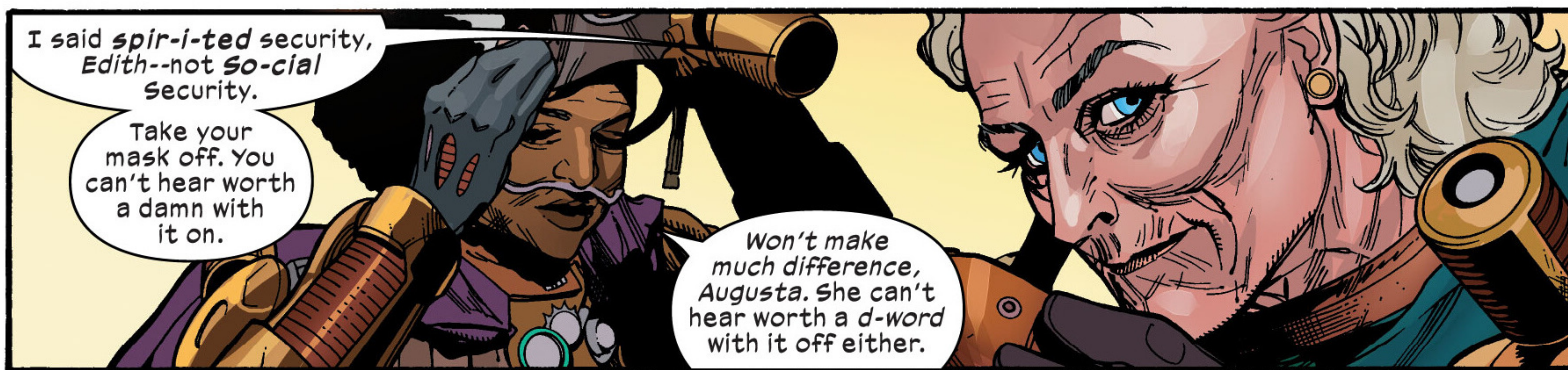
I think these might've been the peaceful mutants...*their* flower children.

All I see is soft. Soft. Soft.

Given that, I woulda thought the mutants woulda had slightly more spirited security.



What? No. I don't get *Social* Security.



I said *spir-i-ted* security, Edith--not *So-cial* Security.

Take your mask off. You can't hear worth a damn with it on.

Won't make much difference, Augusta. She can't hear worth a *d-word* with it off either.



Hrmp! You can *d-word* my *b-word*, Opal.

B-word all the way to the store and back. *For your smokies.*



No. No more *smokies*. The doctor was very clear on our last visit. He could see the signs, and the signs were very clear--*Opal is off the tobacco.*

So now I'm chewing that gum. Can't say I care for it much.

I don't know why you had to bring that up, Edith.



She did because she doesn't have a nice bone in her bony little body.

And we know you get *Social Security*, Edith. You used your last check to upfit the *Green Thumb*. You know the good Lord hears you lying.



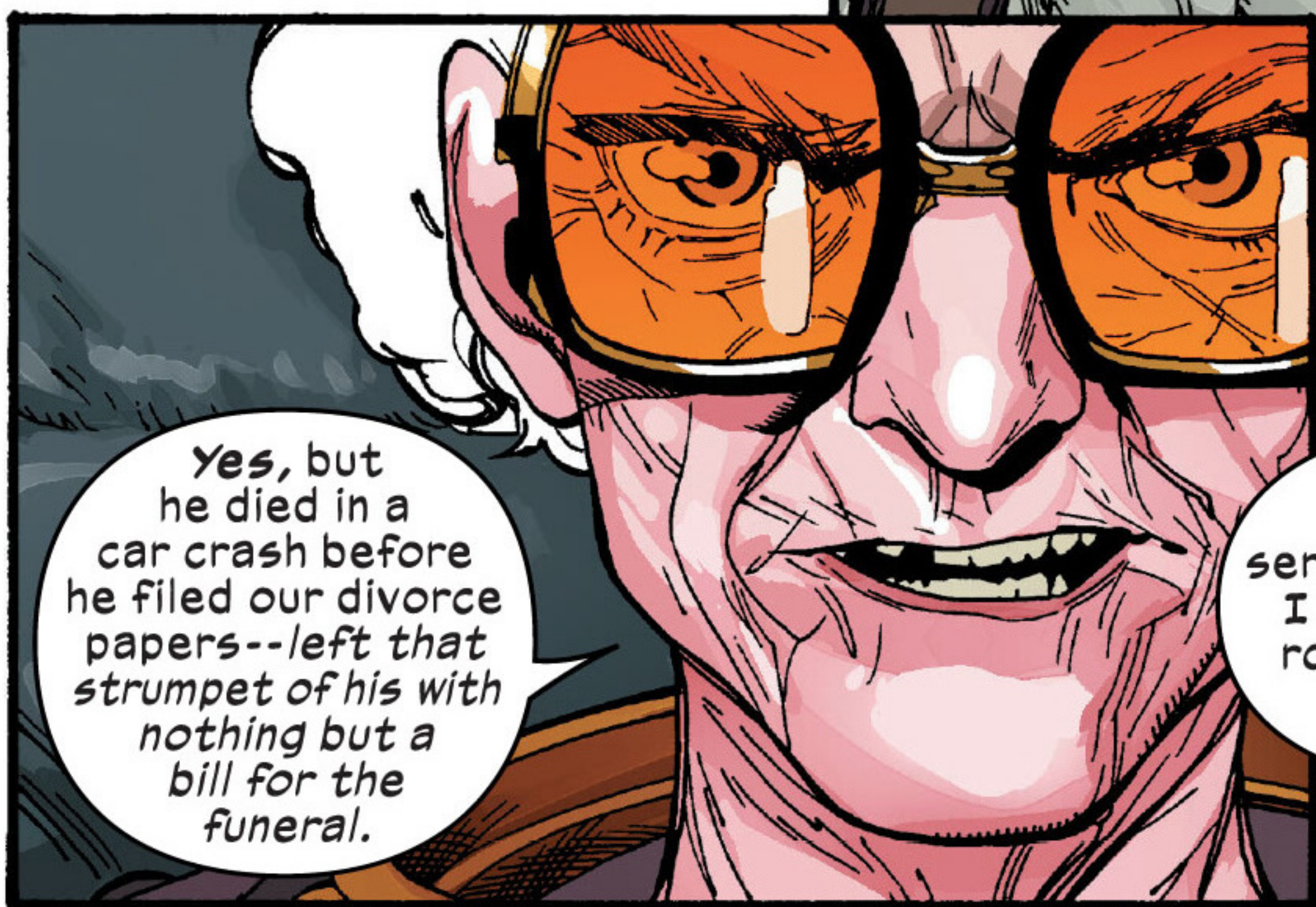
I ain't lying, Lily.

You can only claim one person's benefits, and since my Walter had paid in more, his *Social Security* checks were bigger. So I get his. Not mine.

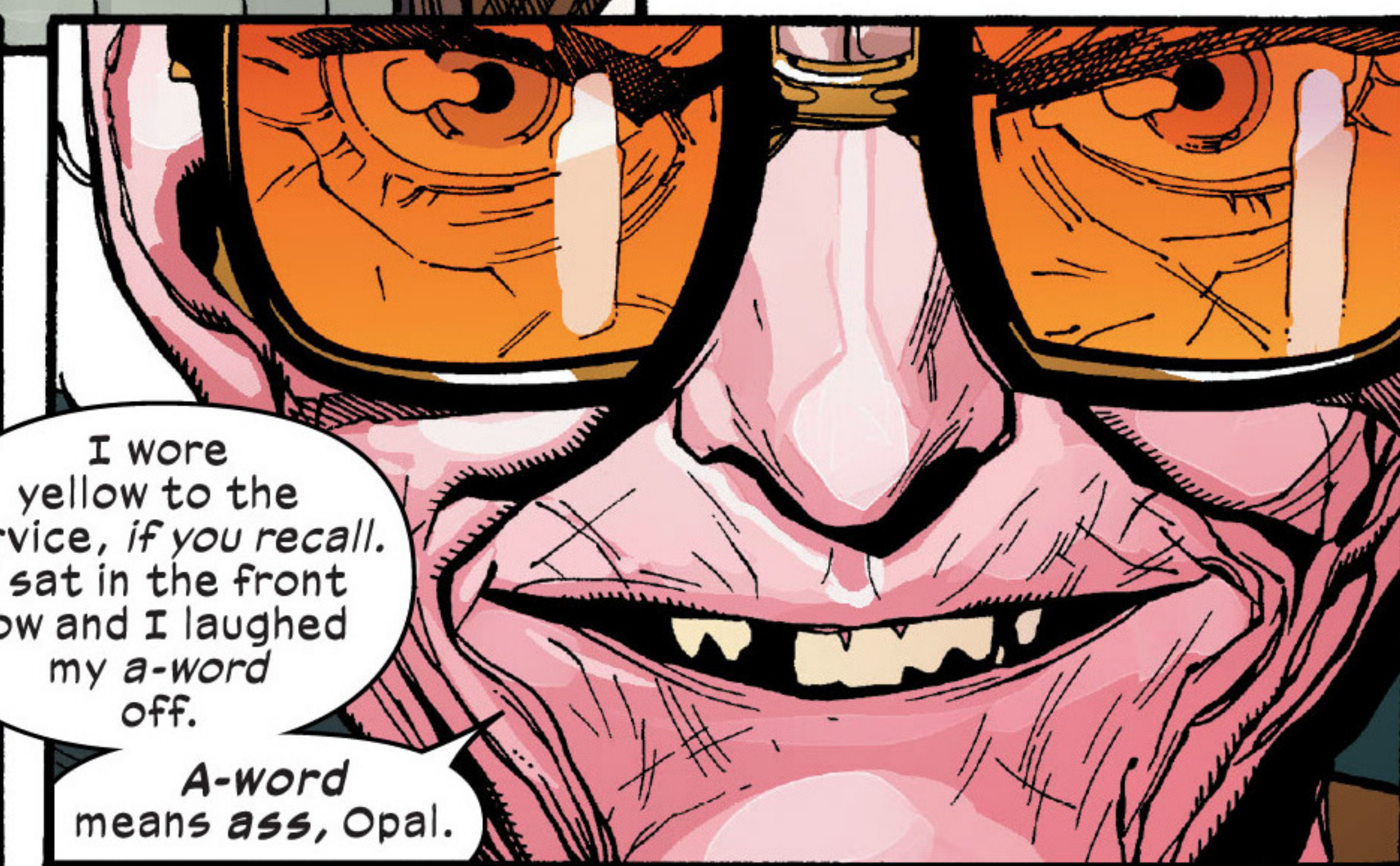
There is a difference, and I'm thankful for it. *Good ol' Walter--the man did many things right.*



He left you for a younger woman, Edith!



Yes, but he died in a car crash before he filed our divorce papers--left that strumpet of his with nothing but a bill for the funeral.



I wore yellow to the service, if you recall. I sat in the front row and I laughed my *a-word* off.

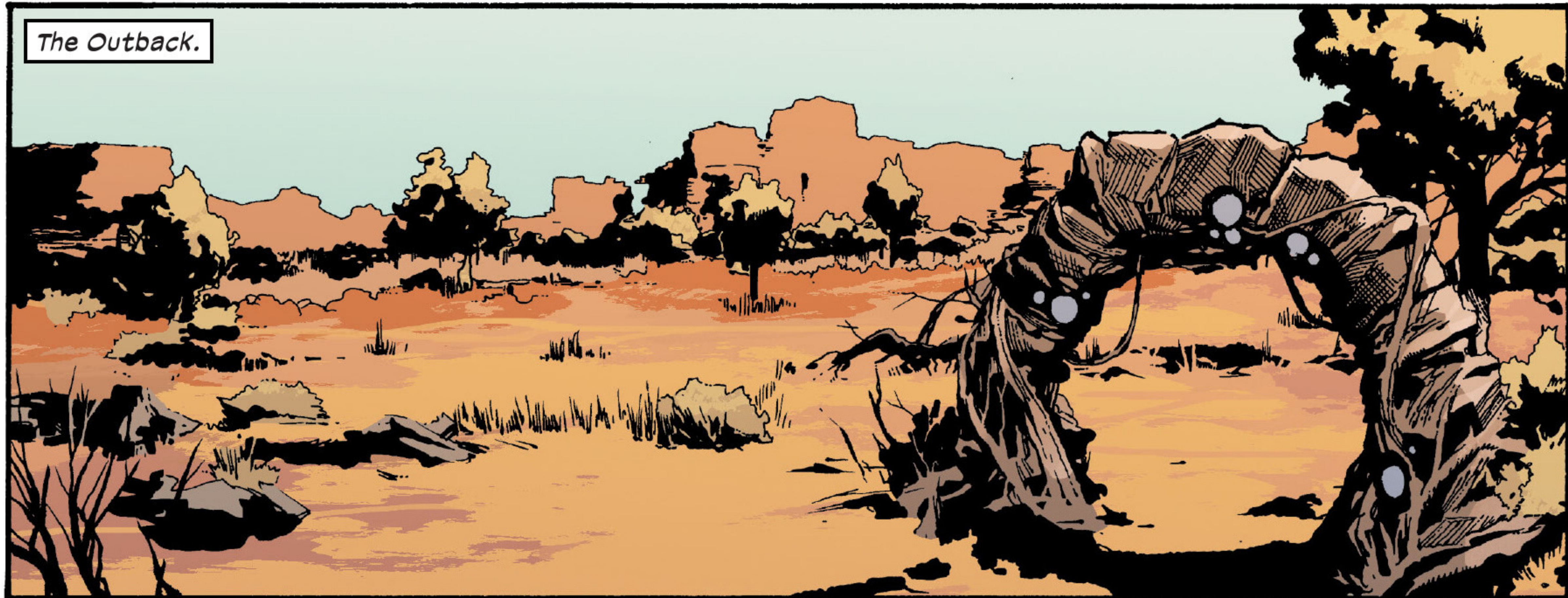
A-word means *ass*, Opal.



So chew on that, ladies...

And while you do...shall we pick some flowers?

The Outback.



Exactly
how's this
work?

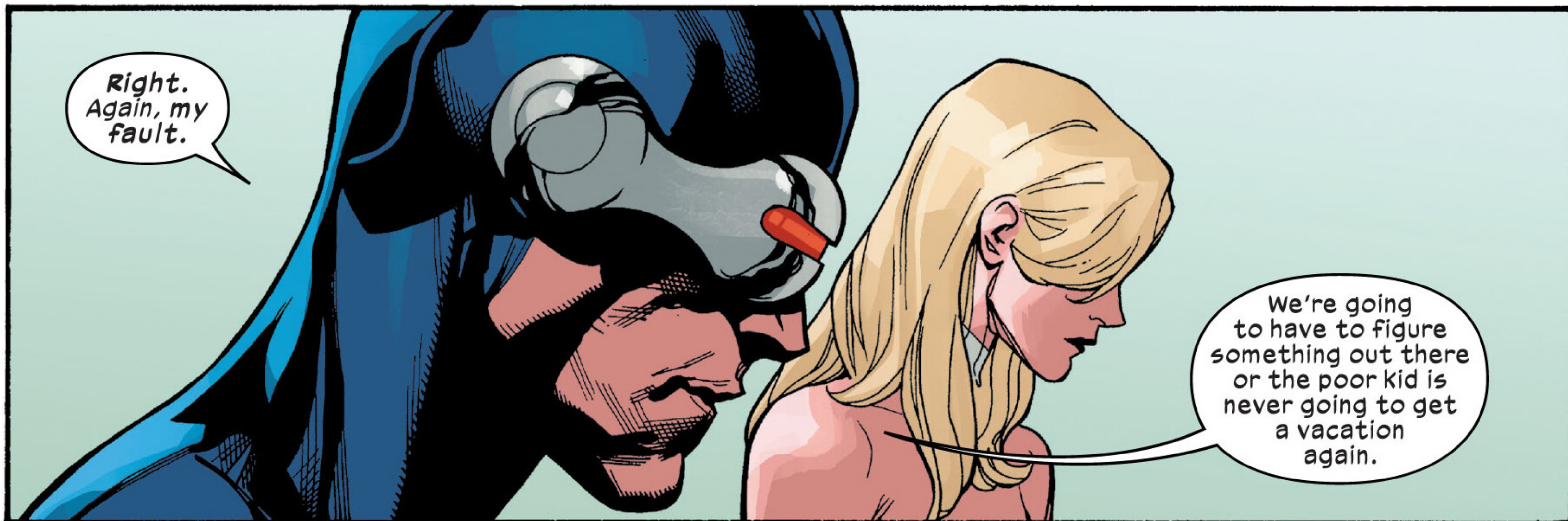
We can
still access any of
the other gateways,
just not the specific
gateway to the
Savage Land.

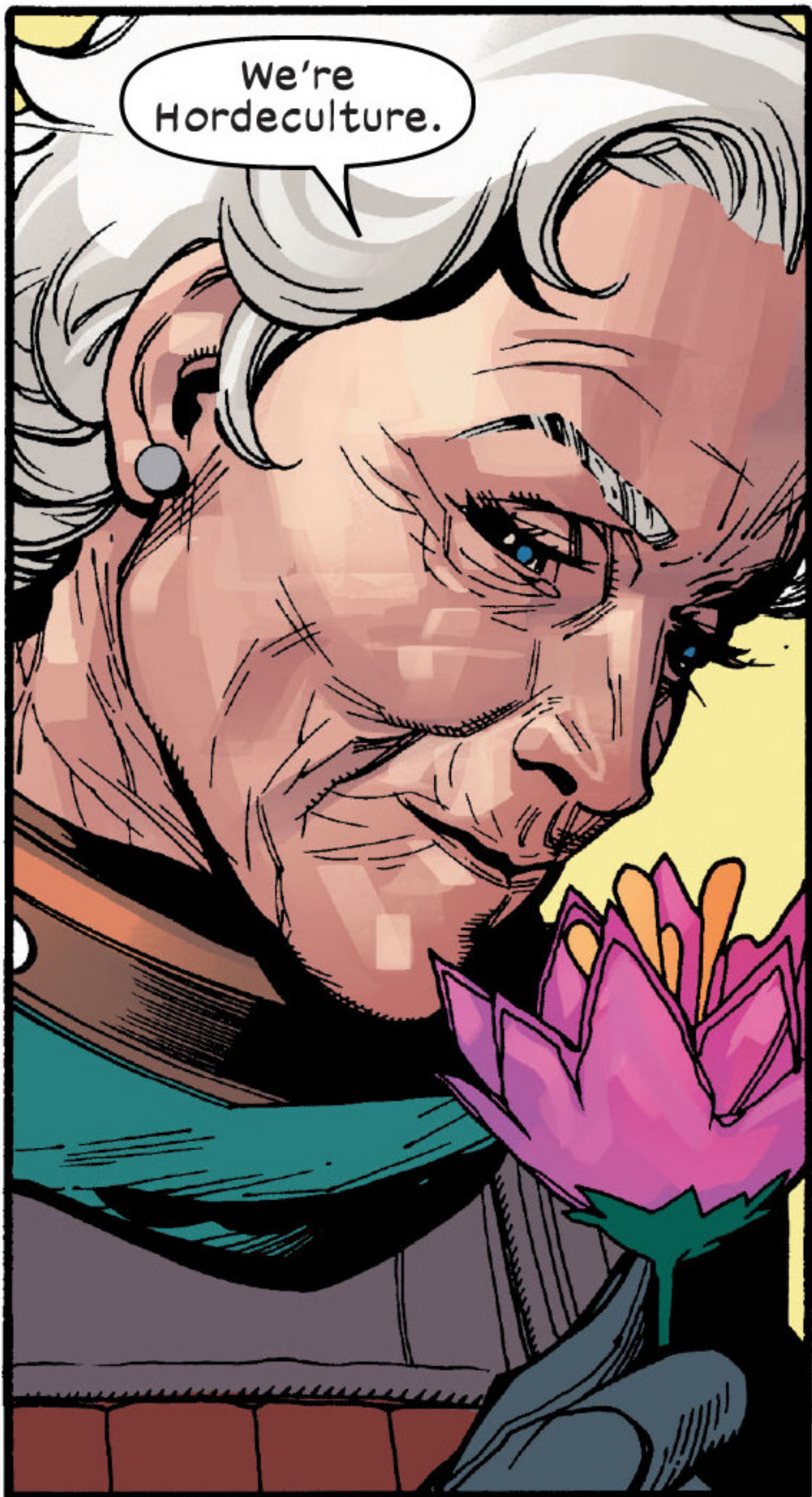
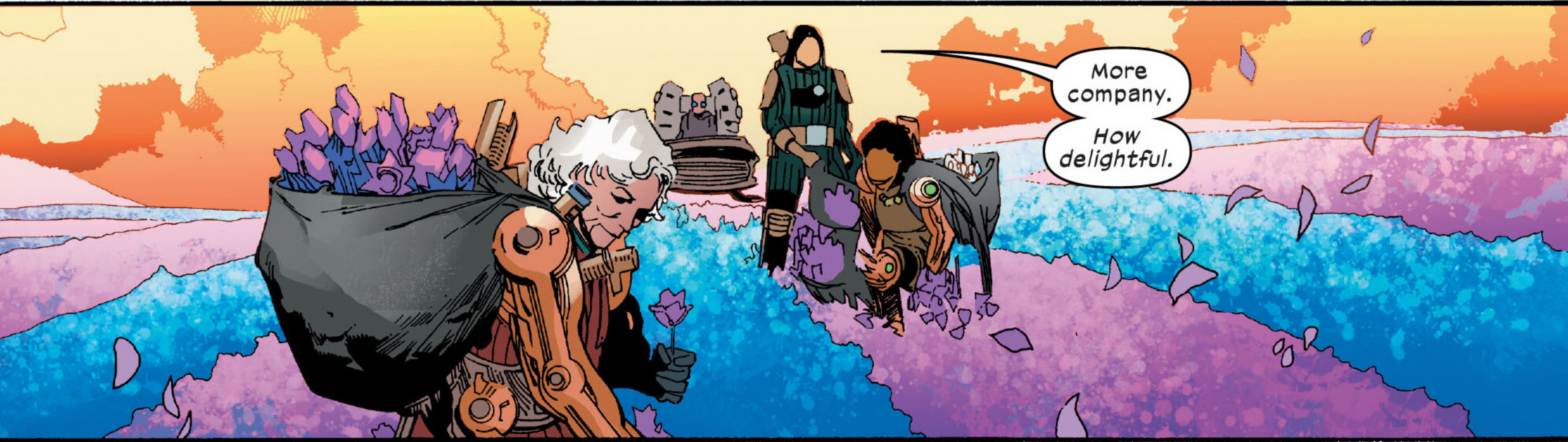
Not only is
it not functioning
properly, but the longer
it's malfunctioning,
the more Krakoa
seems to be
in pain.

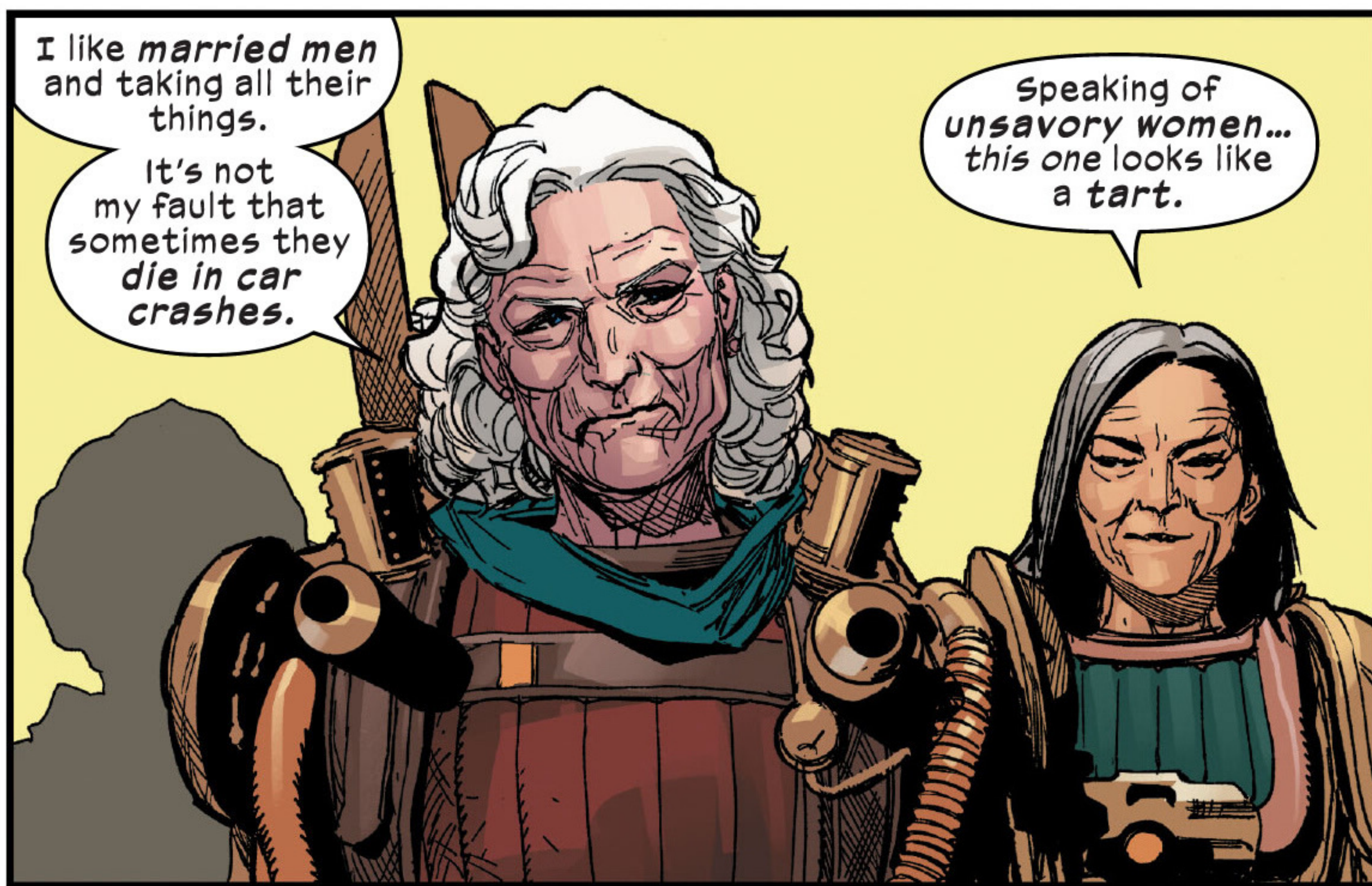


Five minutes
into that Council
meeting and Jean,
Paris and I were ready
to crawl out of
our skin.

I wish
we had
young Douglas
around to
translate.







I like *married men* and taking all their things.
It's not my fault that sometimes they *die in car crashes*.

Speaking of *unsavory women*... *this one looks like a tart*.



Uh-huh. She dresses like an *s-word* with a serious *p-word* problem.

You need to wash yourself, girl.



I won't fight old women.

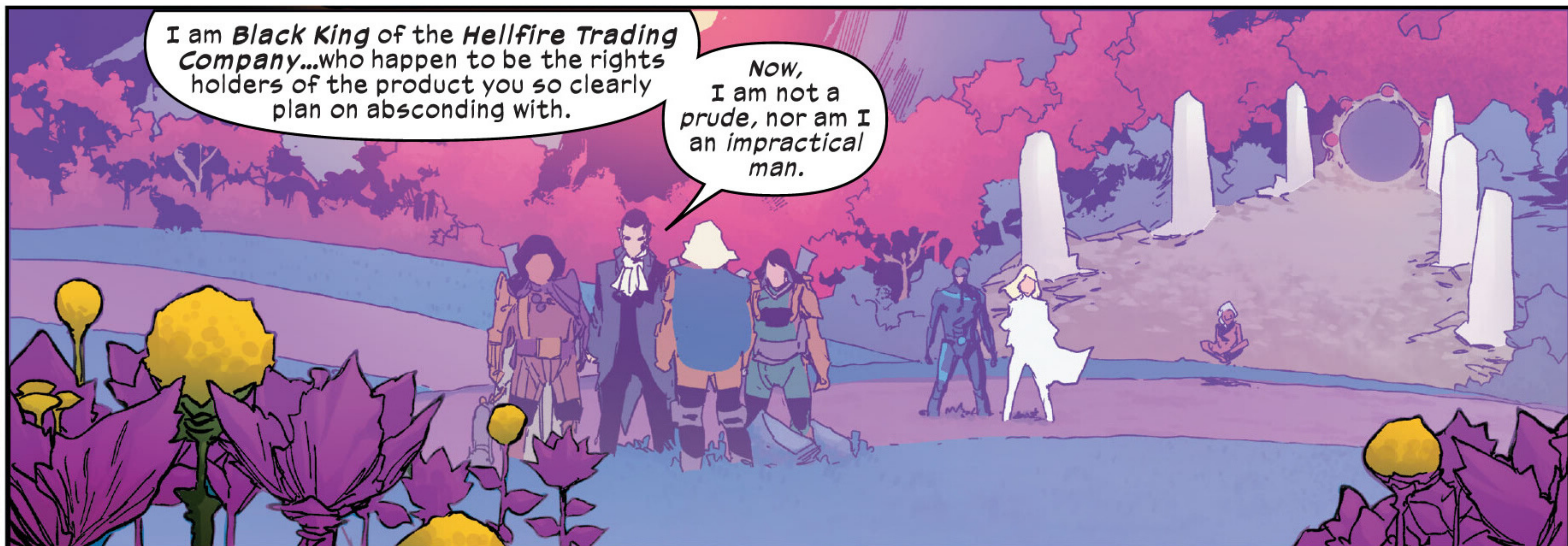
And their minds are shielded somehow...



So, dear, if you could hit these...*ladies* harder than you normally would, it would only make me love you more.



Ahem. Actually, if you don't mind. *Allow me*.
Good women of Hordeculture, I am *Sebastian Shaw*.



I am *Black King* of the *Hellfire Trading Company*...who happen to be the rights holders of the product you so clearly plan on absconding with.

Now, I am not a *prude*, nor am I an *impractical* man.



And--between us girls--over the years, I too have been known to purloin precious items--like those flowers you hold in your hand and even flowers such as yourselves--for my own quite selfish and otherwise loin-related reasons.

For we are all *self-serving*.



So, surely--in the spirit of personal enrichment and the acquisition of all the things we desire--we can come to some sort of agreement...

You get what you want: *some of our product* without the *stigma* of theft.

And we would get what we want, which is an *understanding* of how you have *compromised* what we believed to be a *closed system* of transit.



Yes, there is the complication of "*Can we trust one another?*" Especially when the formation of our blooming relationship has begun thusly...

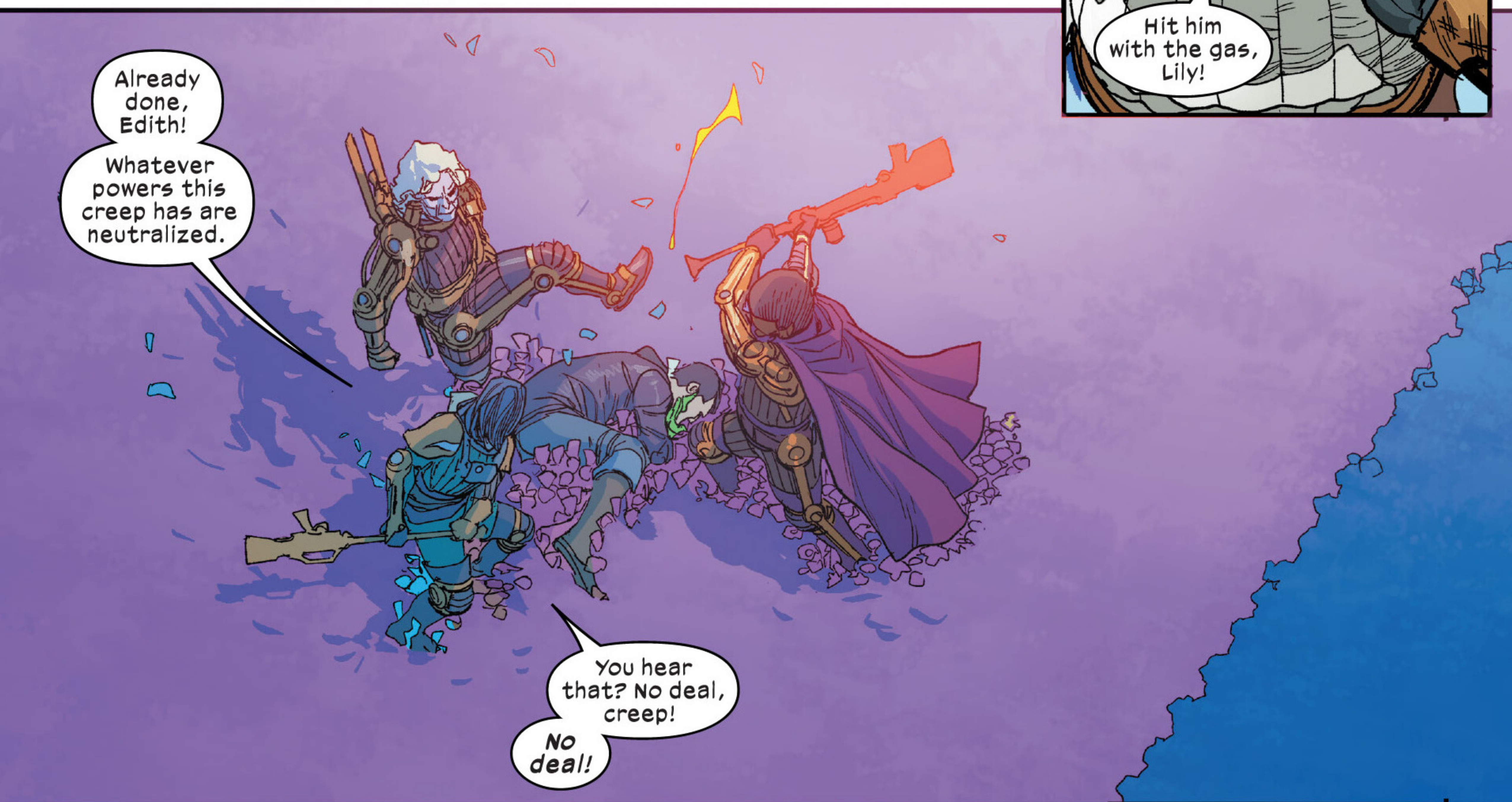
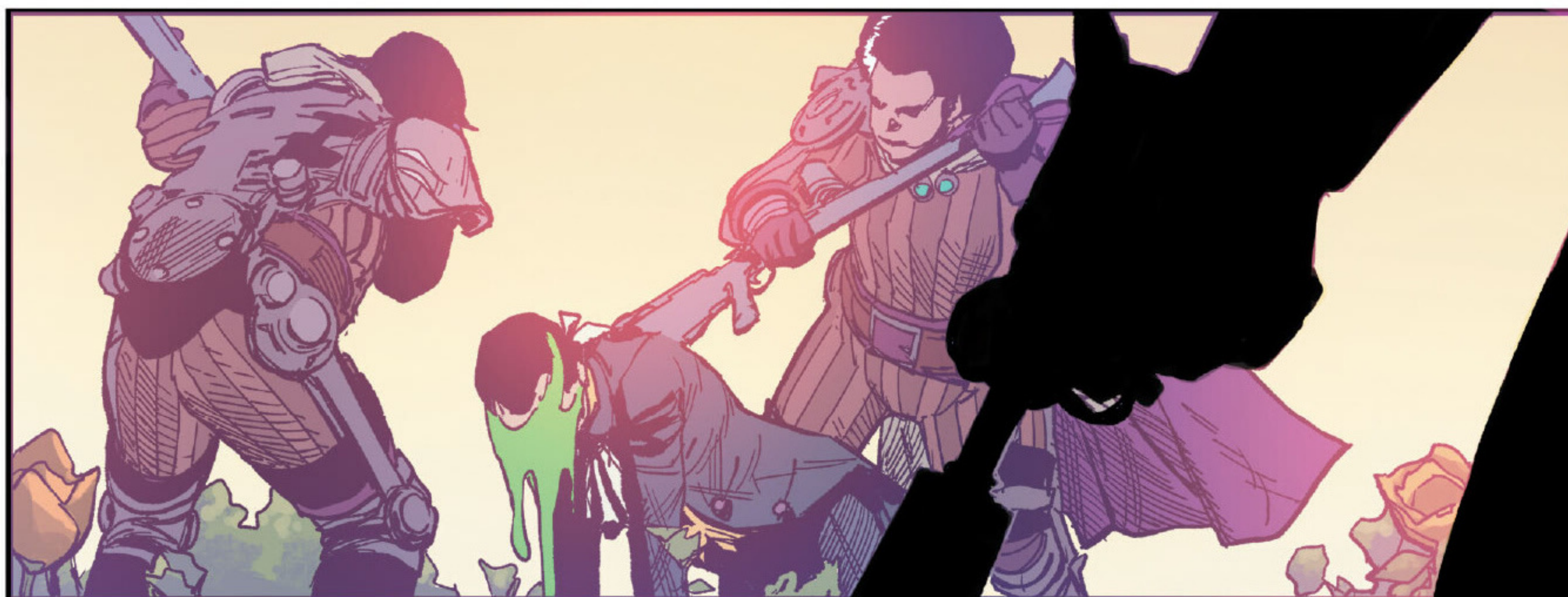
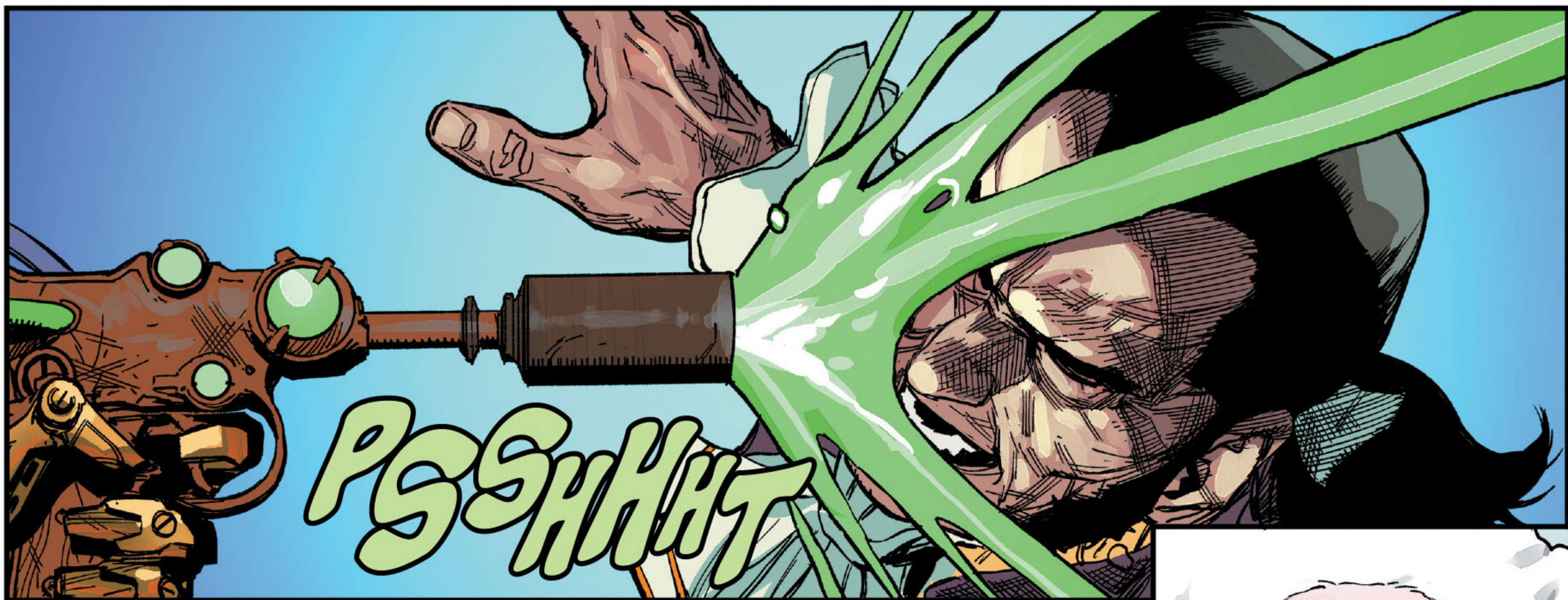
But I believe we can find some solid footing in an agreement regarding our *natures*.



You are *thieves* and can be trusted to covet that which you do not own.

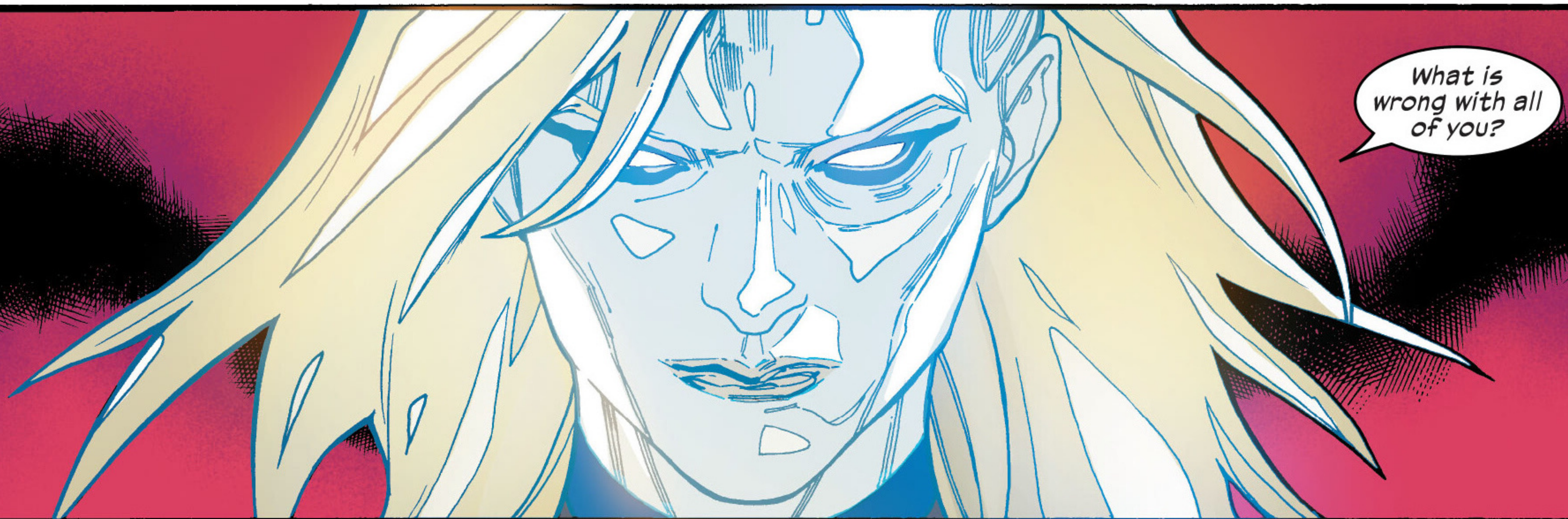
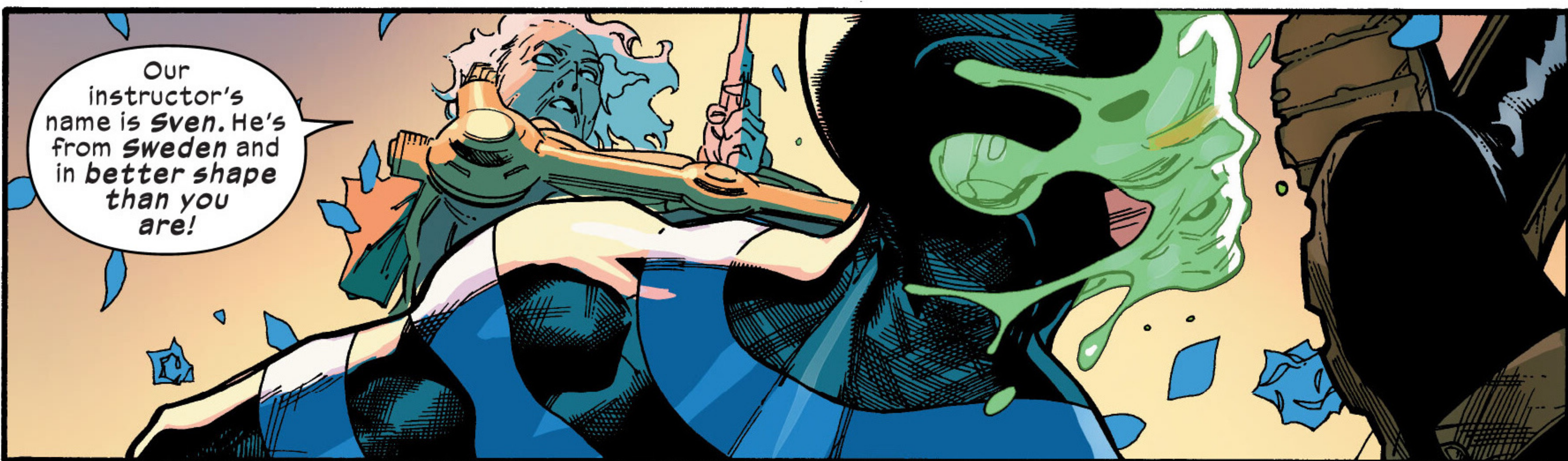
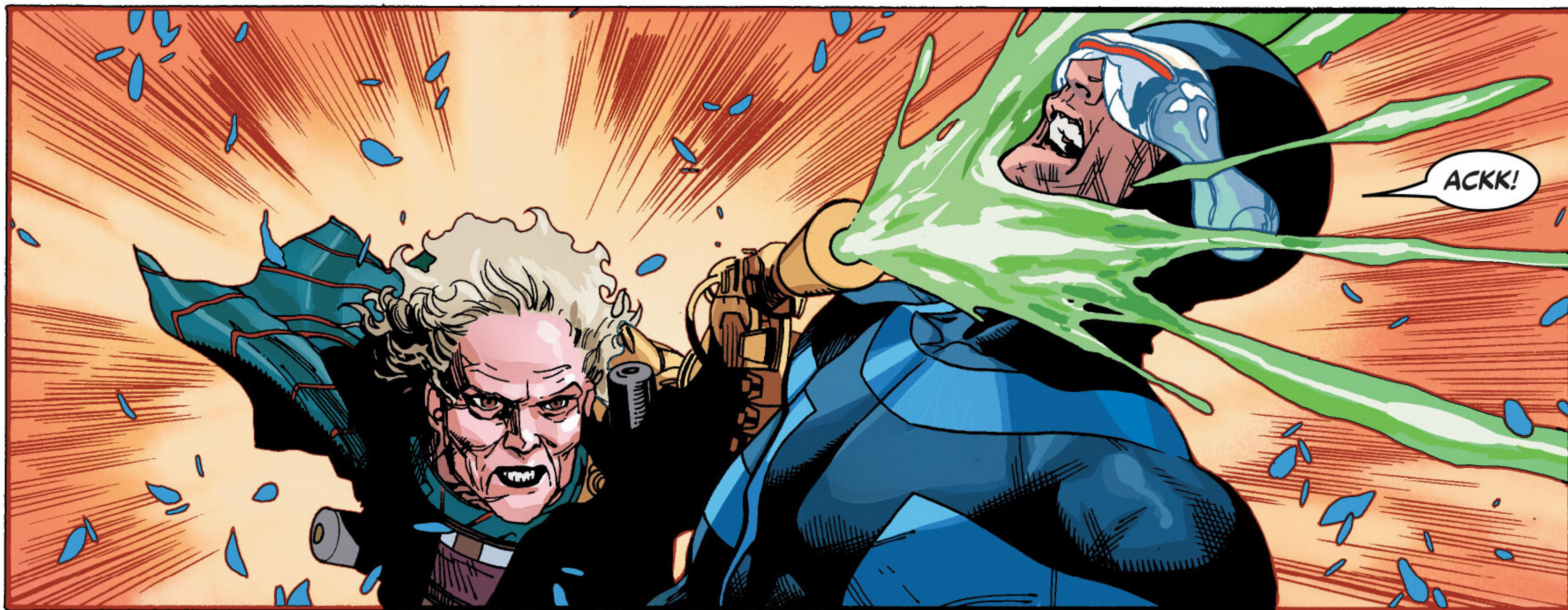
And I am a devourer of both men and women--a *carnivore*--but fortunately for you ladies, I like my steak a little less seasoned.

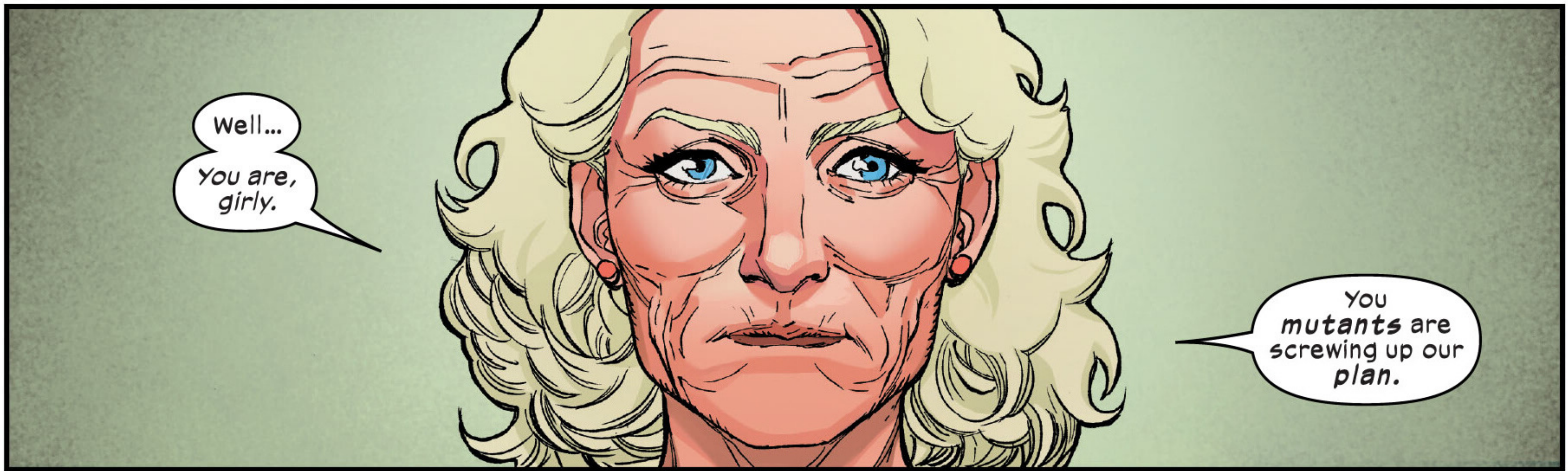
So...why don't we make a deal? What say you?





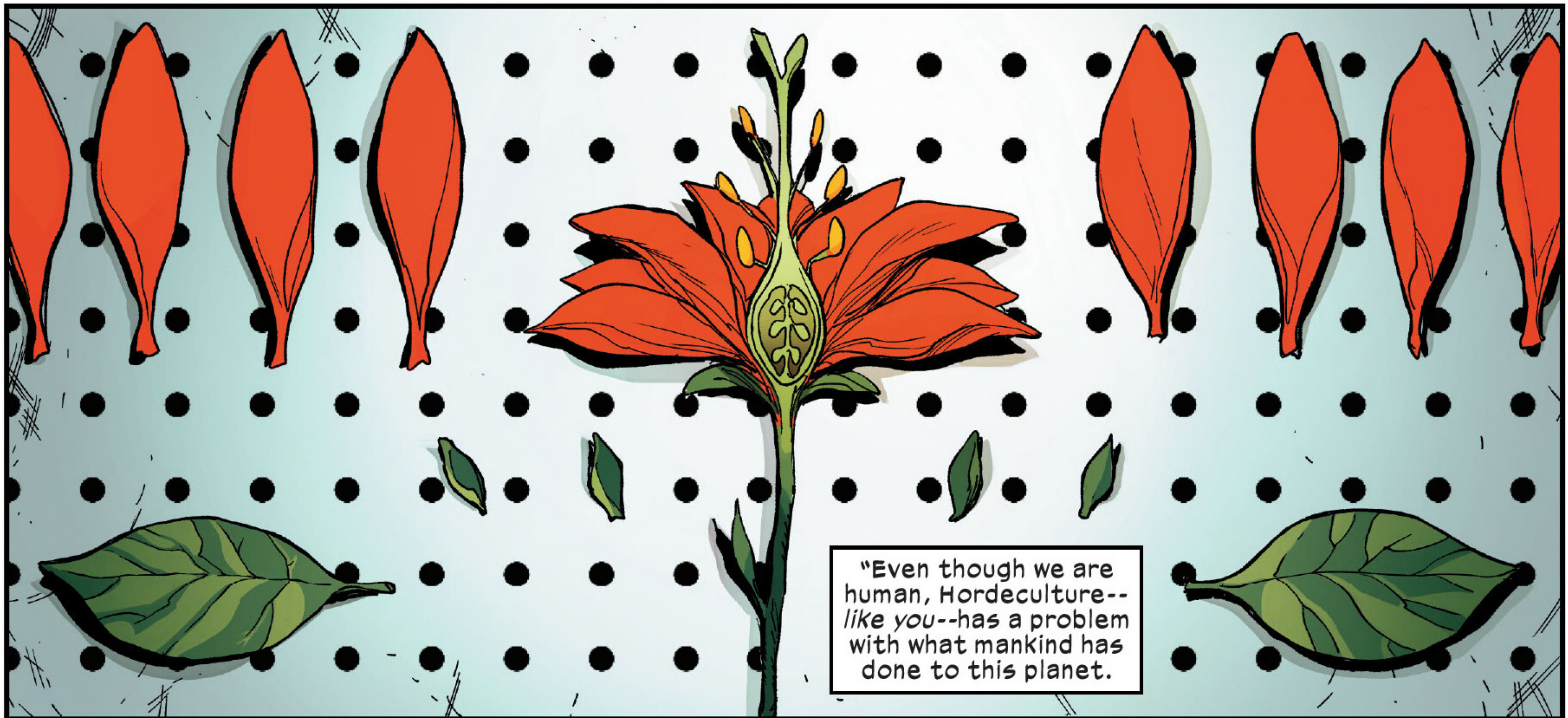






Well...
You are,
girly.

You
mutants are
screwing up our
plan.

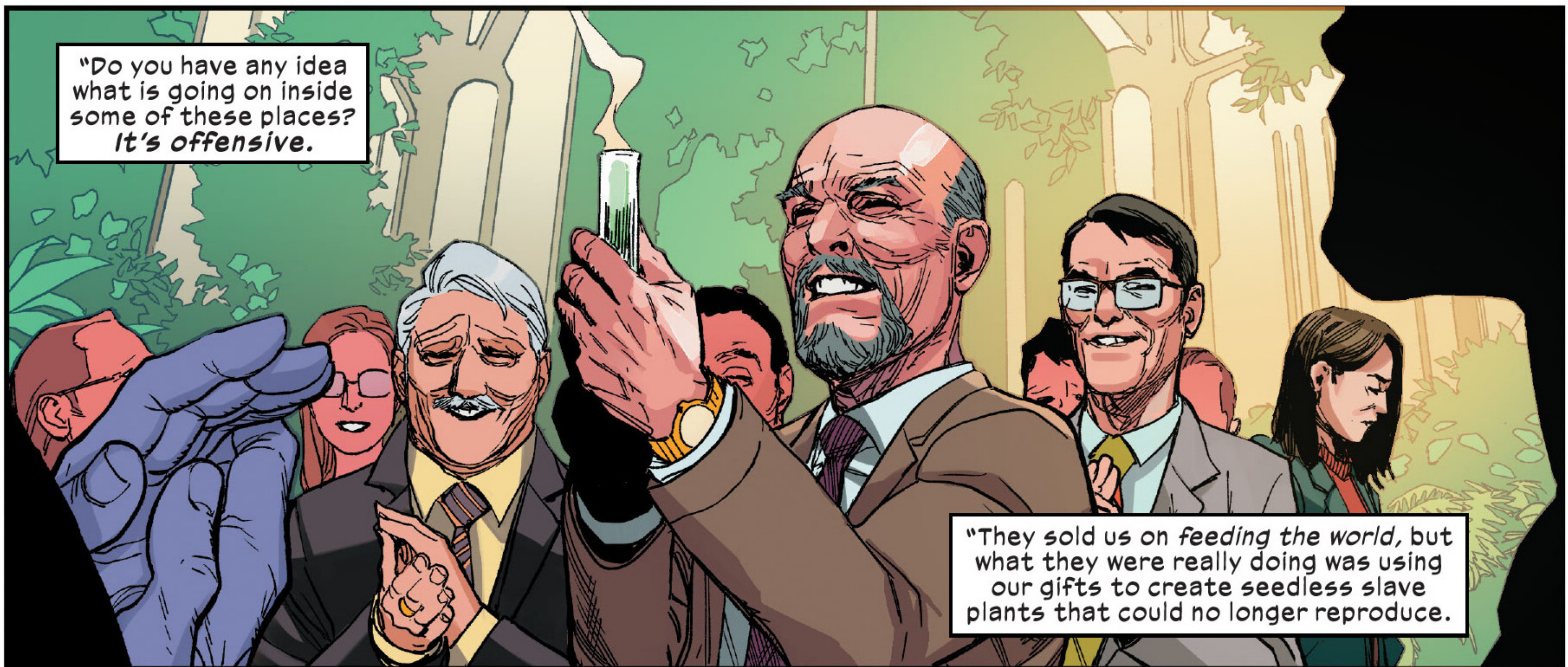


"Even though we are
human, Hordeculture--
like you--has a problem
with what mankind has
done to this planet.



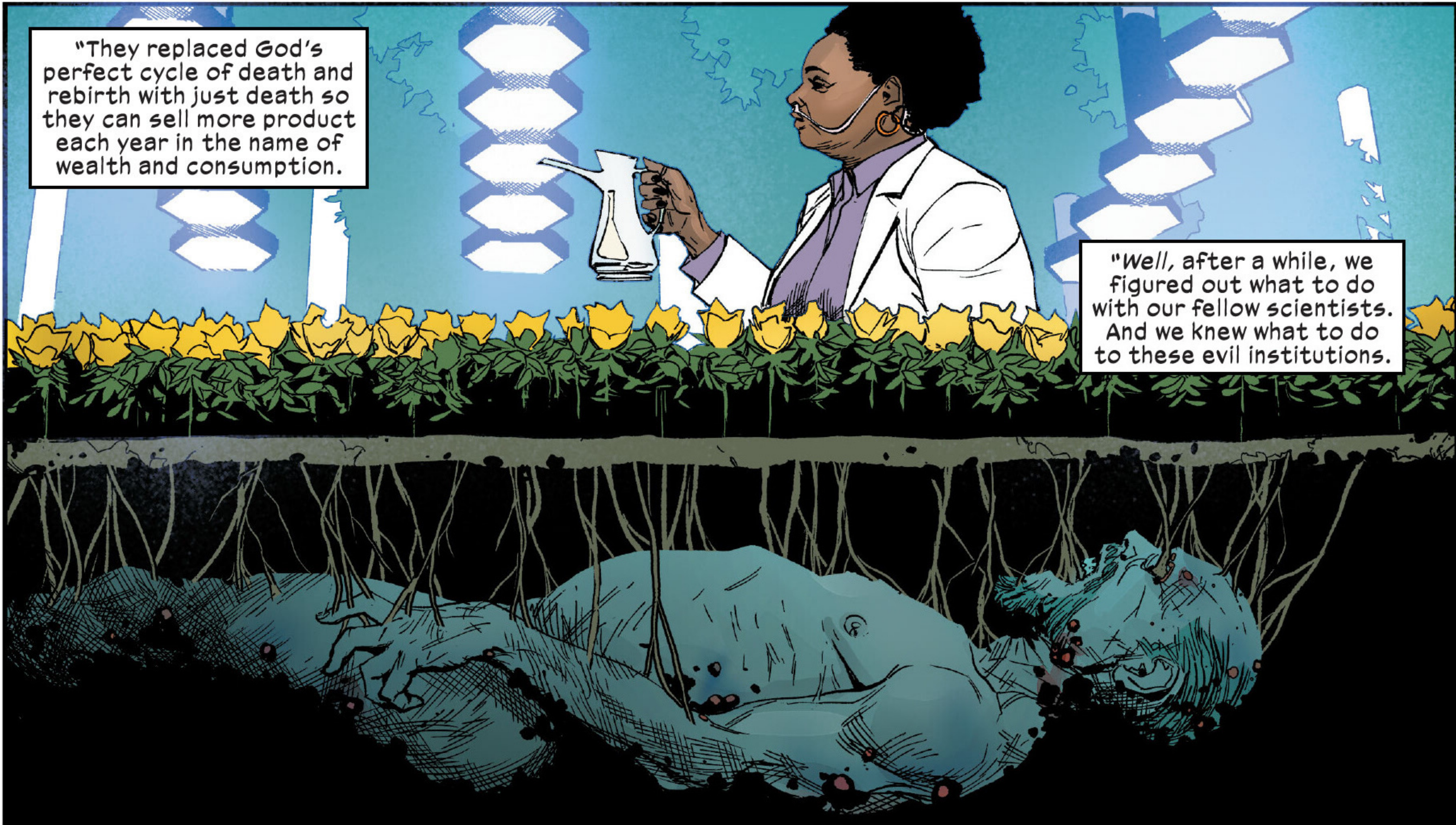
"We are--all of us--
radical botanists--
gardeners with the
gift of the green
thumb--who are
committed to
returning this world
to its proper state.

"The four of us have
collectively spent more
than two hundred years
working for the world's
best agrochemical and
biotech companies.



"Do you have any idea
what is going on inside
some of these places?
It's offensive.

"They sold us on feeding the world, but
what they were really doing was using
our gifts to create seedless slave
plants that could no longer reproduce.



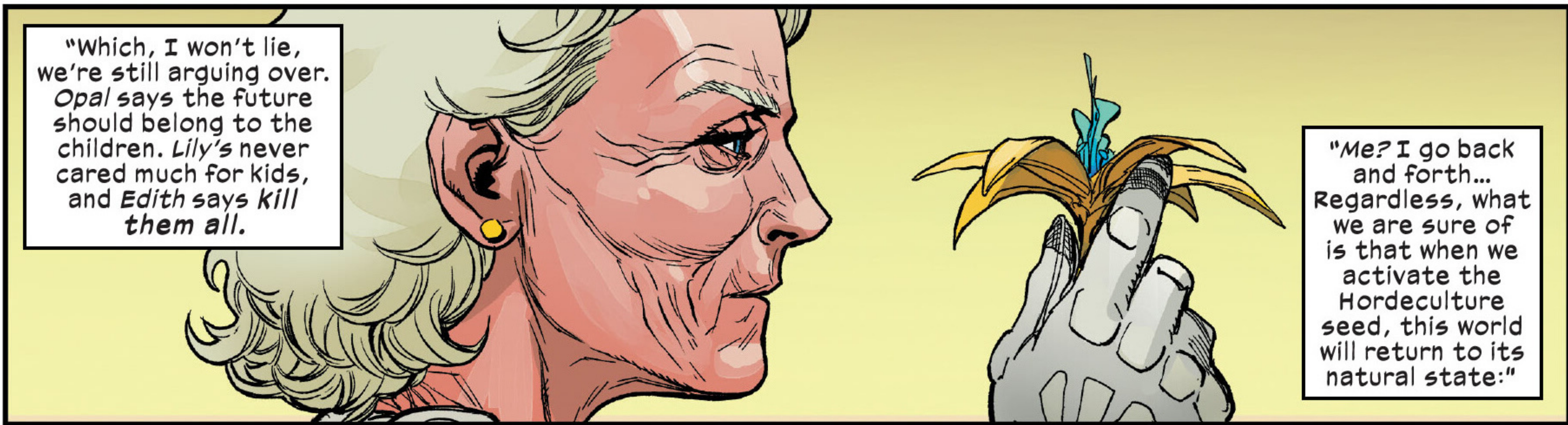
"They replaced God's perfect cycle of death and rebirth with just death so they can sell more product each year in the name of wealth and consumption."

"Well, after a while, we figured out what to do with our fellow scientists. And we knew what to do to these evil institutions."



"For the last two years, we've very carefully sown the Hordeculture seed in with theirs. And in ten years, we will control all of the world's food supply."

"We will decide what grows and what does not. We will decide who eats and who starves."



"Which, I won't lie, we're still arguing over. *Opa* says the future should belong to the children. *Lily*'s never cared much for kids, and *Edith* says **kill them all**."

"Me? I go back and forth... Regardless, what we are sure of is that when we activate the Hordeculture seed, this world will return to its natural state:"



An Earth with seven billion fewer people on it.

At least that was our plan...



But then you showed up with your living island--an expansive biome beyond our current understanding--that could very well circumvent our plans.

The good news is that good ol' human ingenuity is alive and well, and it didn't take us too long to hack it.

Anytime we like, we can interrupt its normal functions and take control of your method of transit--which, I will not lie, is a boon for us.

But remapping its adaptive mutant genome has proven to be elusive...so we needed more samples than what we could get from a gateway.

And now we have them.

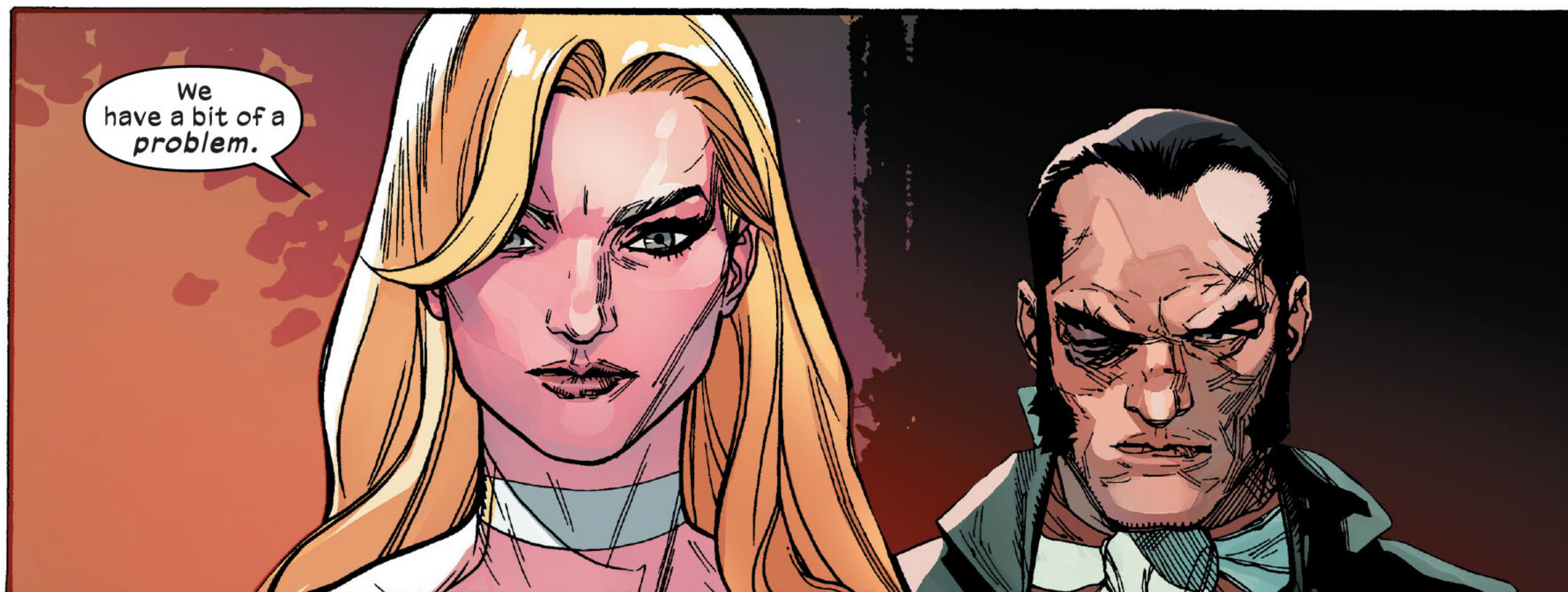
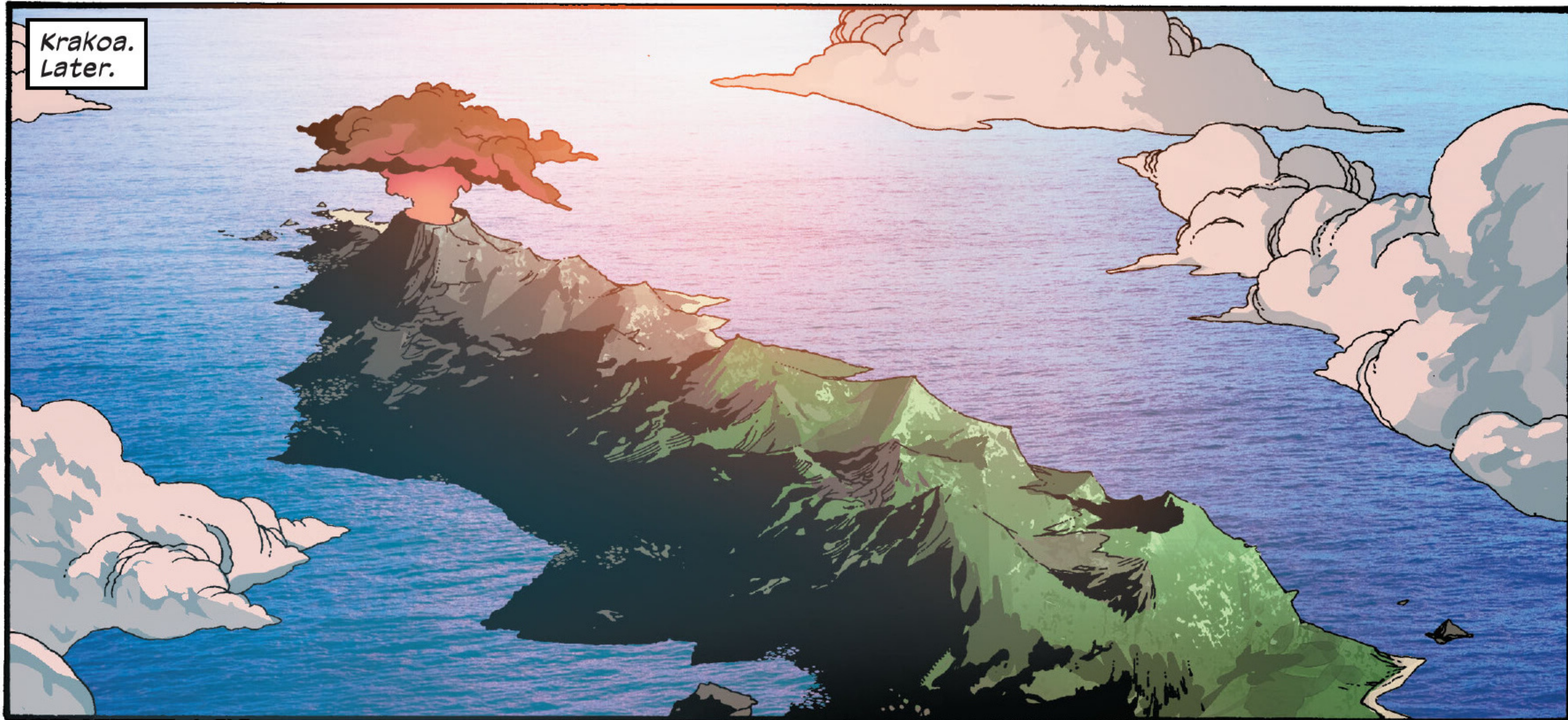
So we will work to see what makes Krakoa tick, and we will either convince it to support our good works or find a way to bend it to our will...

And if it can do *neither*... then we'll find a way to *pluck it like the weed it is*.

You can bet your a-word on that.

Just so you know, Gateway...

...you were a lot of help.



[00.HORDE.....X]
[00.....0]

HORDECULTURE IS:

A collaborative group of like-minded agrochemists, biotechnologists and bioengineers who specialize in the genetic manipulation of -- and propagation of -- all things botanical. Their goal is the radical depopulation of humanity and the return of the planet to what they would consider a more pristine state.

Beyond genetic modifications believed to have been made to themselves [unconfirmed outside of a documented resistance to telepathy], the women of Hordeculture are experts at manipulating the environment to suit their extinction agenda.

While it is unknown if there are more than four members of Hordeculture, the known existing members are:

AUGUSTA BROMES

Agrochemist, 64 years old.
Best friends with Opal.

OPAL VETIVER

Bioengineer, 68 years old.
Best friends with Augusta.

LILY LEYMUS

Geneticist, 71 years old.
Thinks she's best friends with Opal but isn't.

EDITH SCUTCH

Botanical engineer, 81 years old.
Don't need friends, don't want 'em.

The Green Thumb is a mobile base of operations designed and built by Edith. It is currently located in Sedona, Arizona, but will move when the current lunar cycle completes.

[HORDE].....[000.00]
[CULTR].....[BLD_05]

[AB].....[OV]
[LL].....[ES]



Global Economics

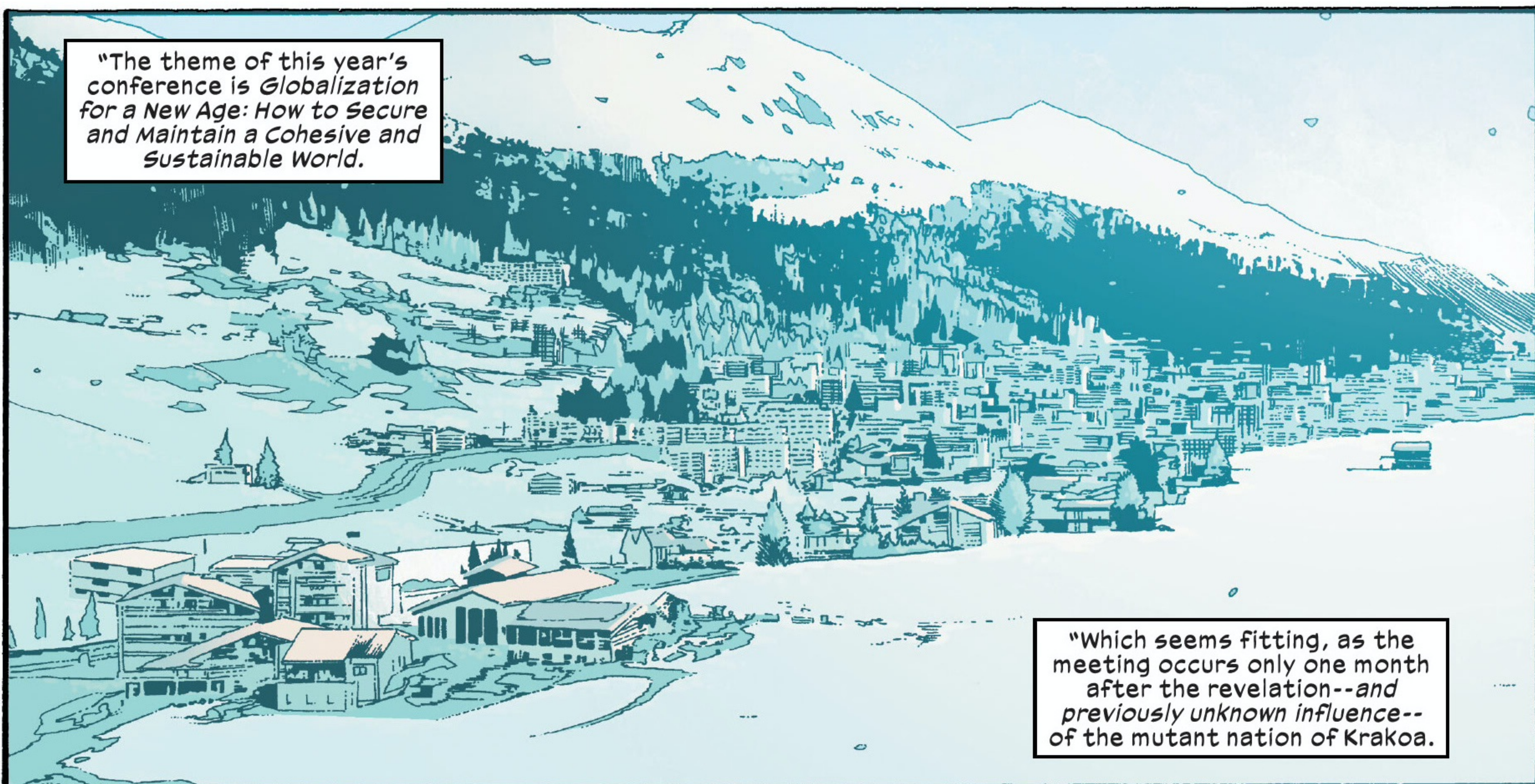
4

Davos,
Switzerland.



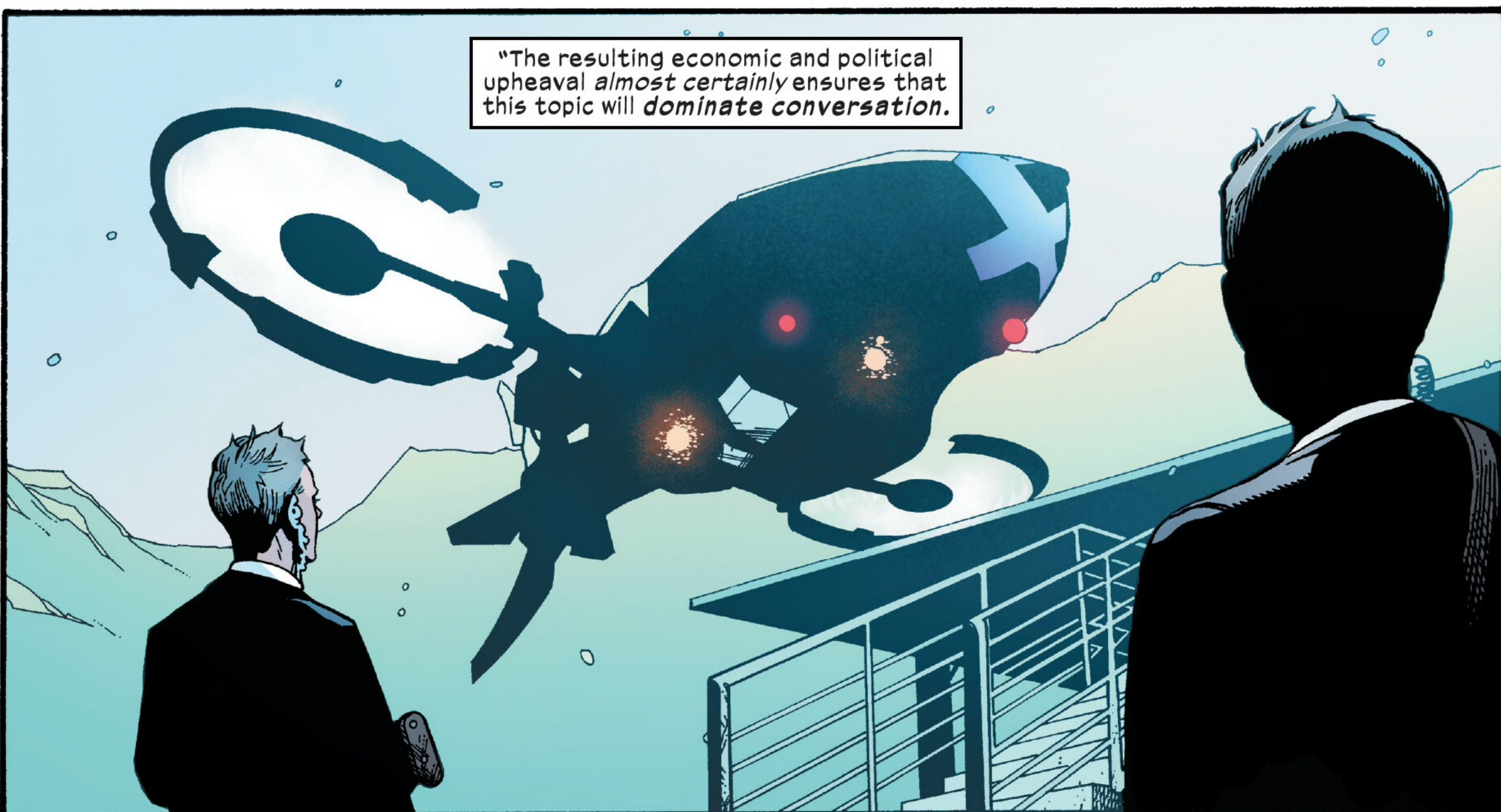
"This week, thousands of world leaders, economic titans, celebrities and philanthropists have gathered for the annual meeting of the World Economic Forum.

"The theme of this year's conference is *Globalization for a New Age: How to Secure and Maintain a Cohesive and Sustainable World*.



"Which seems fitting, as the meeting occurs only one month after the revelation--and previously unknown influence--of the mutant nation of Krakoa.

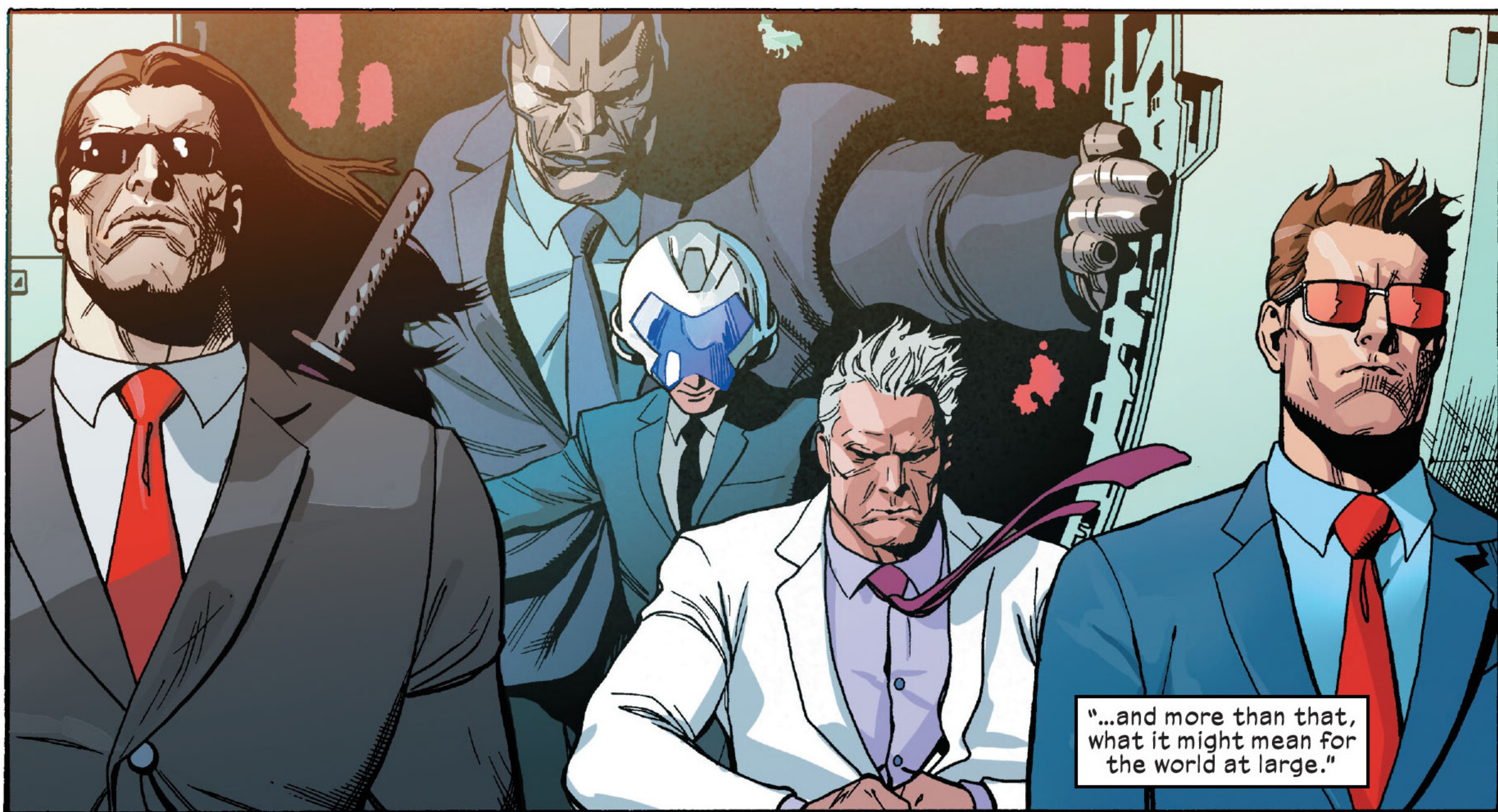
"The resulting economic and political upheaval *almost certainly* ensures that this topic will *dominate conversation*.



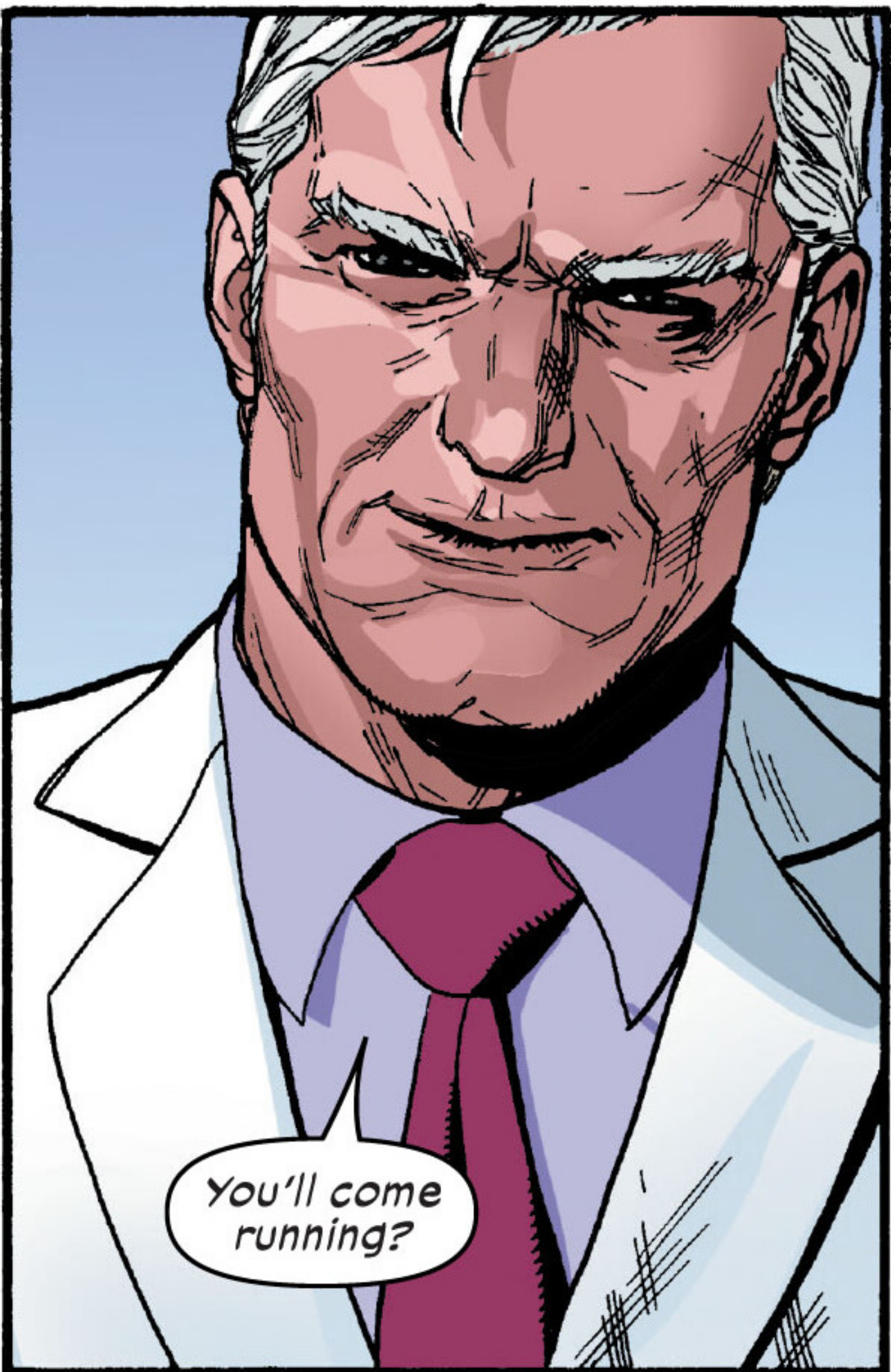
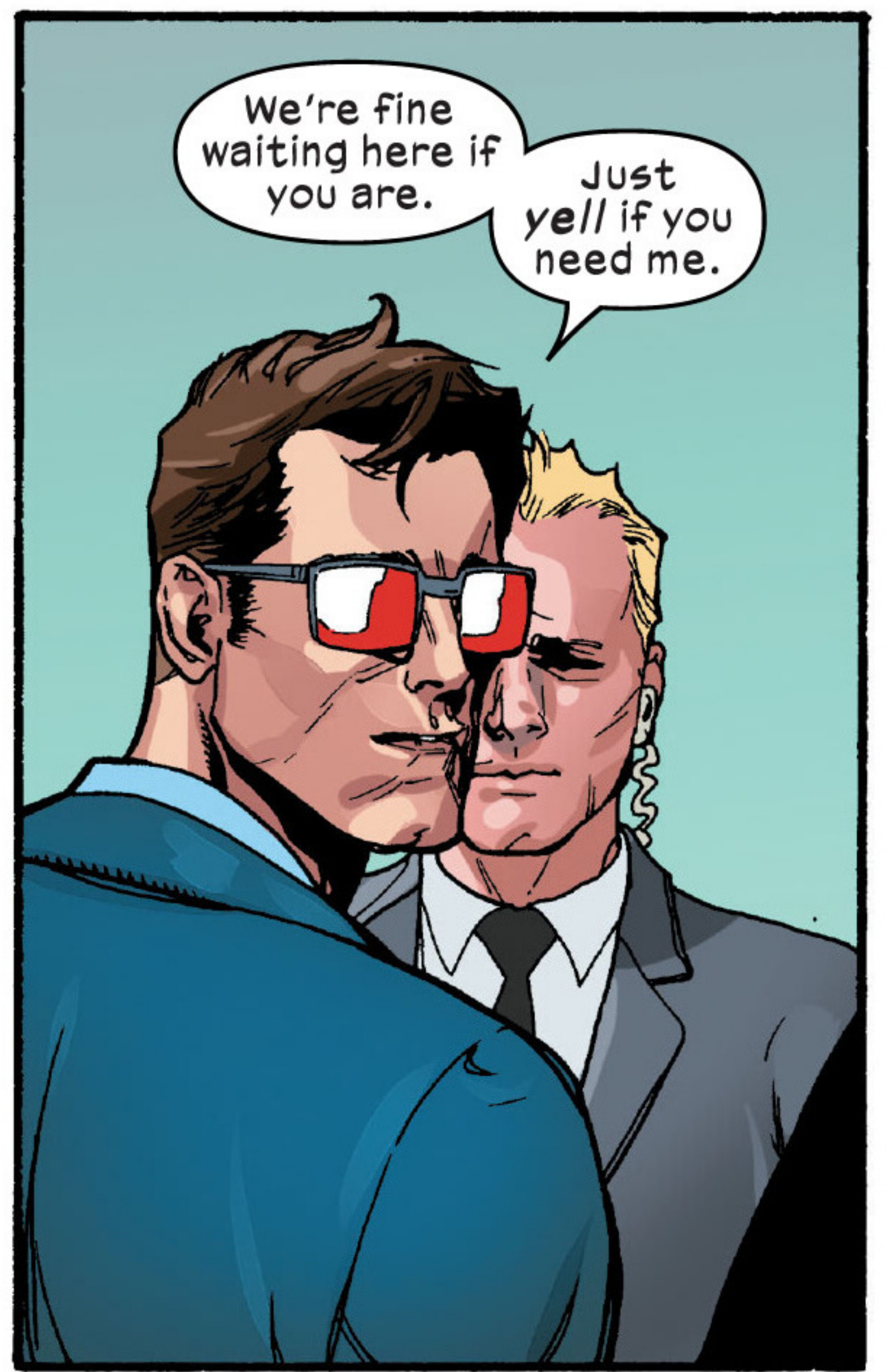
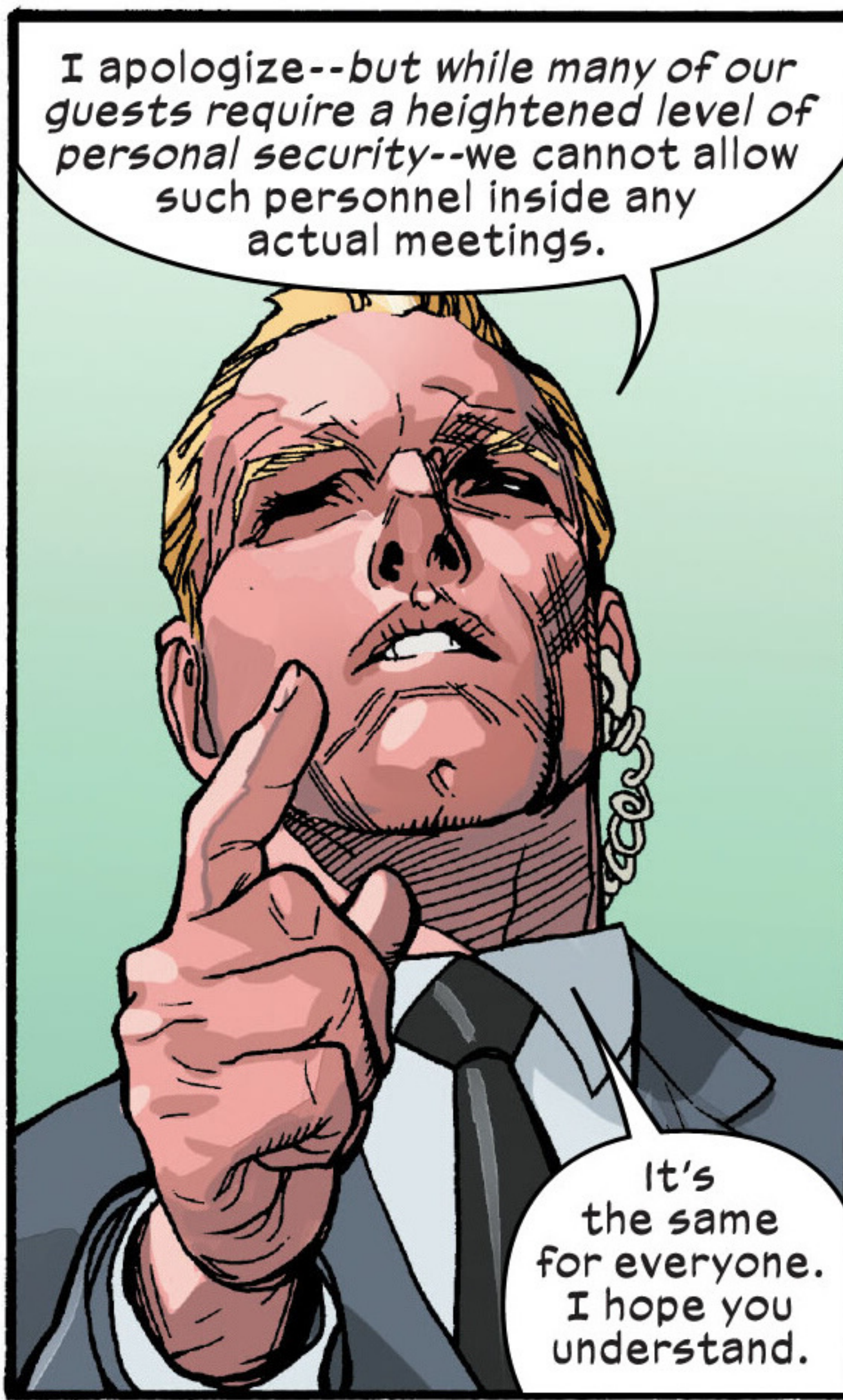
"It's only been confirmed in the last few days that an olive branch in the form of an invitation to Davos had been extended to the mutant nation..."

"...and the rumors of their possible acceptance and attendance have spread rapidly throughout the assembled media covering the conference."

"We all wait with bated breath to see if the rumors are true..."



"...and more than that, what it might mean for the world at large."



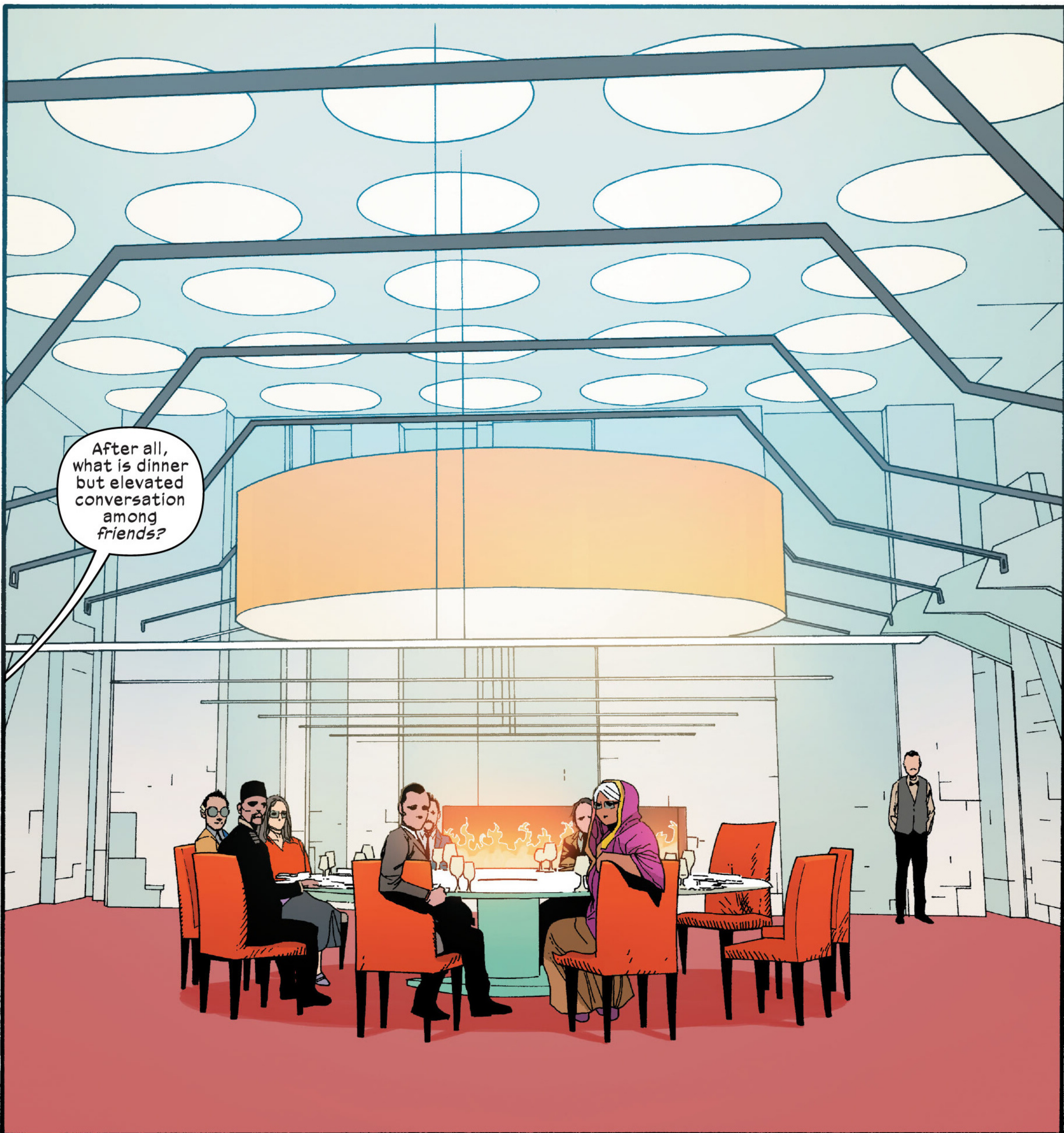


There was some concern regarding the hour of the day and exactly how long your party would be available...

So we took the liberty of arranging *a meal* for you all.



The hope was that a free and fair discussion while breaking bread would present both a more casual--and straightforward--exchange of ideas.



After all, what is dinner but elevated conversation among friends?

World Economic Forum
DINNER MENU

*Watermelon Gazpacho
Infused with Habanero and Poblano Chiles*

+

*Shredded Kale,
Mushrooms, Bacon, Parmesan*

+

*Olive Wagyu
[Kagawa Prefecture]
Colbert Sauce*

+

Brioche Tressée de Metz

IN ATTENDANCE:

KRAKOAN COUNCIL

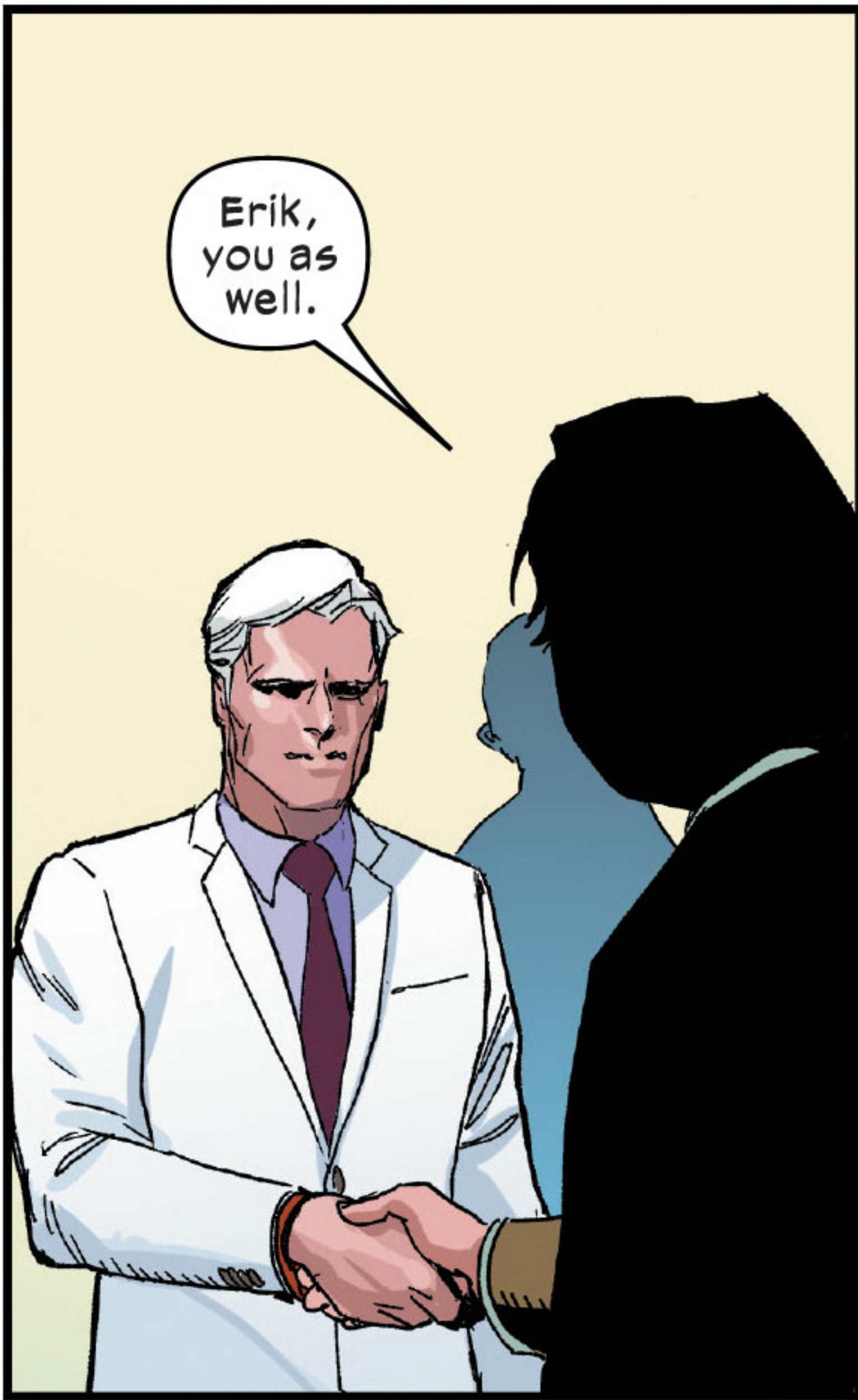
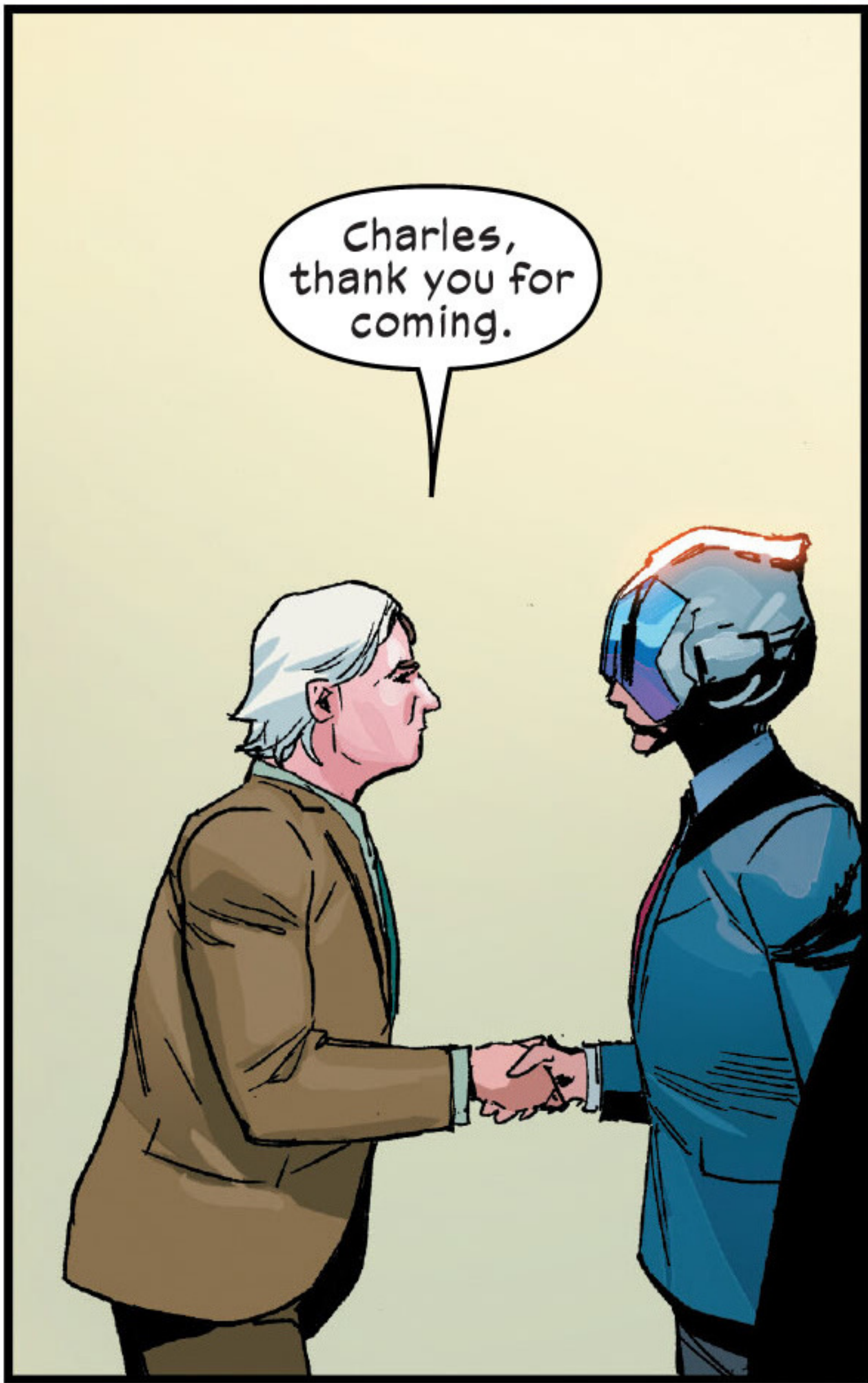
Charles Xavier.....Professor X
Erik Lehnsherr.....Magneto
En Sabah Nur.....Apocalypse

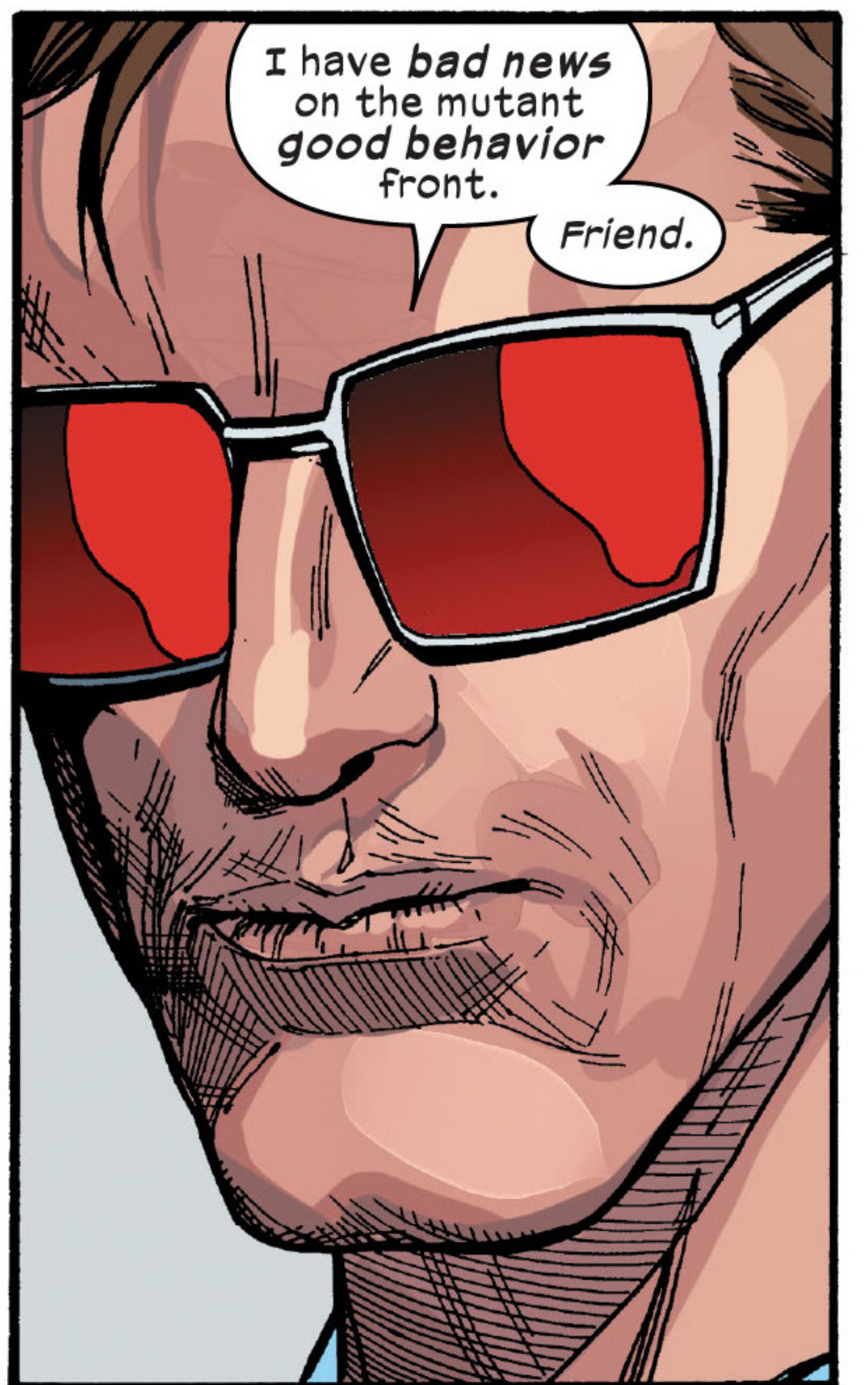
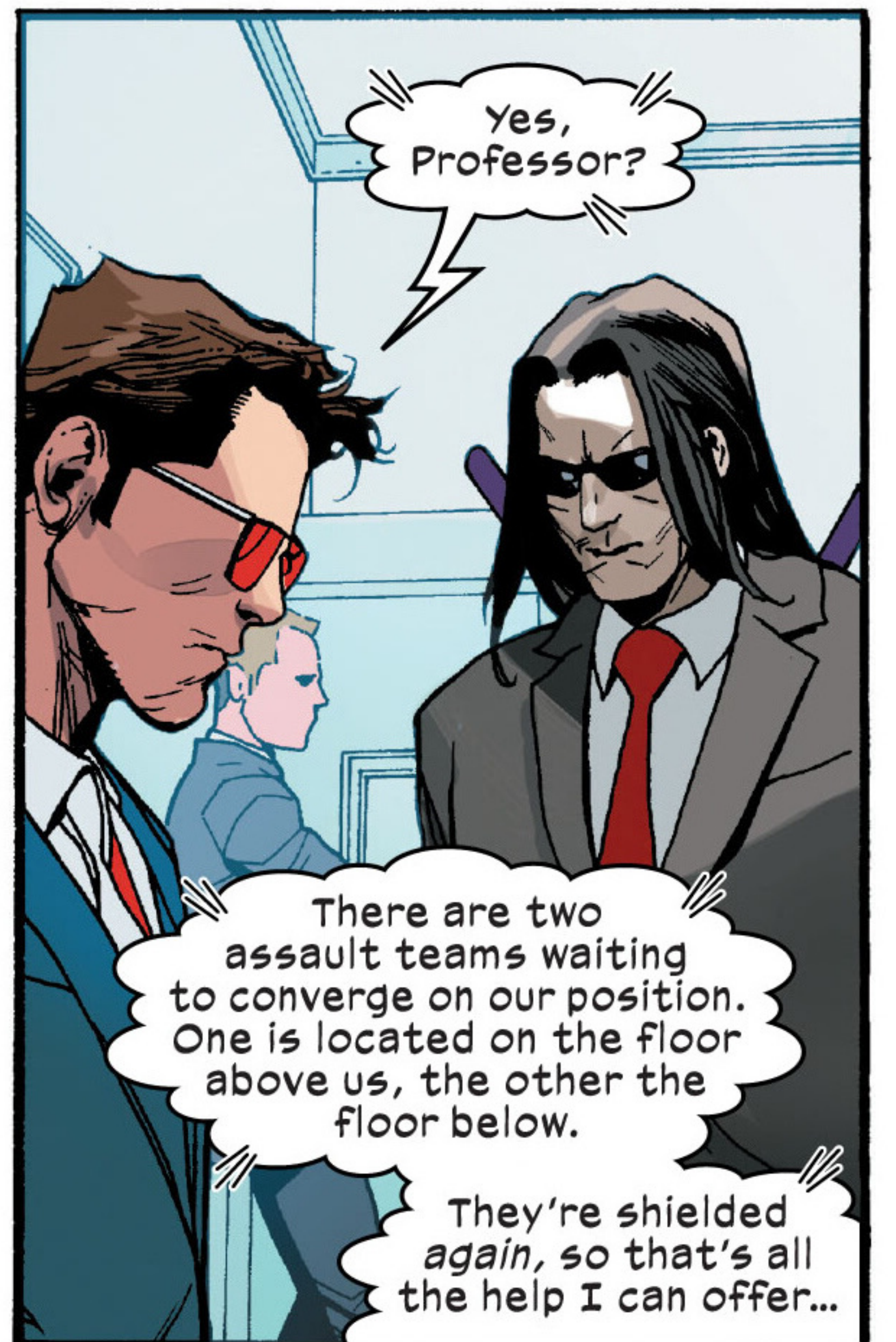
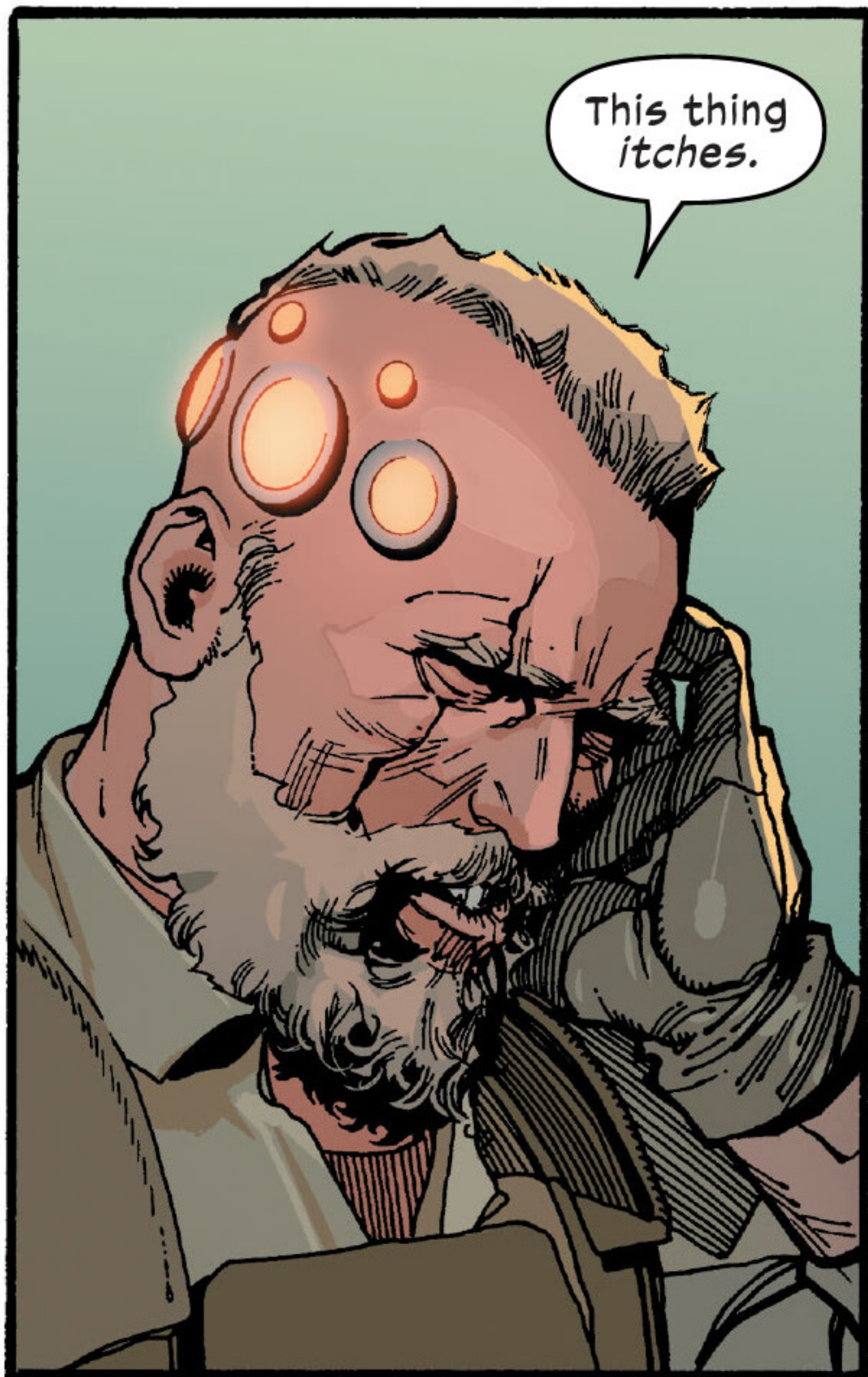
POLITICAL REPRESENTATIVES

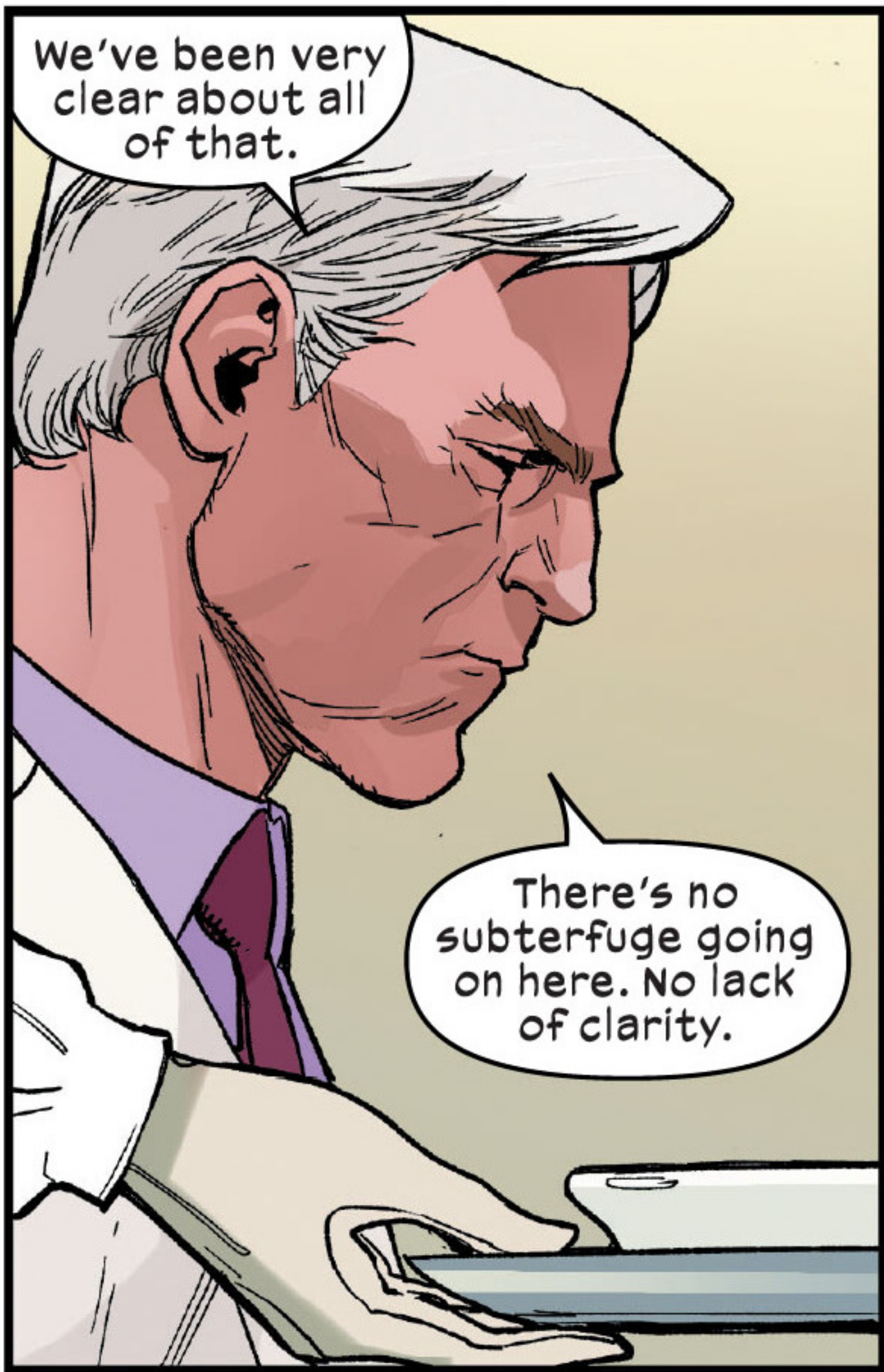
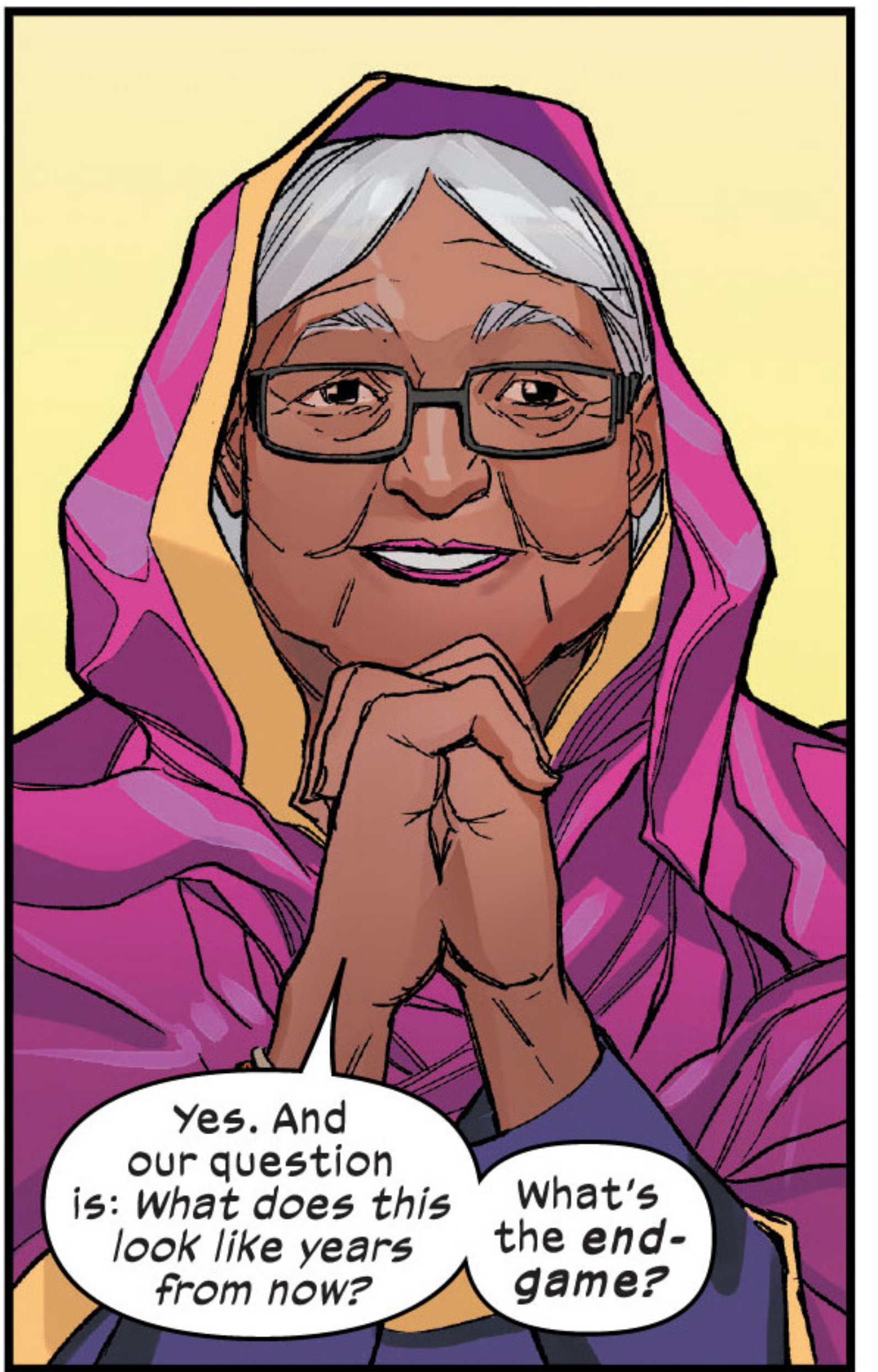
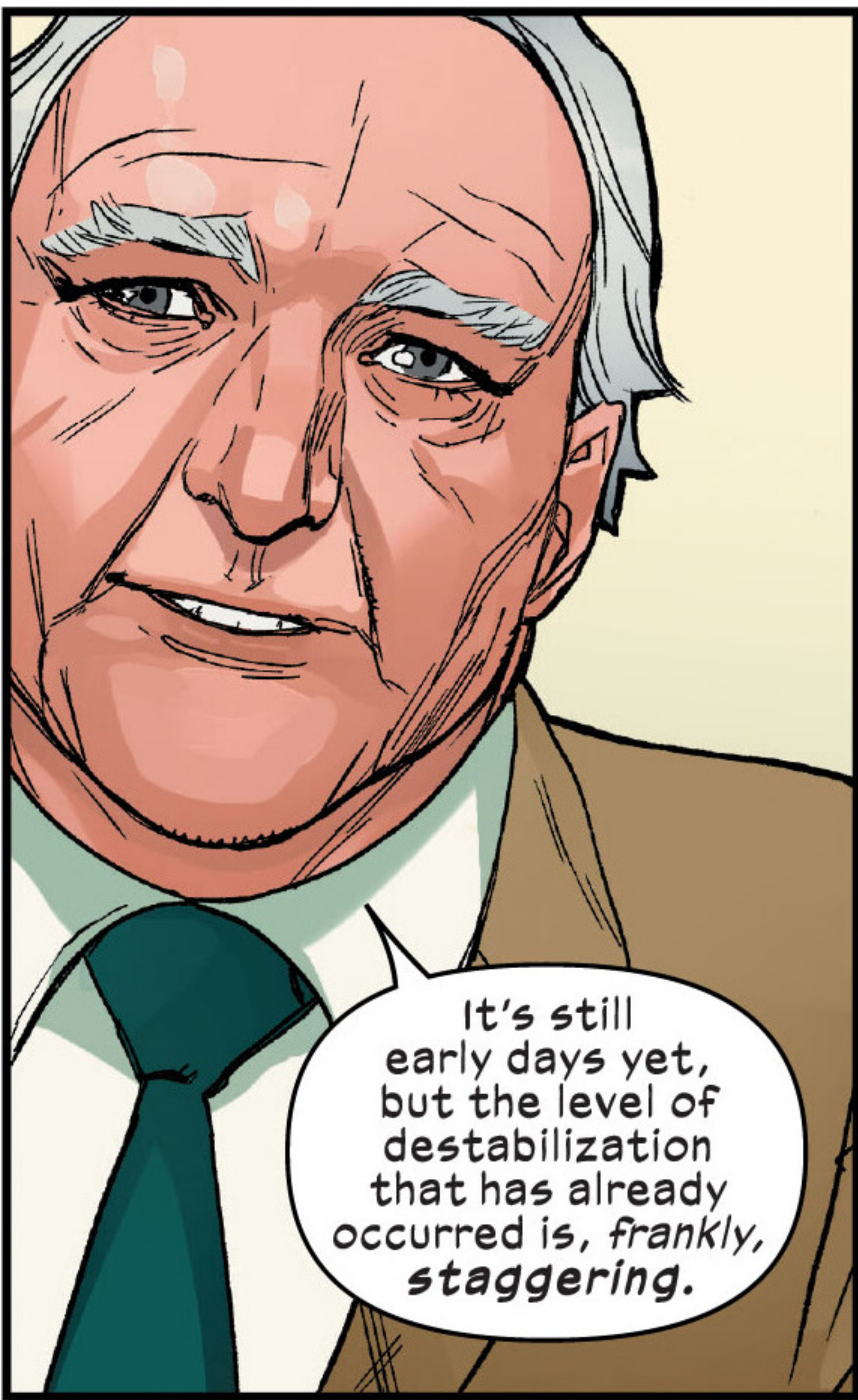
Hodari.....Wakandan Attaché
Ma Mingyu.....Chinese Ambassador
Reilly Marshall.....U.S. Ambassador

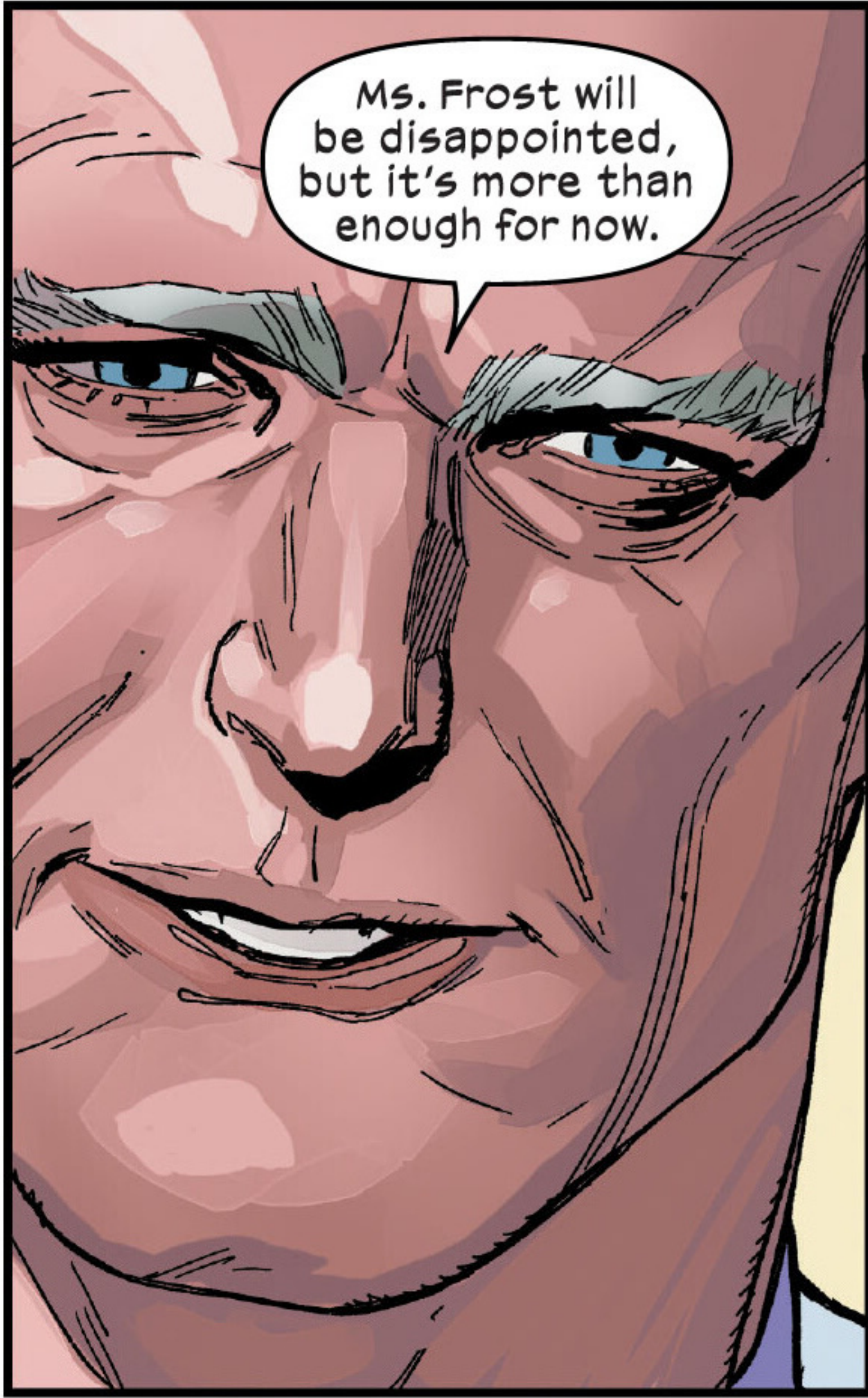
INTERNATIONAL GUESTS

Frederico João de Cézare.....Brazil.....[Academic]
Daniela Gentile.....Italy.....[Business]
Ludovic von Bergen.....Switzerland.....[Business]
Banhi Gahlot.....India.....[Business]











Of course.



You're going to have to forgive our curiosity, but we've all had quite a few of our best scientists looking at them, *and...well...*



We're not sure how to say this without sounding accusatory, but we're not sure that--*for some of your drugs--*the weekly regimen is necessary.



I'm not an expert, but I do know enough about them to say that *you're wrong...*



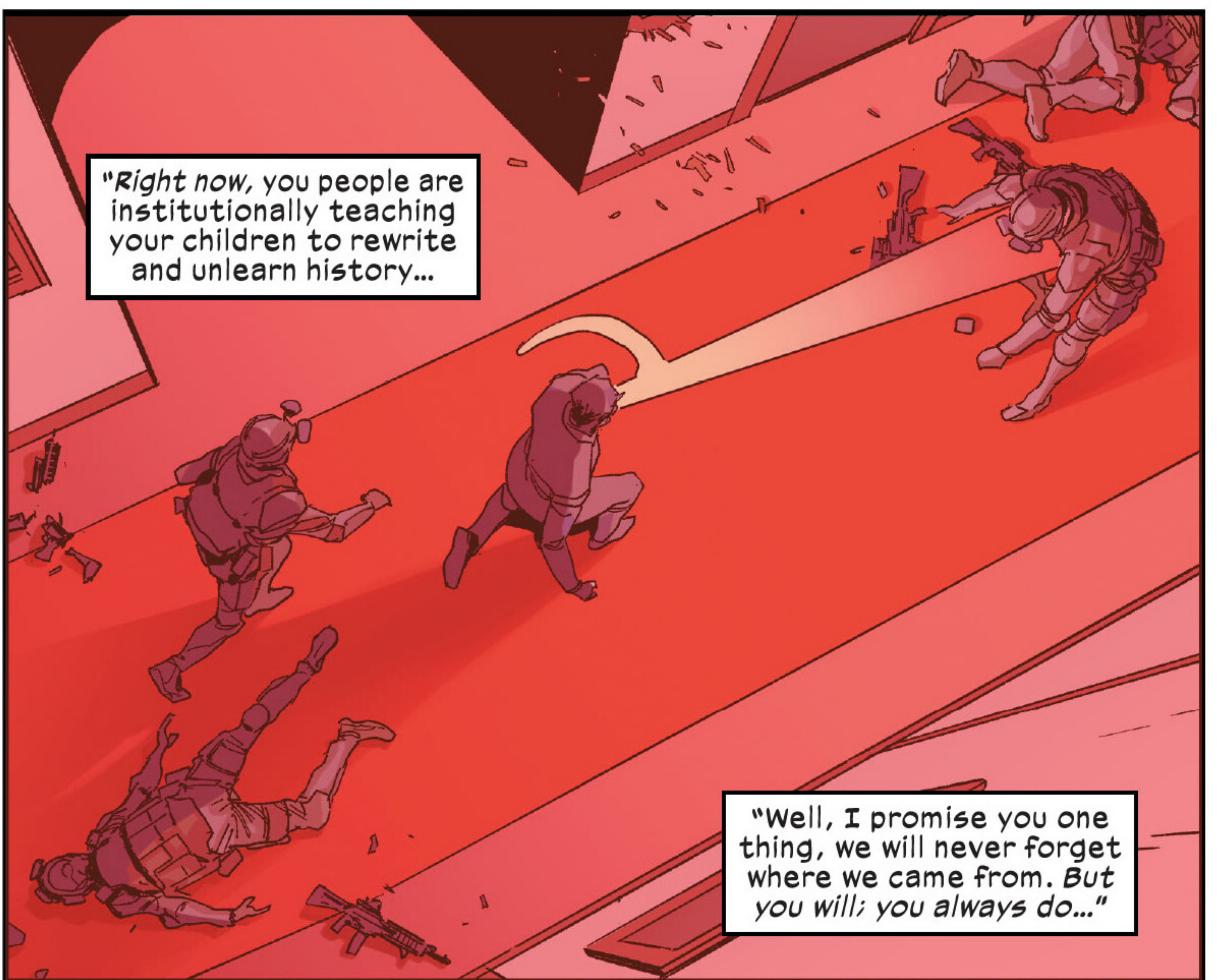
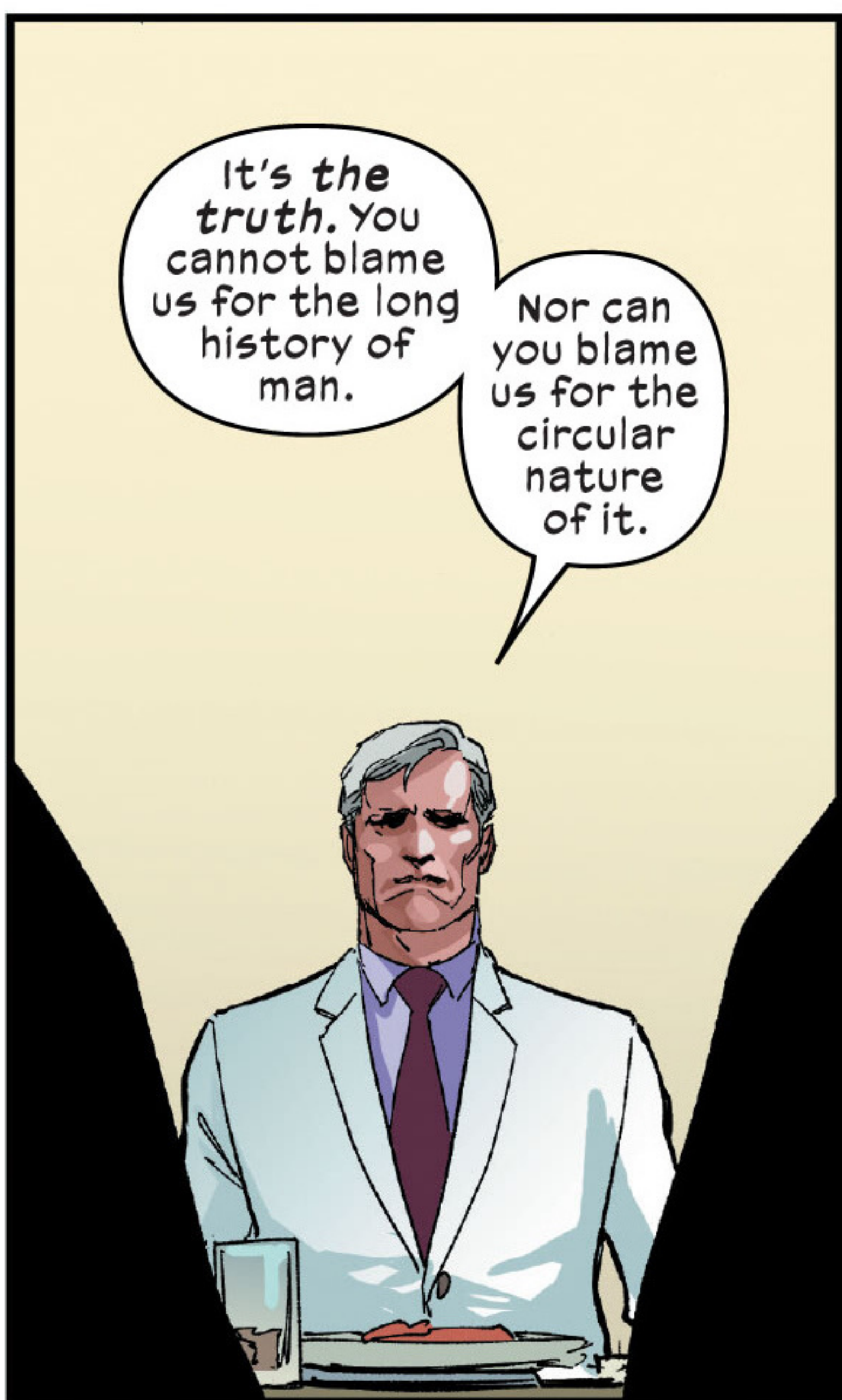
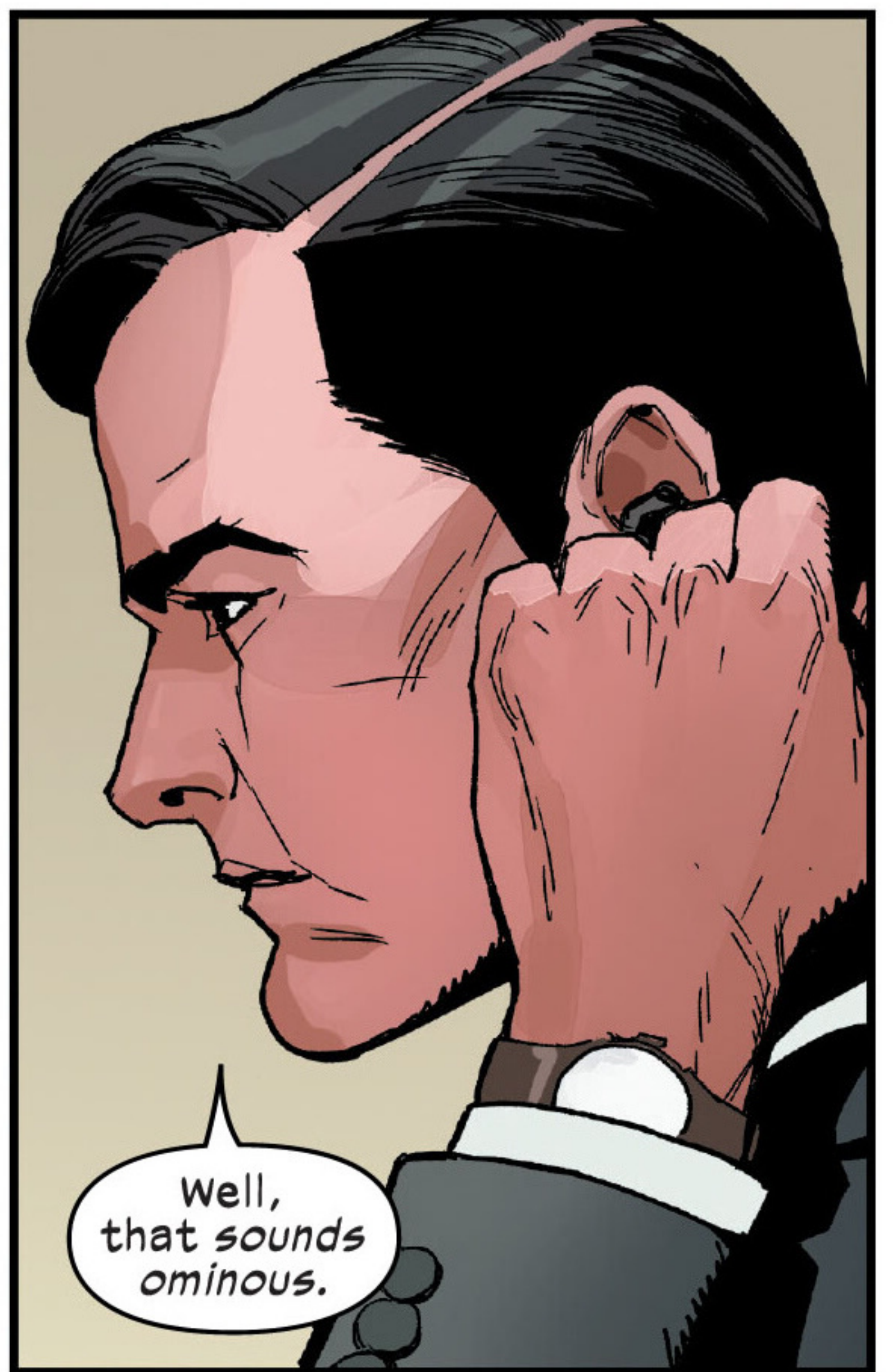
"There's a cascading effect over time, and the way we've structured it mitigates the negative effects."



"But even if this were not true--*if we chose to deliver the medicine in the most profitable manner possible--*it would just be a lesson you've taught us."



"Armaments, universal debt and planned obsolescence--are these not the three pillars of Western prosperity?"





That's quite a *bold claim*.

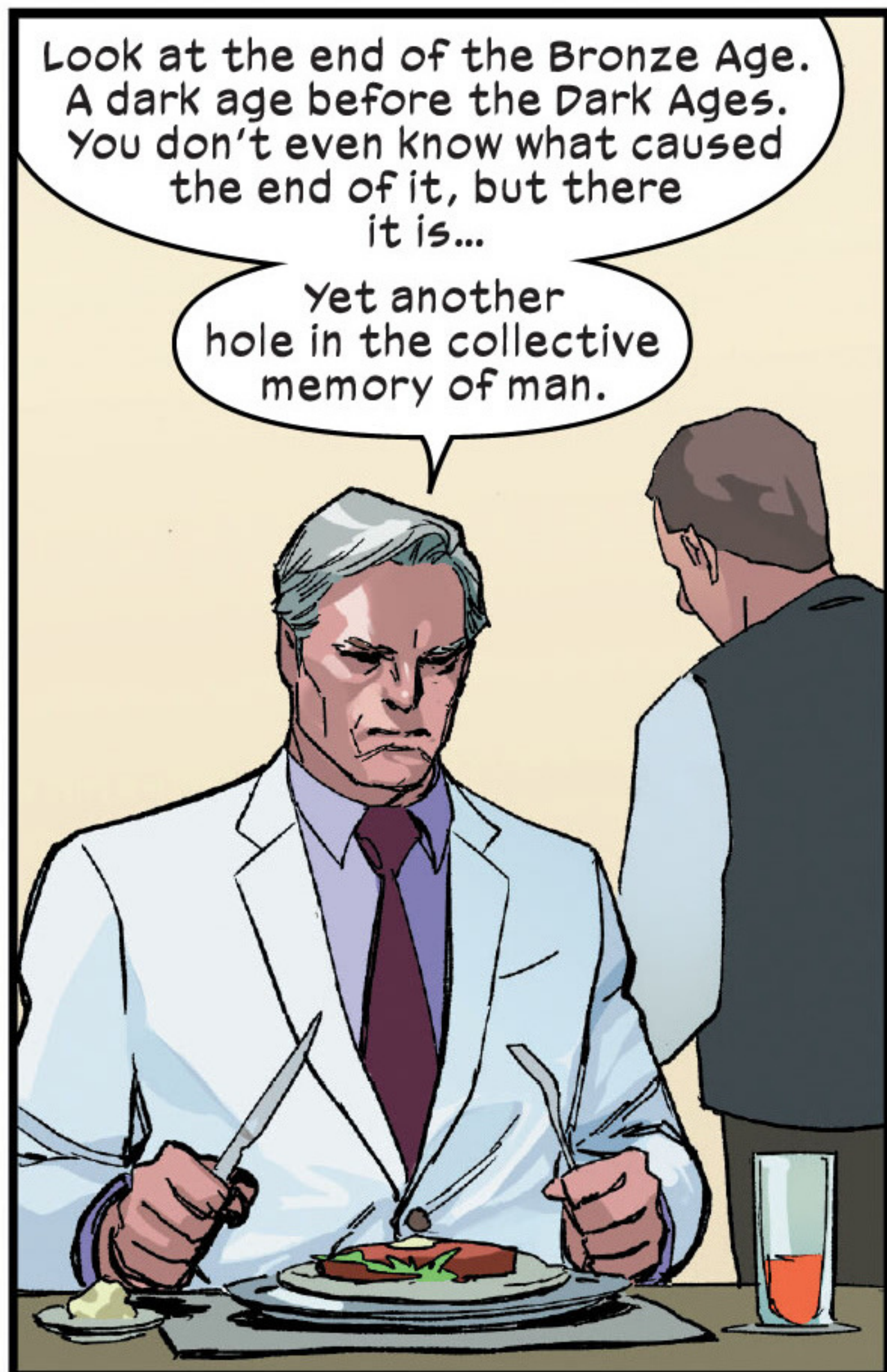
Any way to back it up?



Do you know how medieval societies got lead? They had to mine it from Roman ruins because the technology--the knowledge--of how to do it was lost during the Dark Ages.



"This wasn't an aberration. You humans--through war, short-sightedness or pure ignorance--tend to destroy yourselves every few thousand years."



Look at the end of the Bronze Age. A dark age before the Dark Ages. You don't even know what caused the end of it, but there it is...

Yet another hole in the collective memory of man.



Who cares what caused the end of the Bronze Age?



I was alive then...



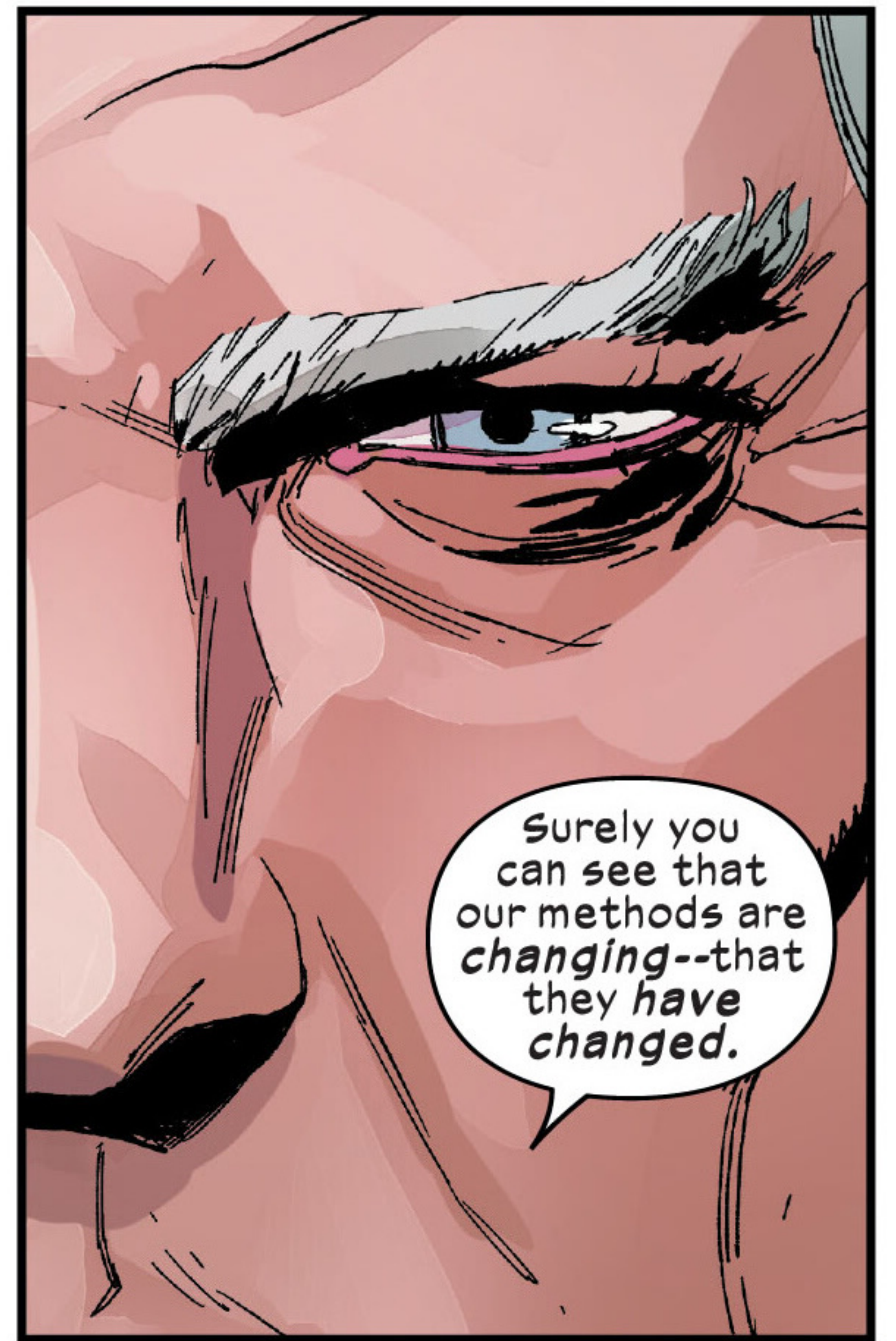
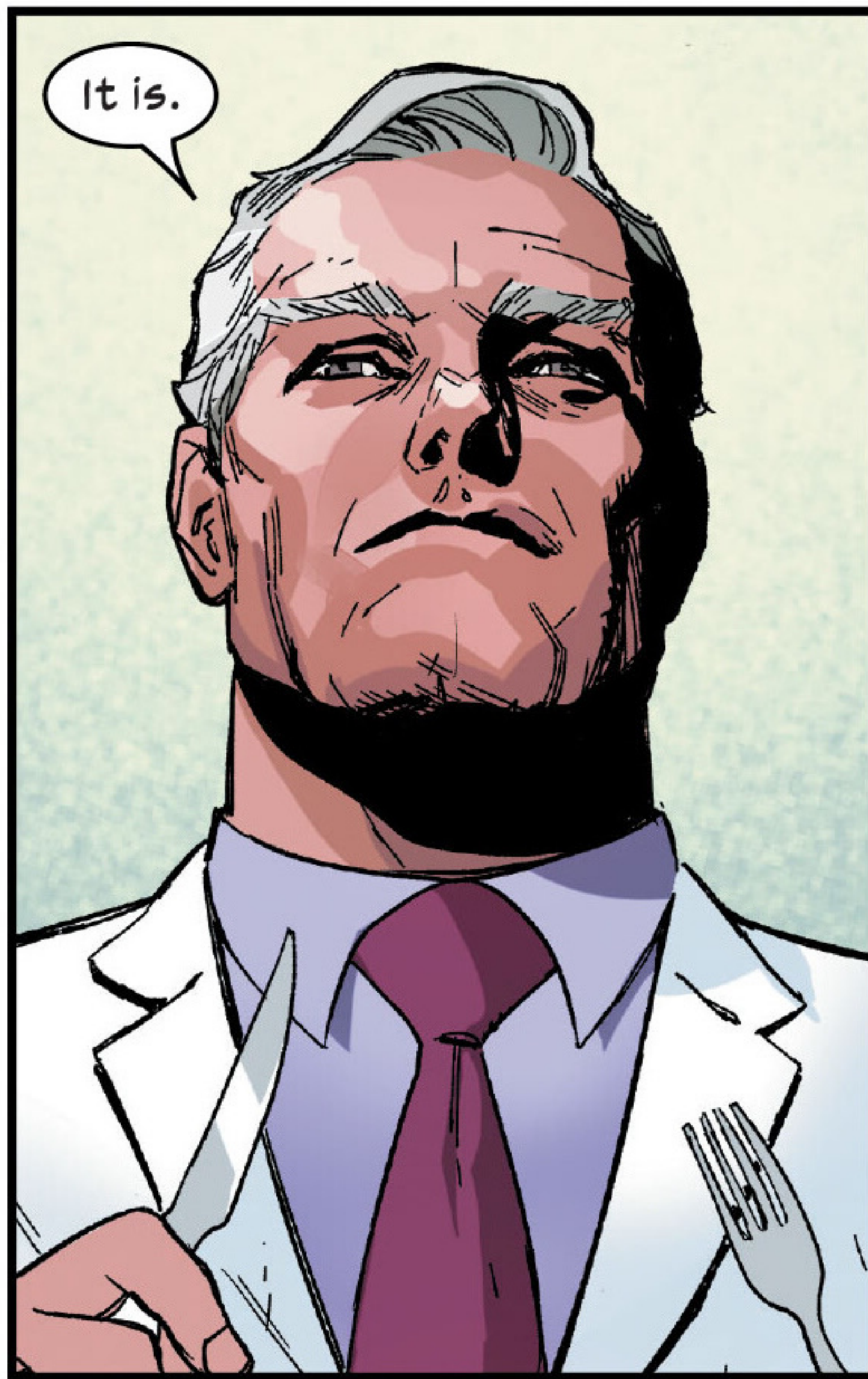
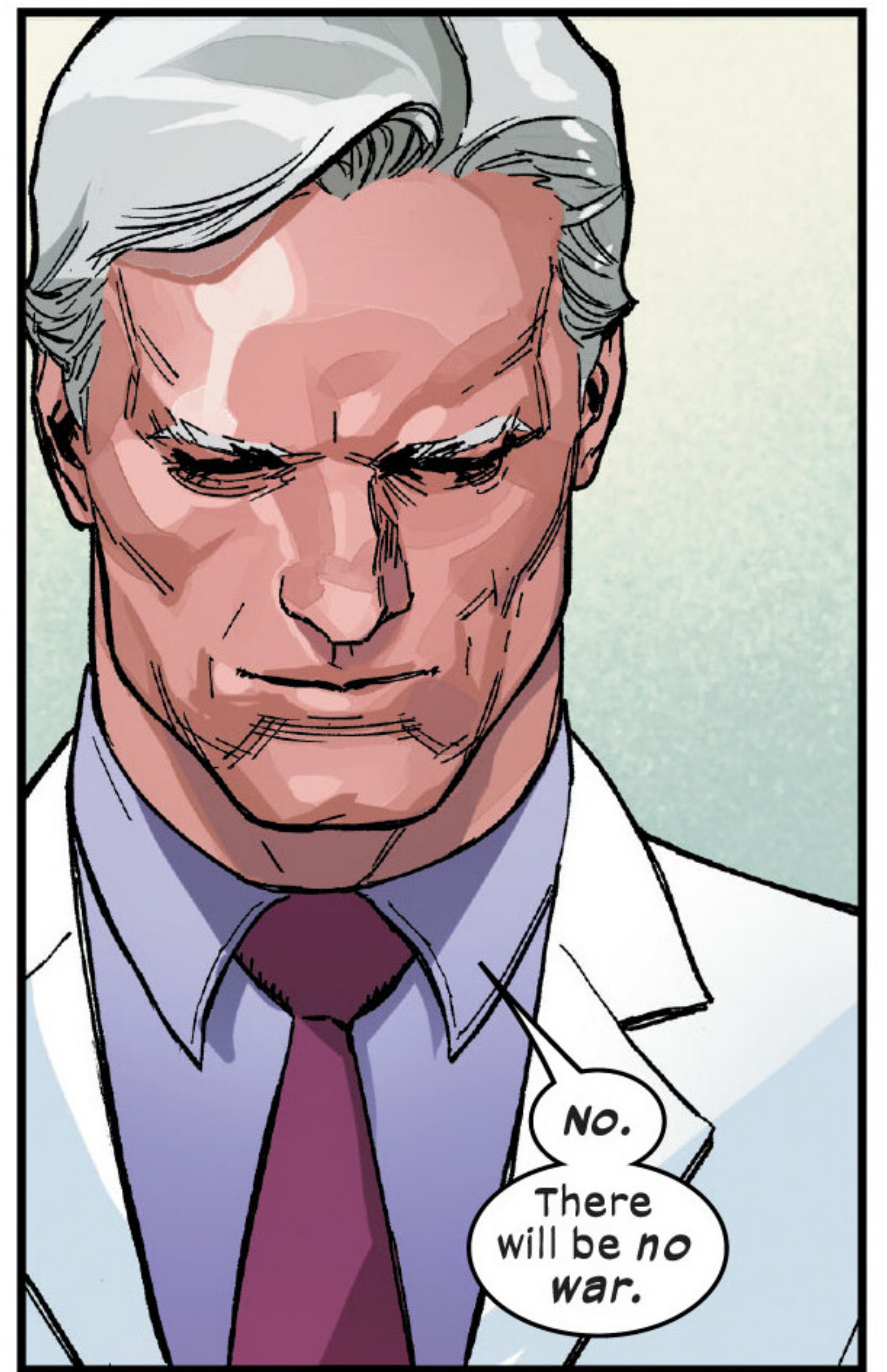
...and you *should* care.



Is that so? Then tell us...what caused the collapse?



Me.

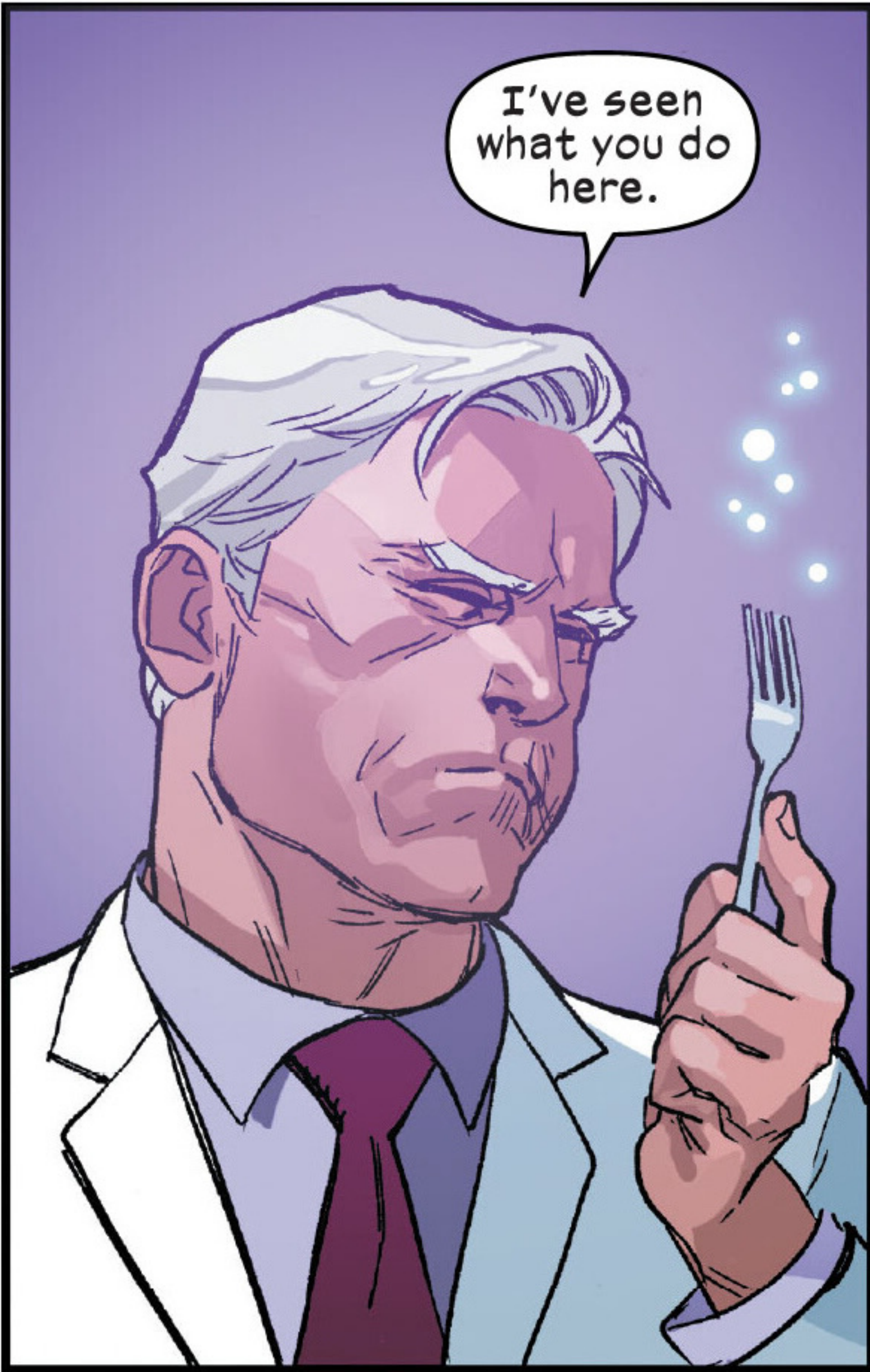




"But we have learned. You've shown us the way with your quiet weapons of finance and your silent wars of influence."



A little help, please.

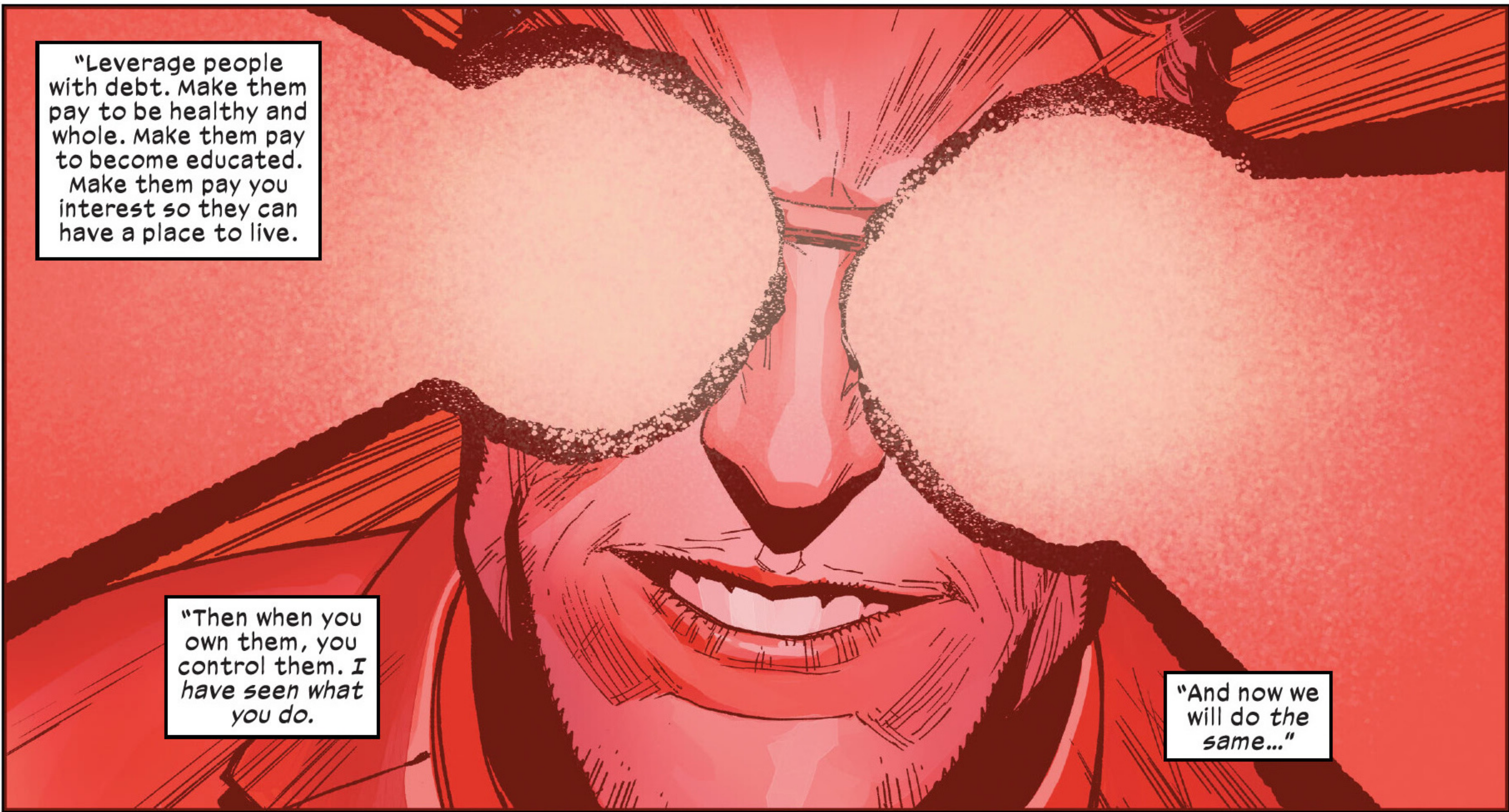


I've seen what you do here.



Thanks.

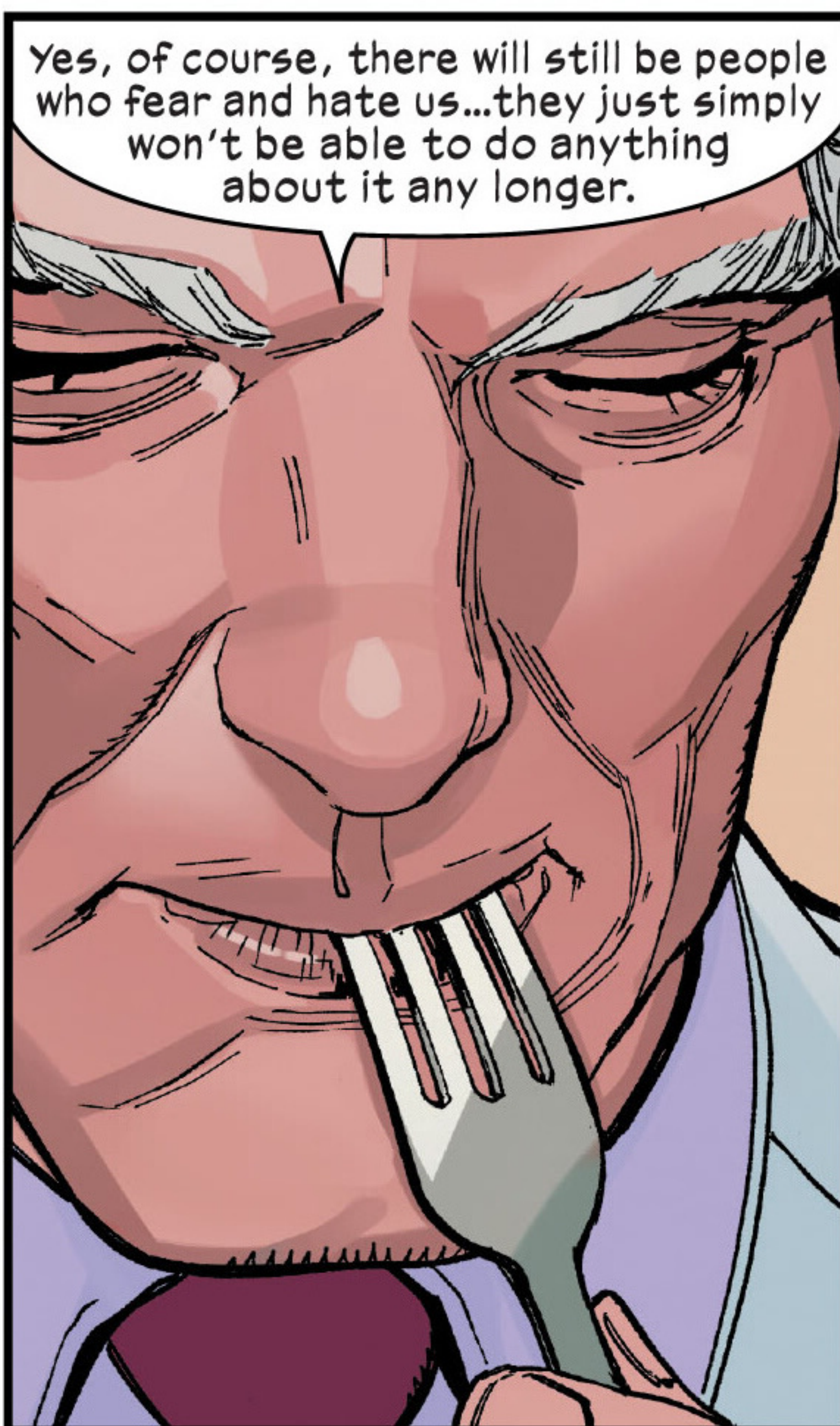
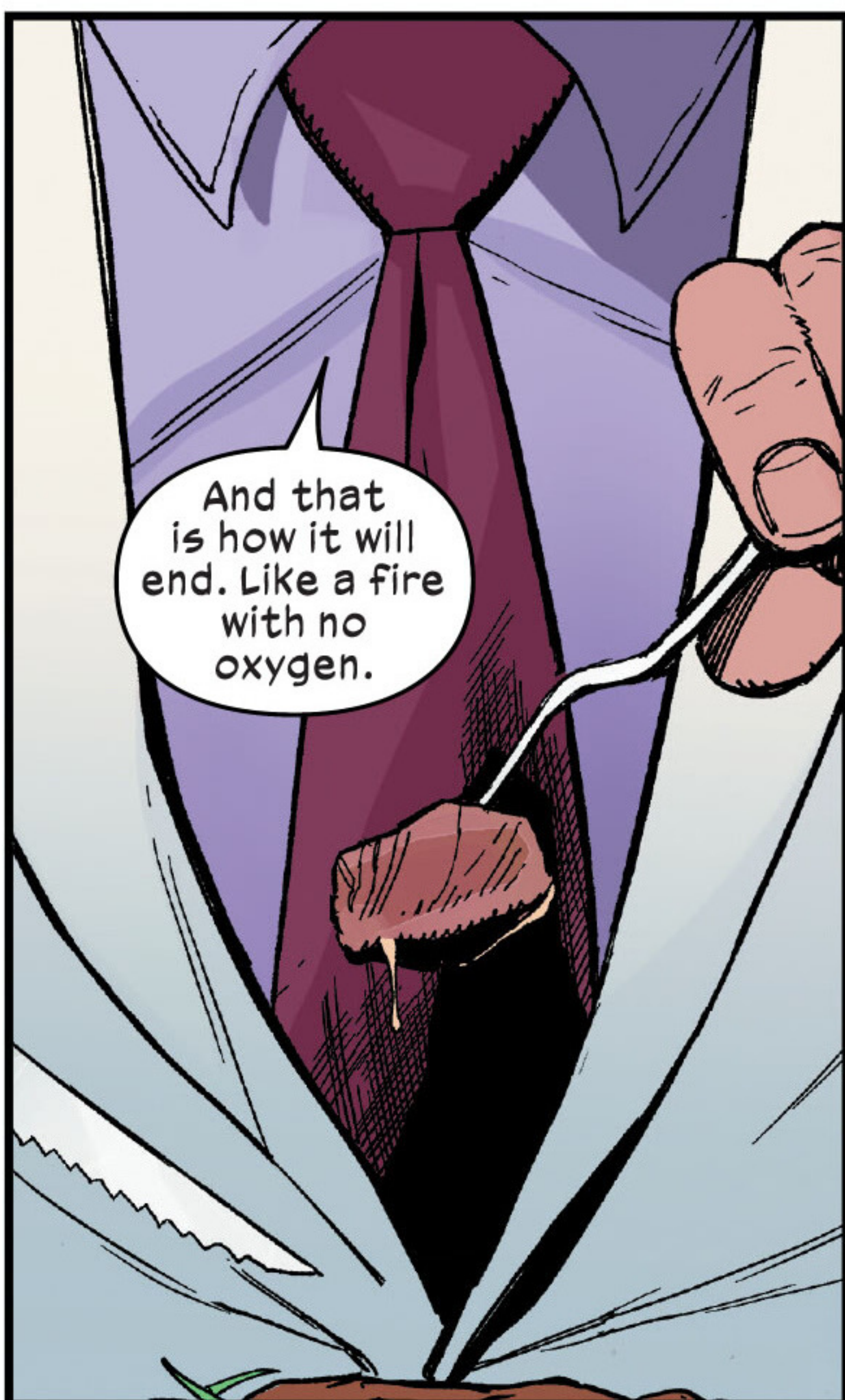
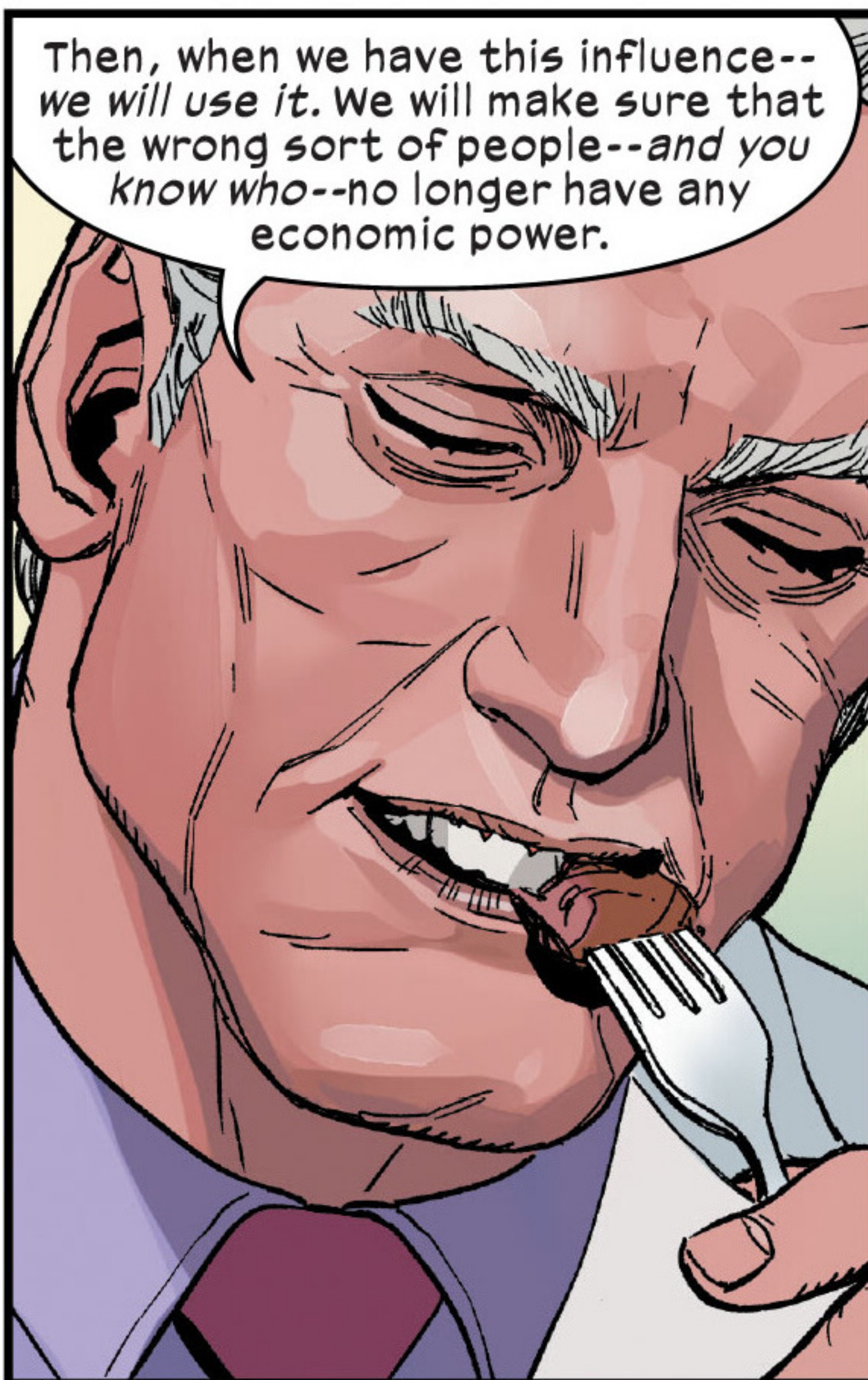
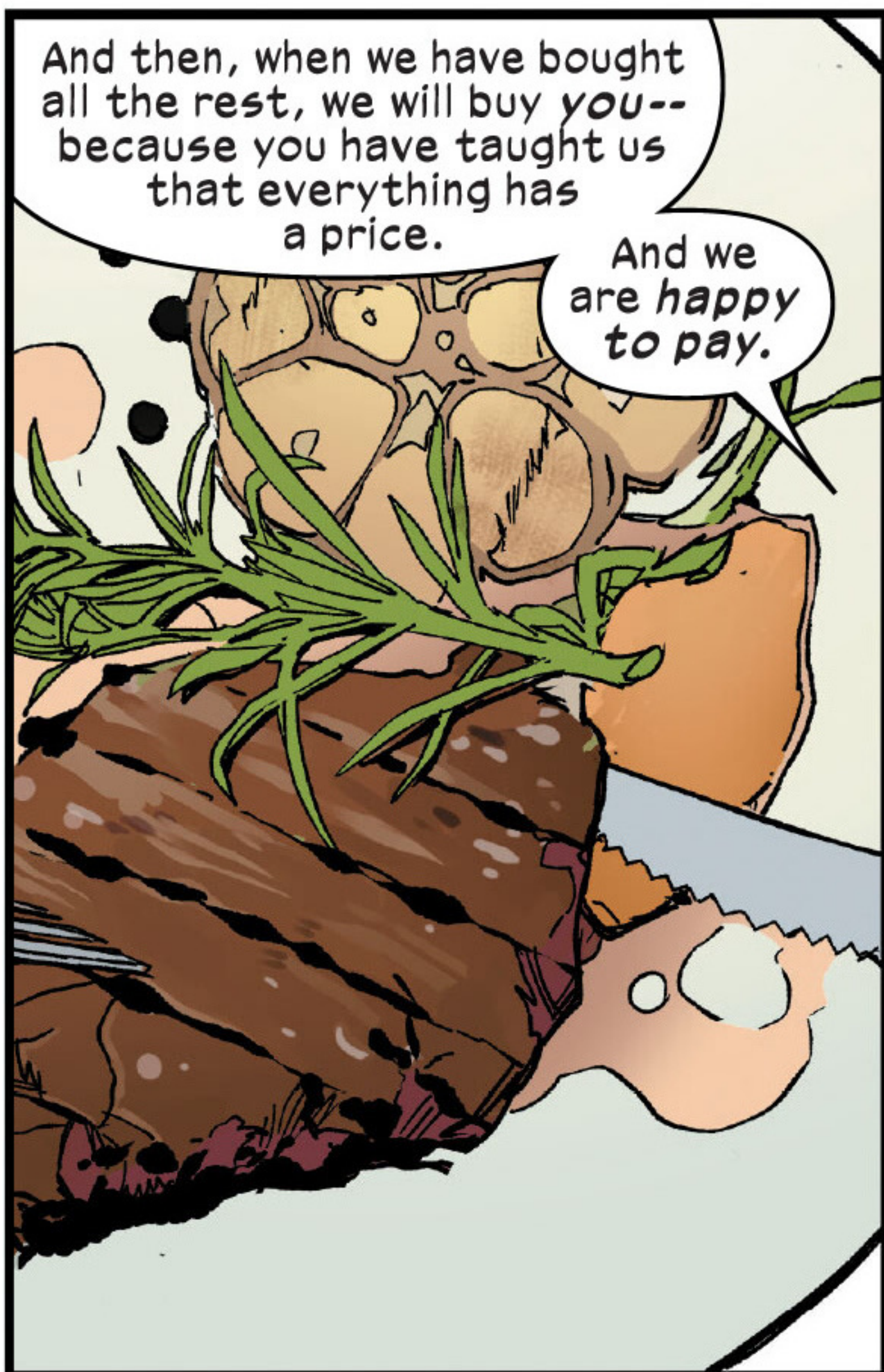
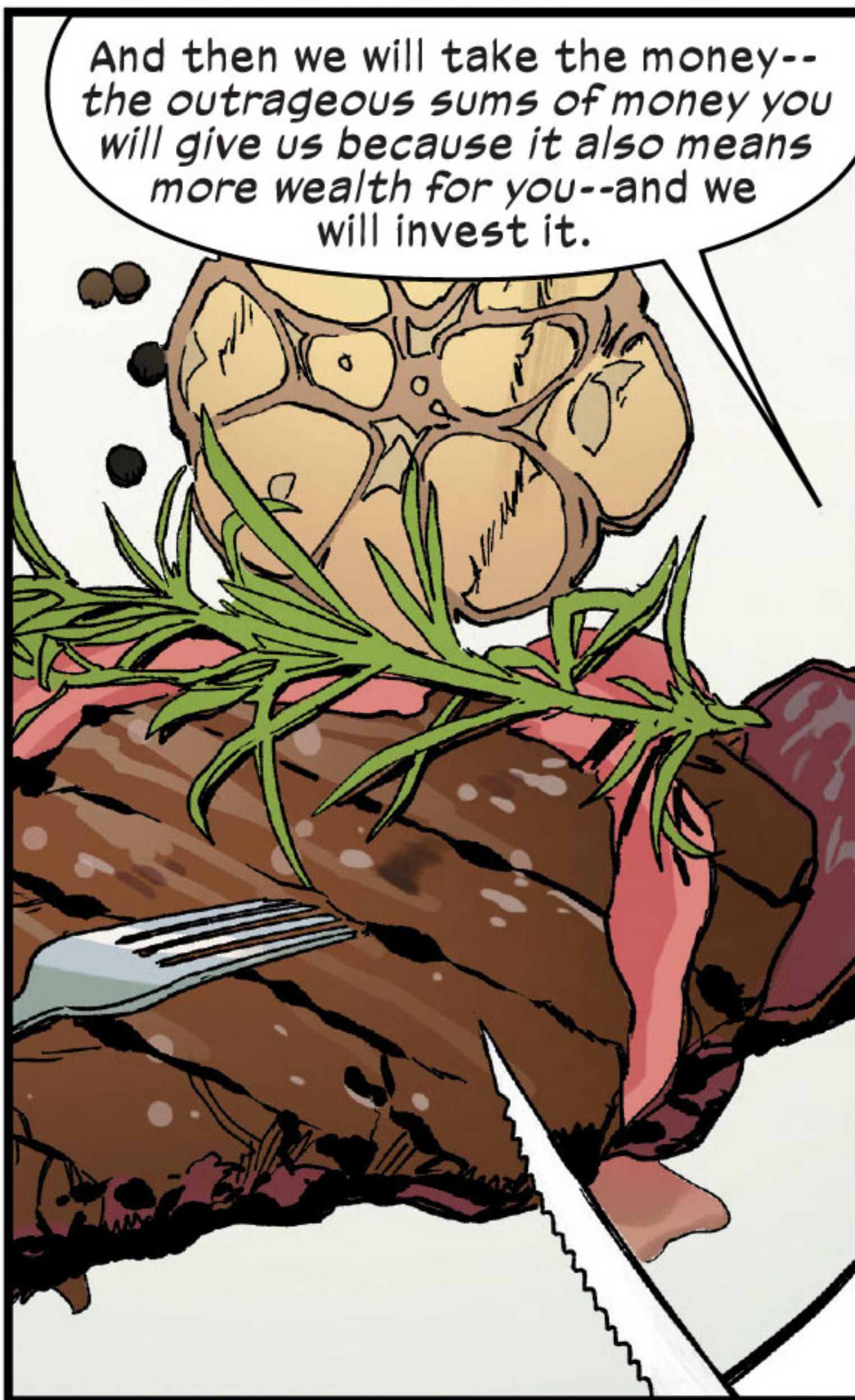
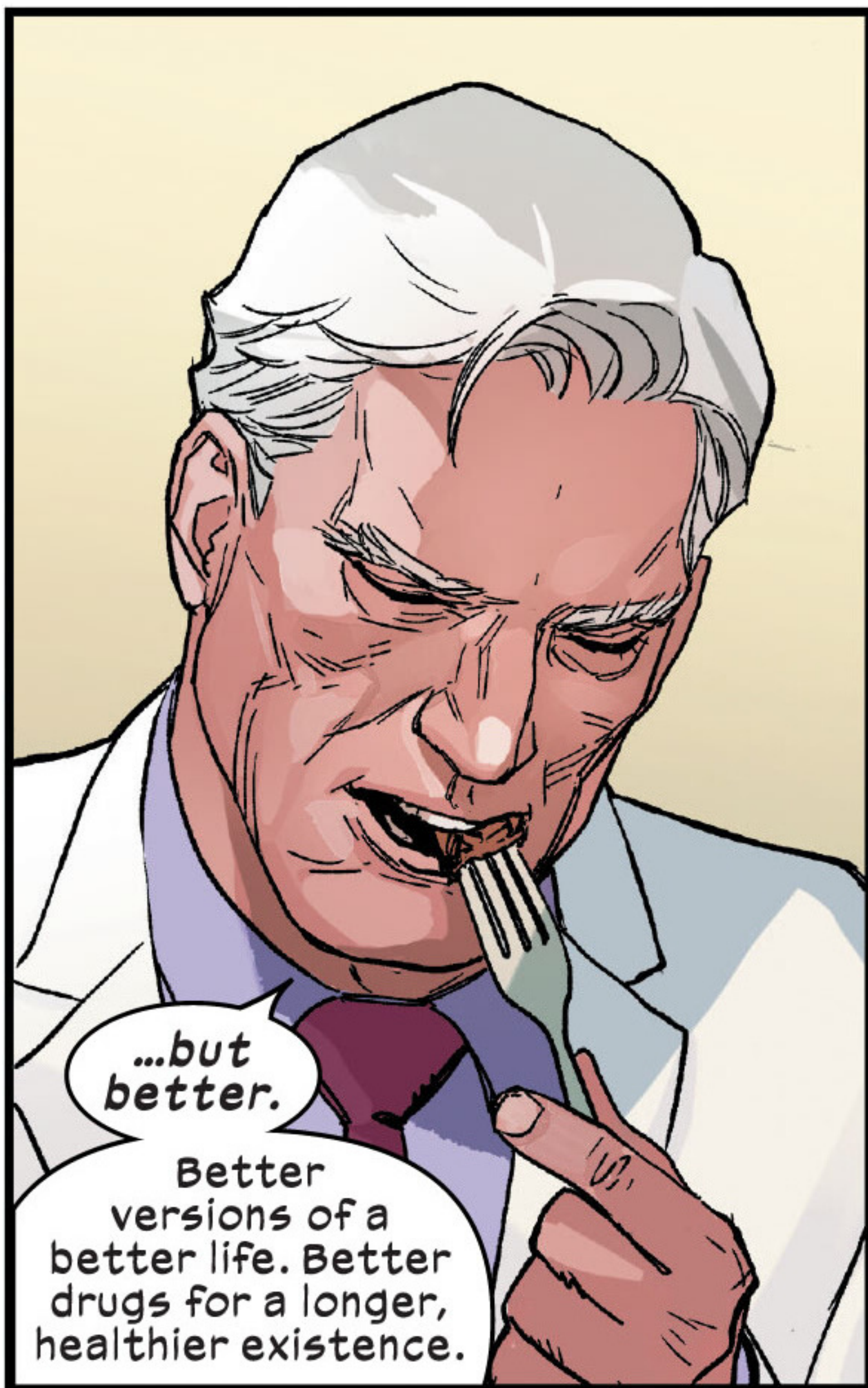
PHSSTT

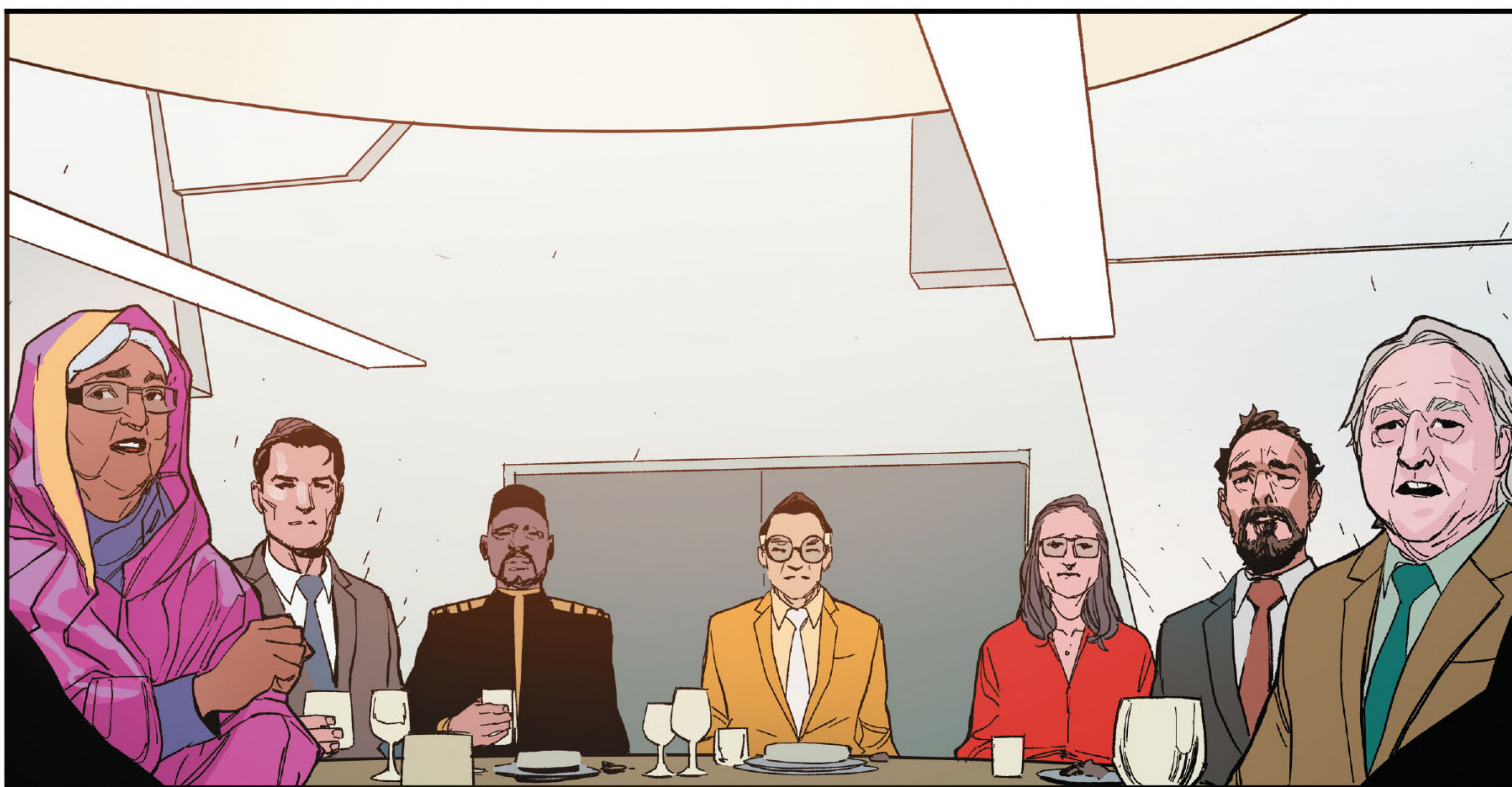


"Leverage people with debt. Make them pay to be healthy and whole. Make them pay to become educated. Make them pay you interest so they can have a place to live."

"Then when you own them, you control them. I have seen what you do."

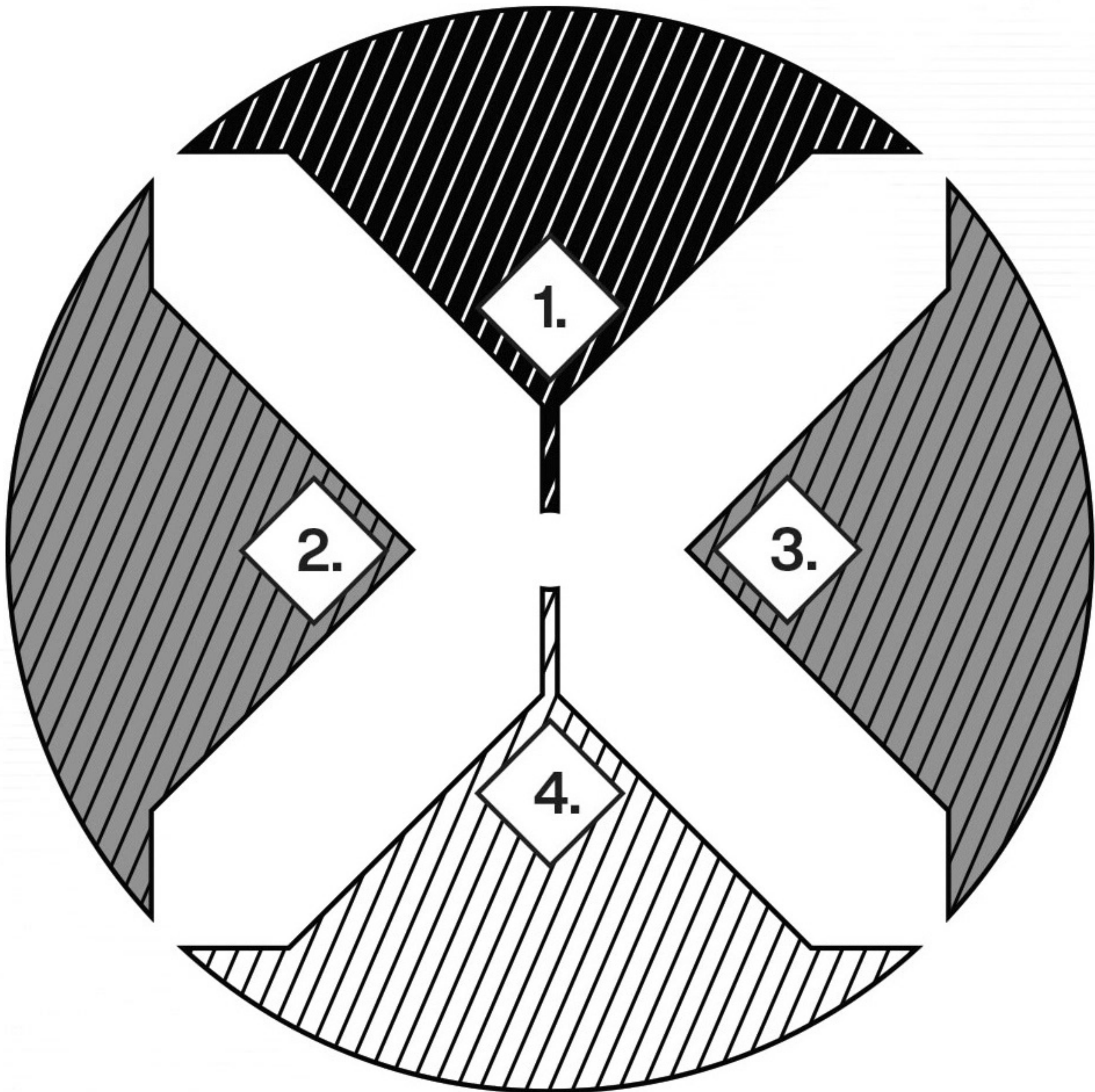
"And now we will do the same..."





[00.CAPTAINS.....X]
[00.....4]

KRAKOAN CAPTAINS



[Krakoa].....[CC]
[.....].....[GC]

CAPTAIN HIERARCHY

[1]	[2]
CYCLOPS.....	MAGIK.....
CAPTAIN COMMANDER.....	CAPTAIN.....
X-MEN.....	SEXTANT.....

[3]	[4]
BISHOP.....	GORGON.....
CAPTAIN.....	CAPTAIN.....
HELLFIRE TRADING.....	COUNCIL GUARD.....

GORGON

While the other three captains have broader, more extensive jurisdictions, Gorgon has a smaller, more specific one.* As one of the most experienced, and most lethal, mutants on Earth, he was chosen by the Captain Commander [after consultation with Wolverine] to act as the personal protector for members of the Quiet Council [especially when they leave Krakoa].

*After the events surrounding the assassination of Charles Xavier, if an Autumn council member plans to enter a hostile environment, the expectation is that Gorgon will accompany them.



This was
your greatest
mistake...



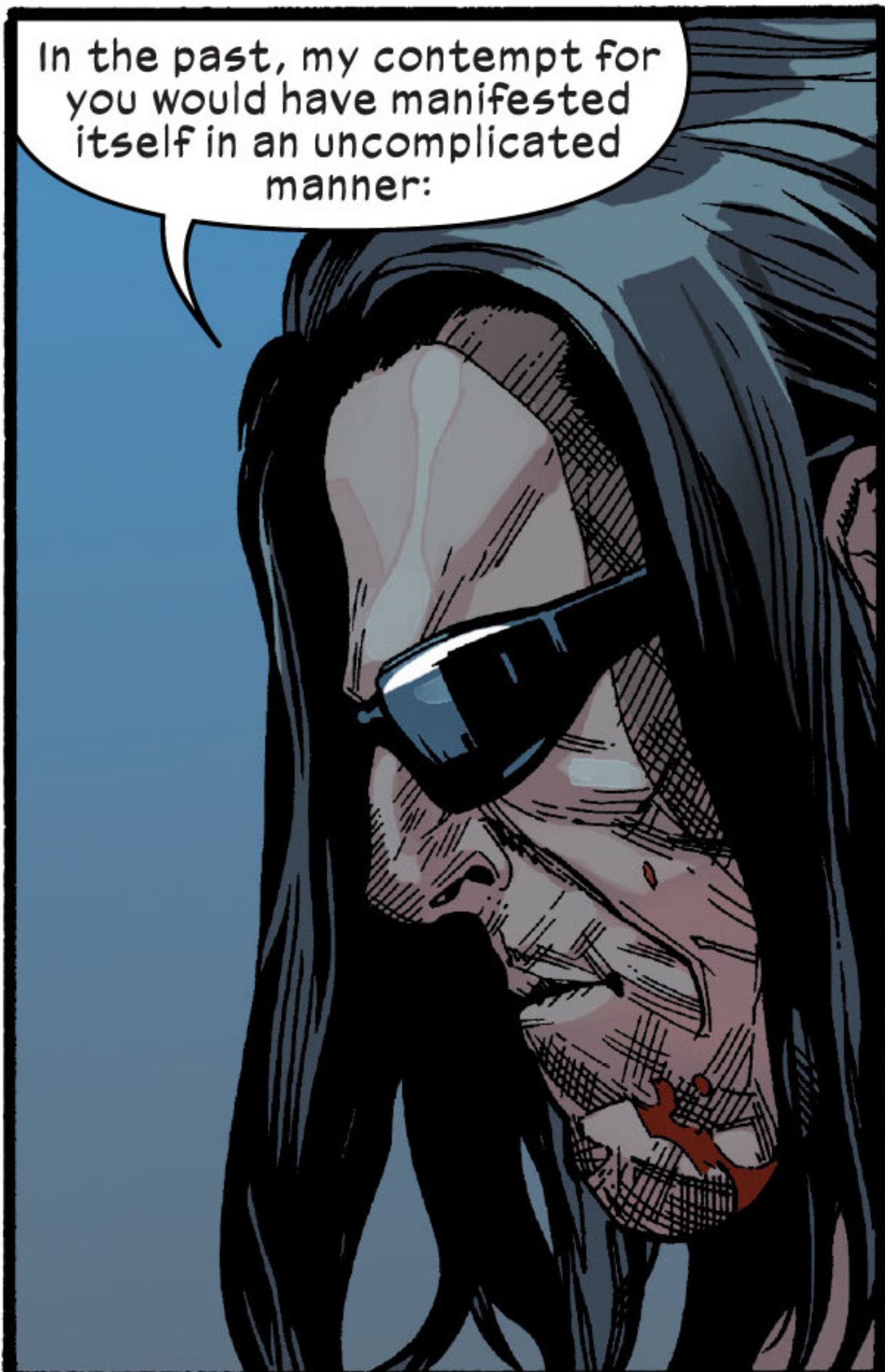
Thinking
you were a
warrior.

Yes, you
studied, you
trained, you tested
yourself against
your fellow
man...



But now
you know what
you really
are...

...and
what a true
warrior looks
like.



In the past, my contempt for
you would have manifested
itself in an uncomplicated
manner:



I simply
would have taken
your head.



But these are *new days*--and
I am led by brilliant mutants
who understand war better
than I ever could.



I have seen the error of my
ways. Now I *understand*.

I am
enlightened.



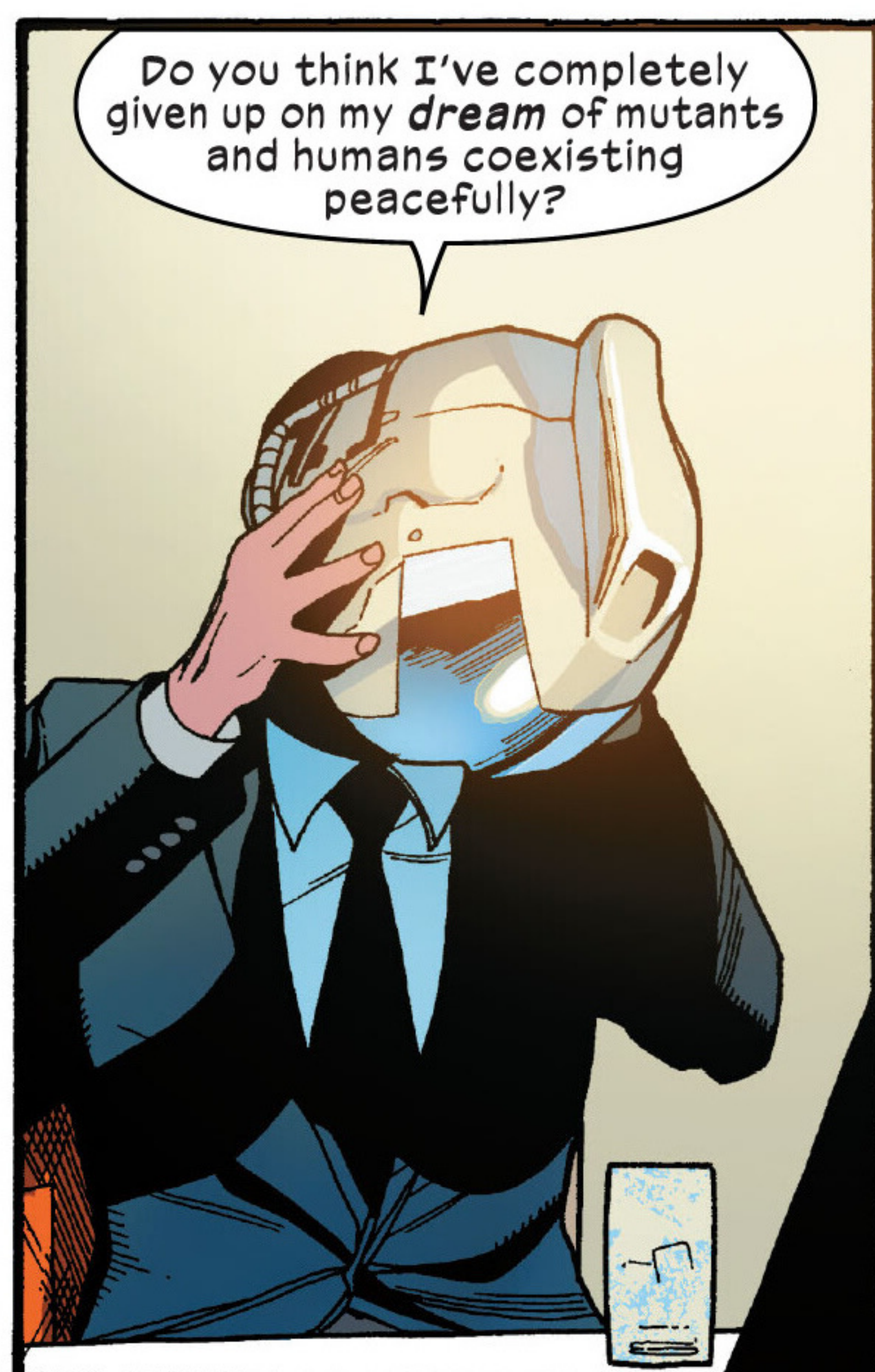
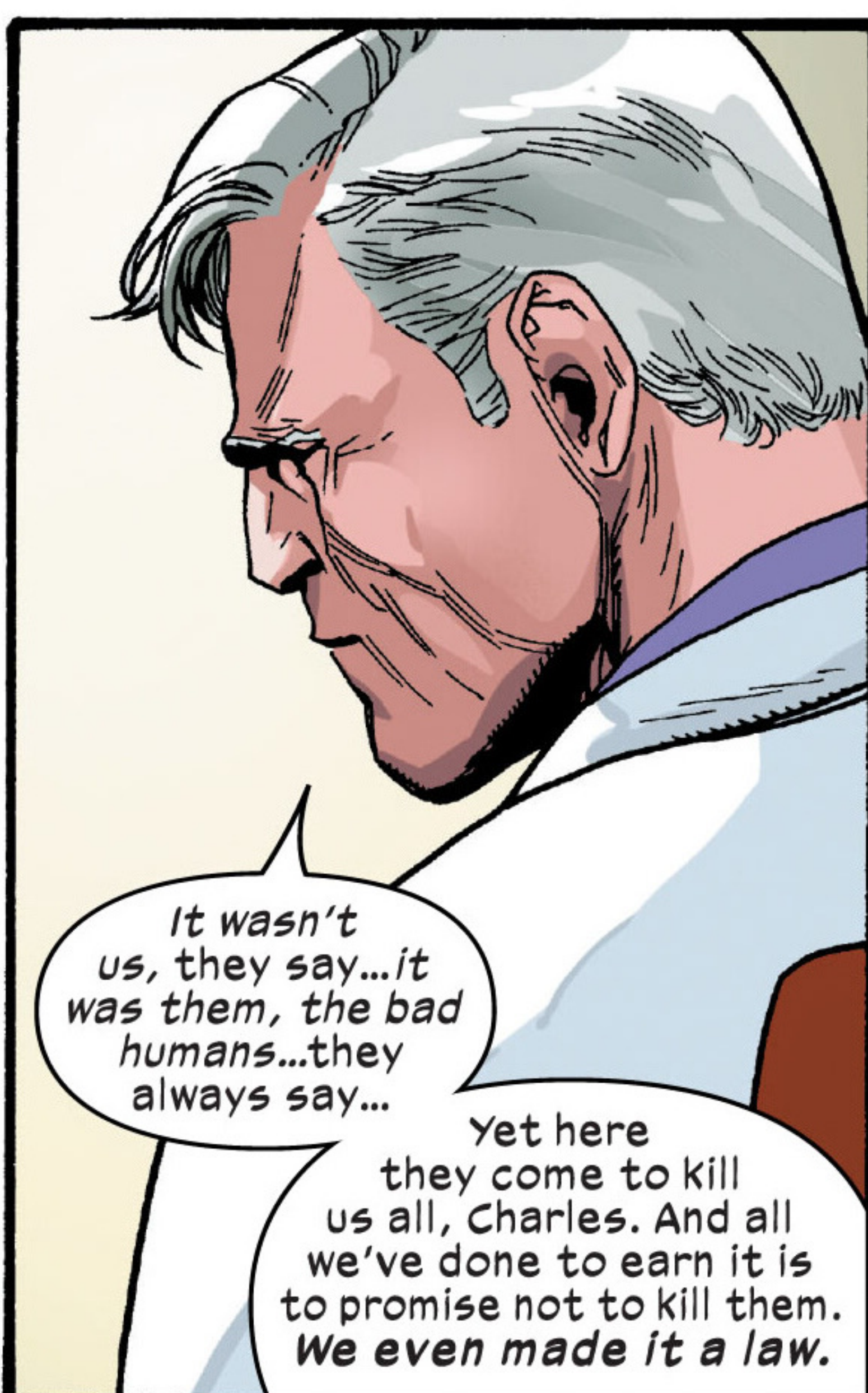
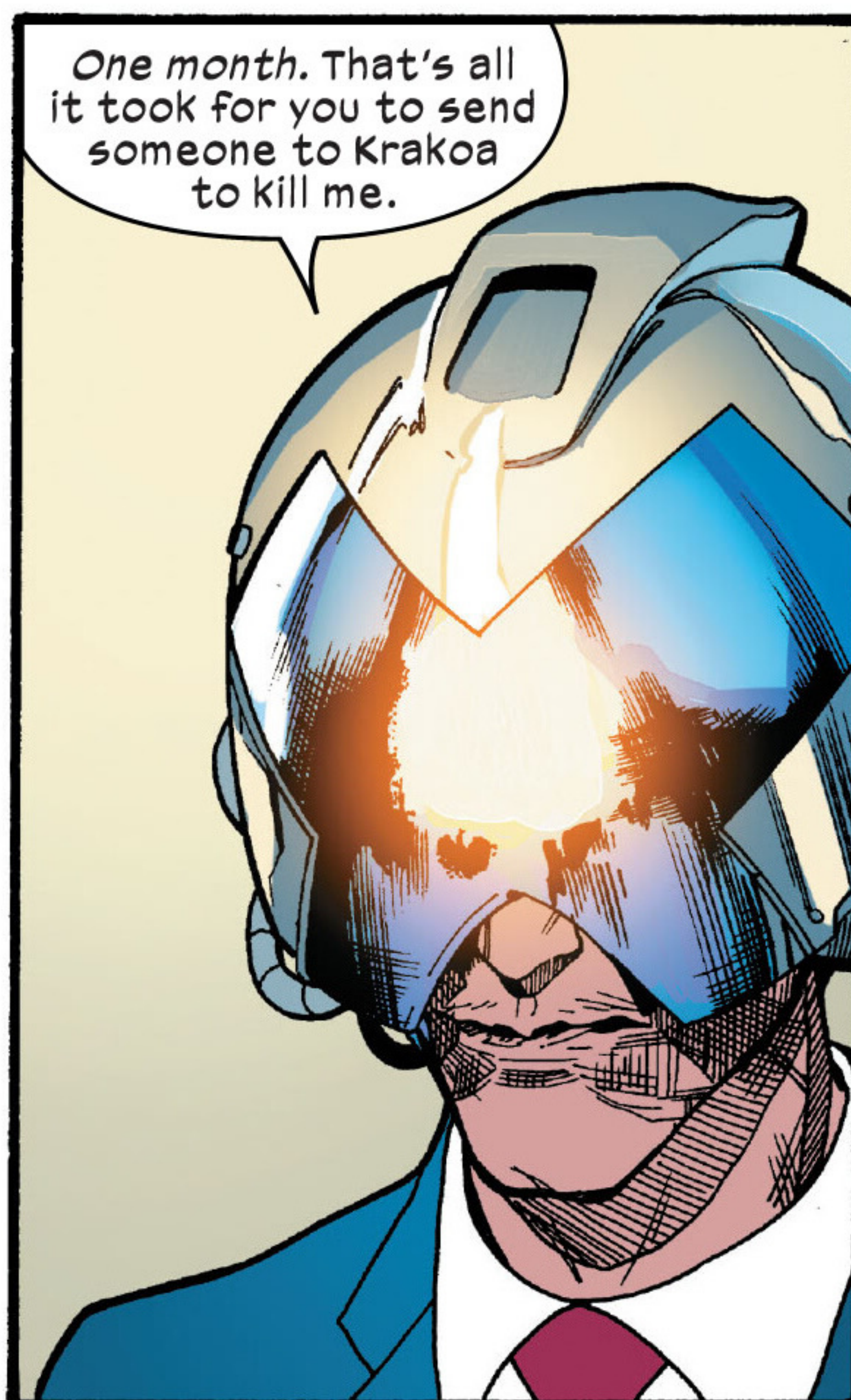
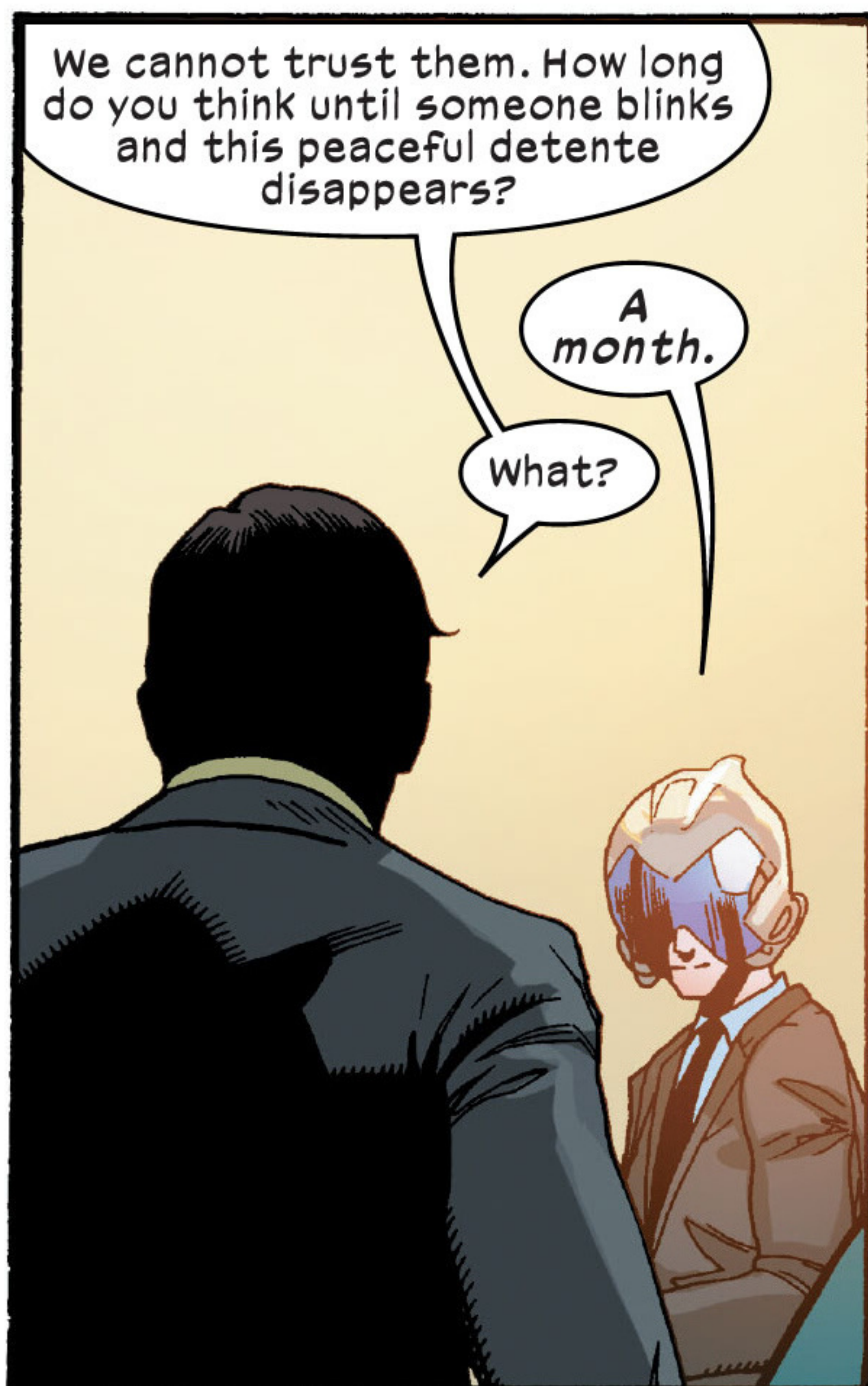
I know
now it's
better that
you live.

*Like
this*. With the
shame of what
you are.

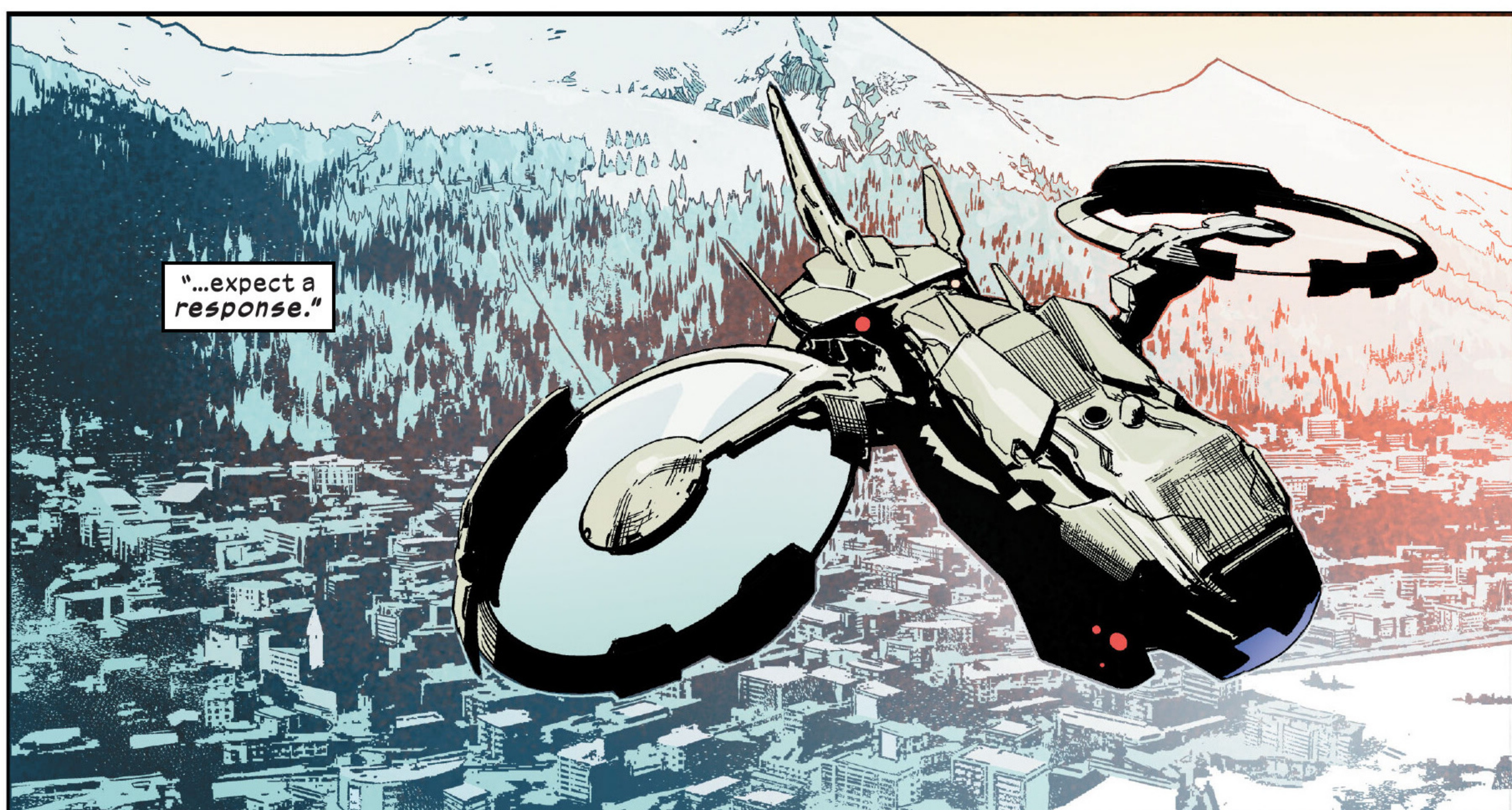
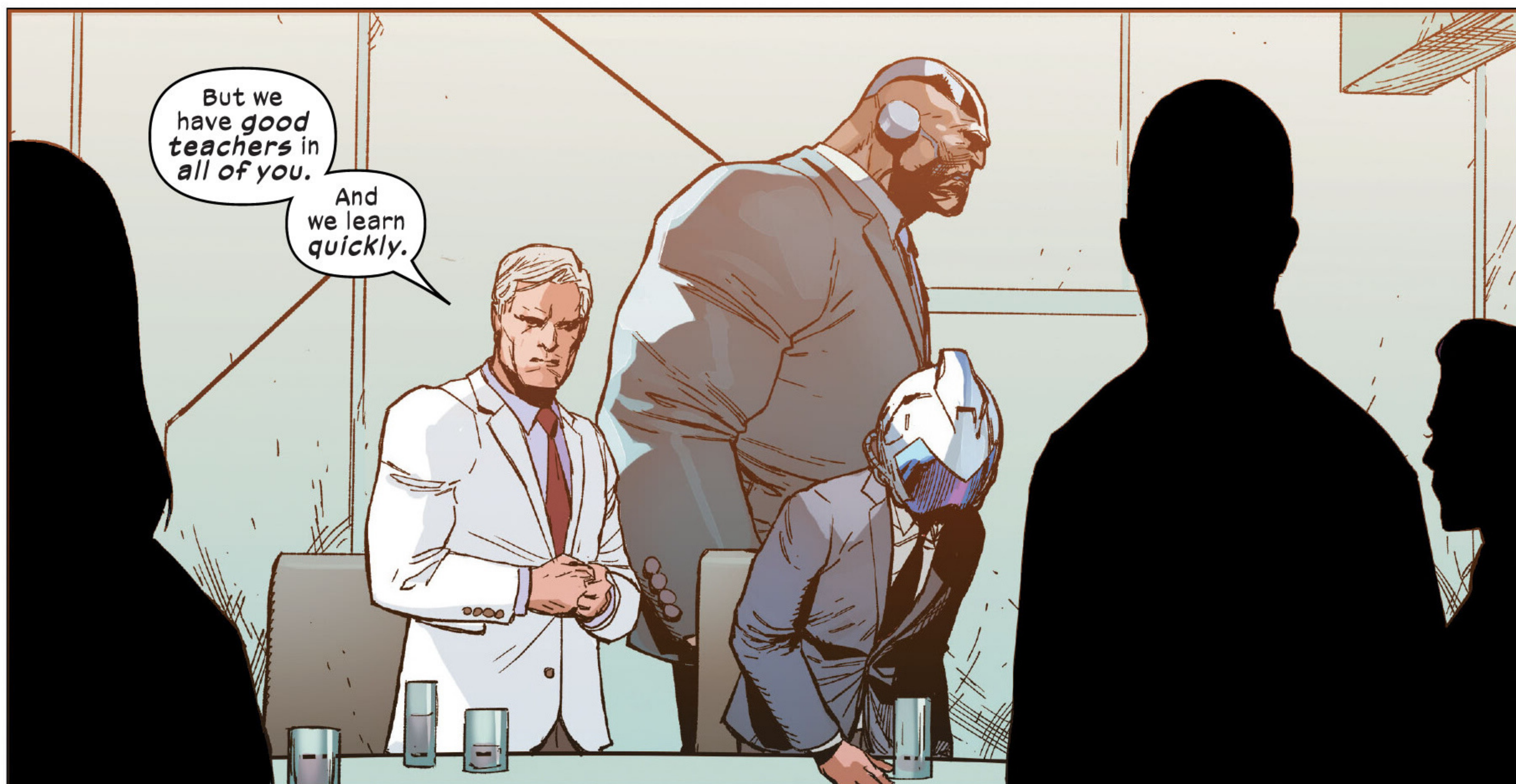


Embrace
this mercy,
human.
And never
test my kind
again.





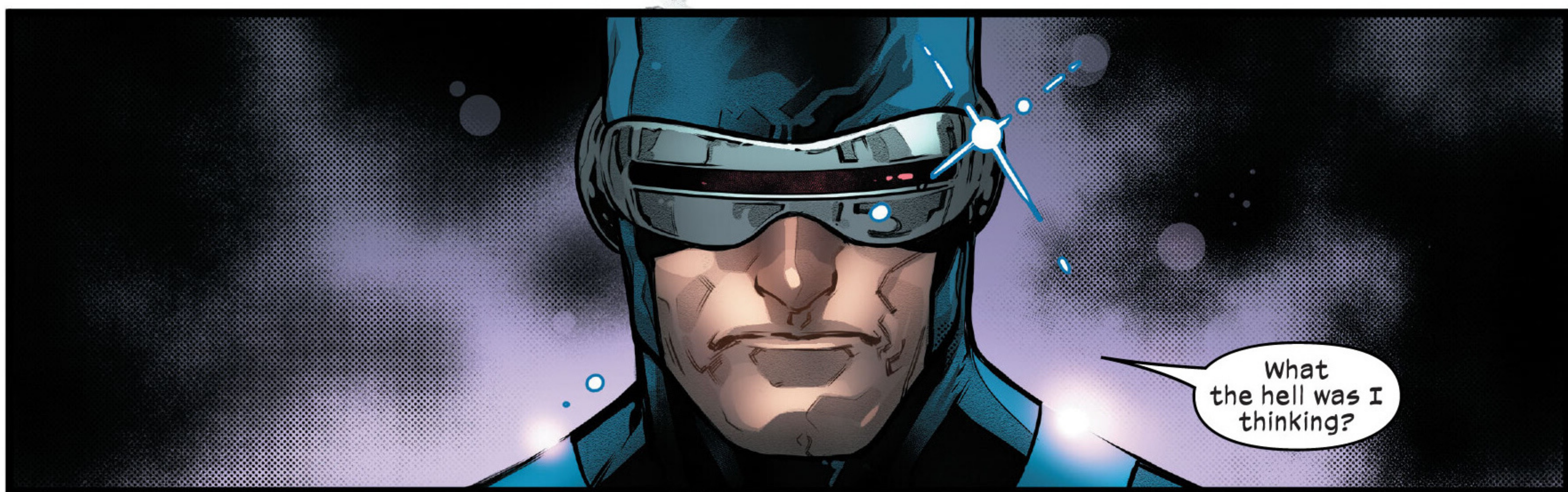
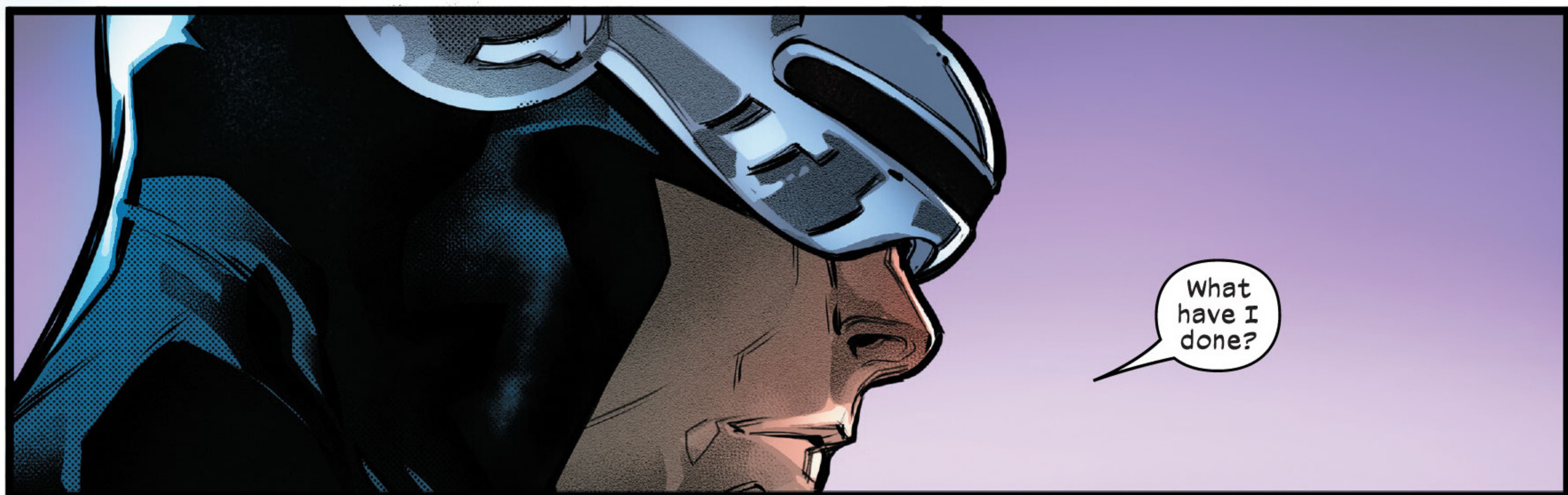
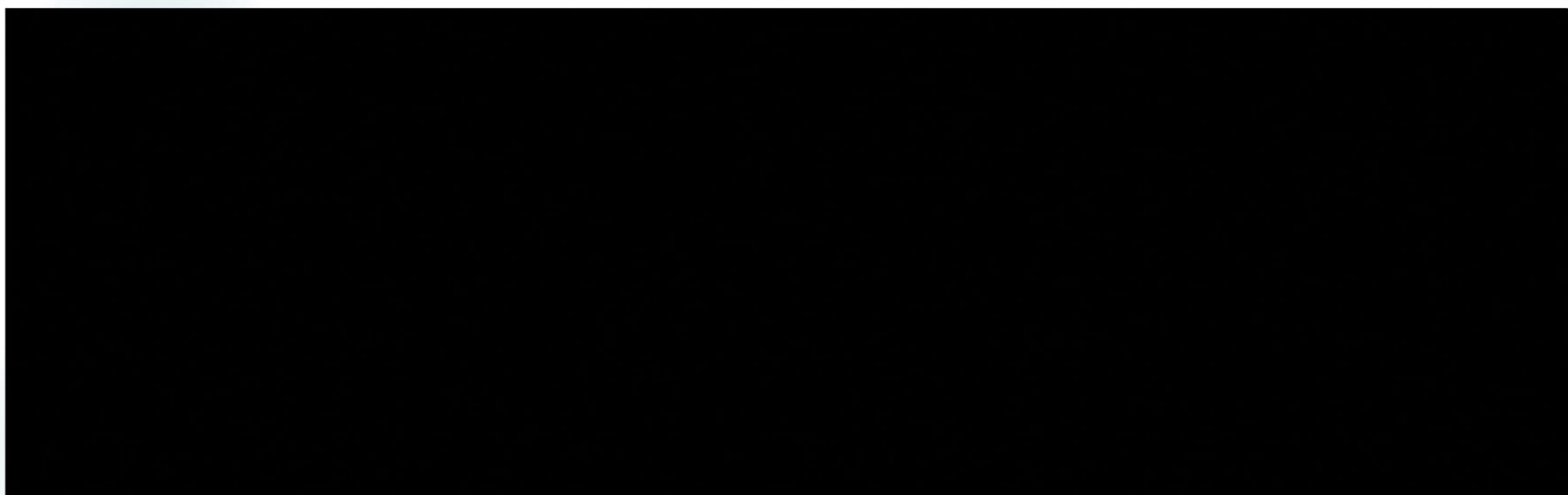
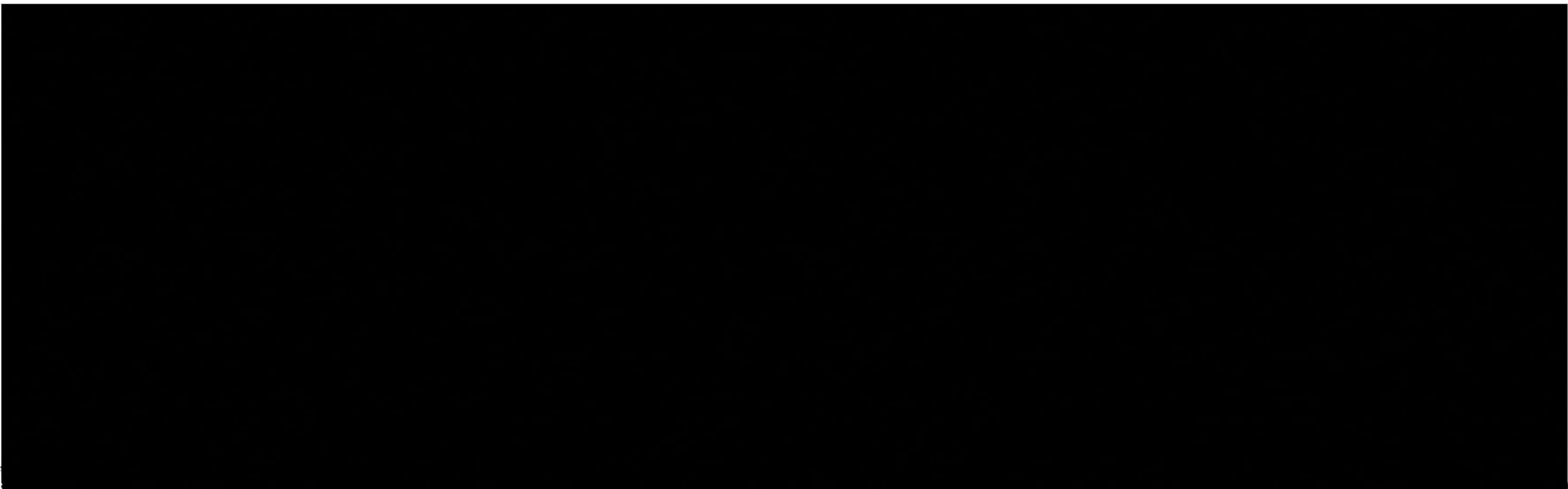
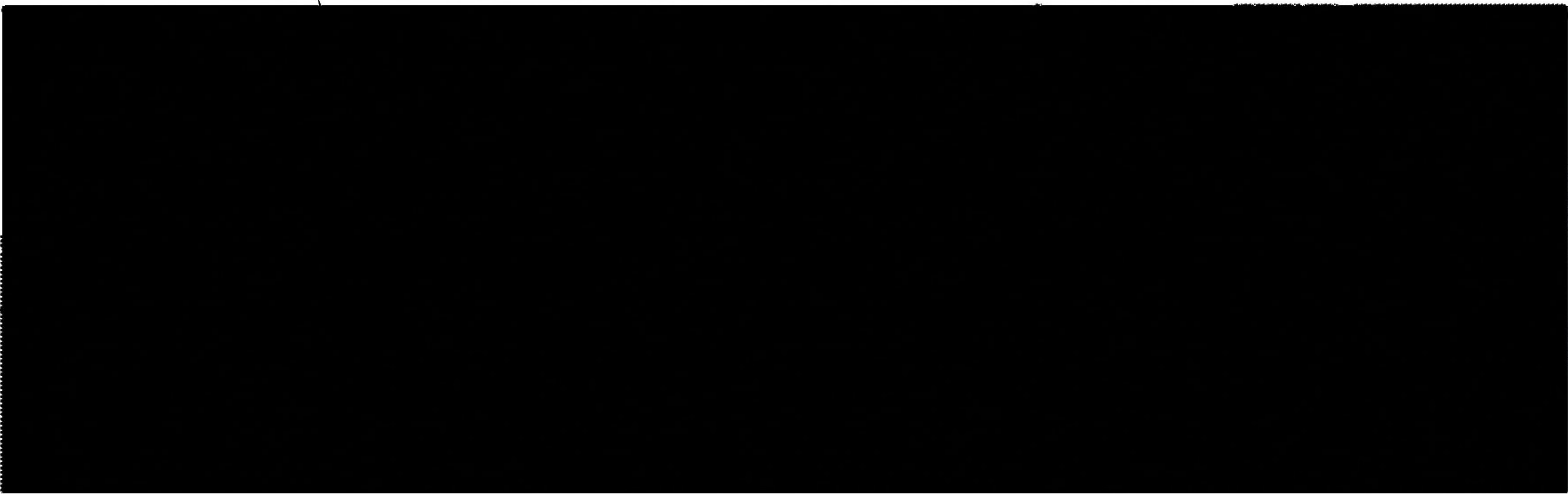






Into the Vault





Ecuador.



«What's this?»*

«Easy, girl.»

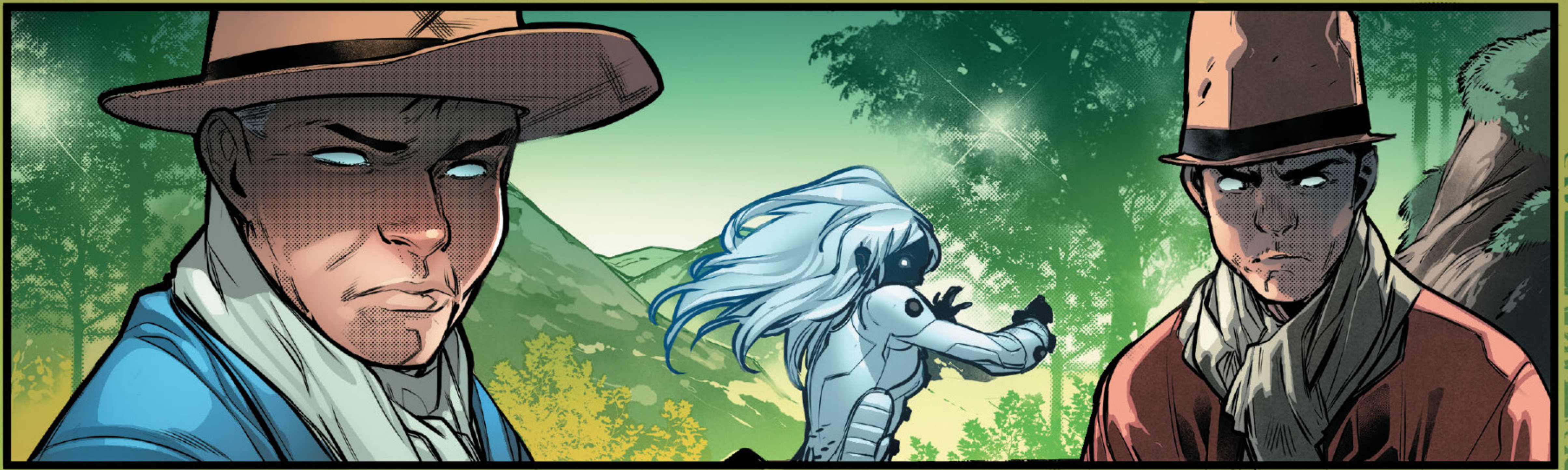
«She looks half dead. Get her something to drink--get her some water.»

*Translated from Spanish.

«No. Just... just...»

«Keep him from following me.»





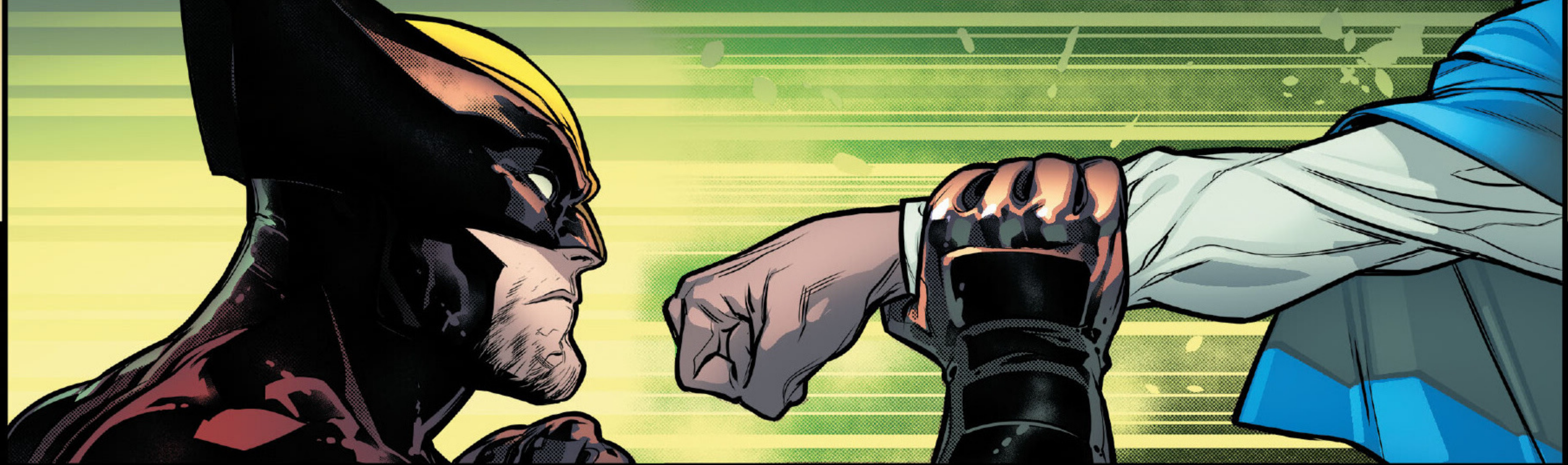
I know *that look*. If I tell you I've tried to talk a thousand men outta the mistake you're gettin' ready to make... *I know I'm low.*

Is there any way I can convince you gentlemen to *step aside* and just let me catch the *very bad girl*?



Didn't think so.





Later.

SNIFF
SNIFF

SNIKT

Damn
it...

"...I'm *too*
late."

You
there?

I can
hear you. Go
ahead.



Sorry, Slim.
Serafina slipped
inside *the Vault*
before I could get
to her. You want
me to cut
my way--

No. That
won't help with
the temporal
problem. We
need you back
here...



We'll
have to think
of *another*
way in.

[////.....0]
[////.....0]

____//
[BREACH DETECTED]
/////

/////

ACCESS BY [SECONDARY THRESHOLD] OF THE CITY.
SCANNING FOR CONTAGION.....SCAN COMPLETE:..[SUBJECT CLEAN]
/////

CHILD IDENTIFIED:.....CLASS: SERAFINA....[LEVEL: TWO]

/////

/////

/////

/////

//////////
//////////
//////////

[____].....[____]
[____].....[____]

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/////

//////////
//////////



.....[///]
.....[///]

[////.....0]
[////.....0]

//
PROCEED TO CITY [SERAFINA].
THE VAULT WELCOMES YOU HOME.

//////

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[].....[]
[].....[]

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.....
////

Later.
Krakoa.





Listen to me--for I cannot stress this enough--the Children of the Vault represent the *single greatest* existential threat to mutantdom...

...and we know nothing about them. Not really.

So we're sending a team... inside.

And we're asking the three of you to go.

Darwin. We believe your adaptive powers make you uniquely prepared to evaluate both the atemporal environment and the Children themselves.

Thank you.



Synch. Your ability to copy another mutant's power will act as a redundancy...

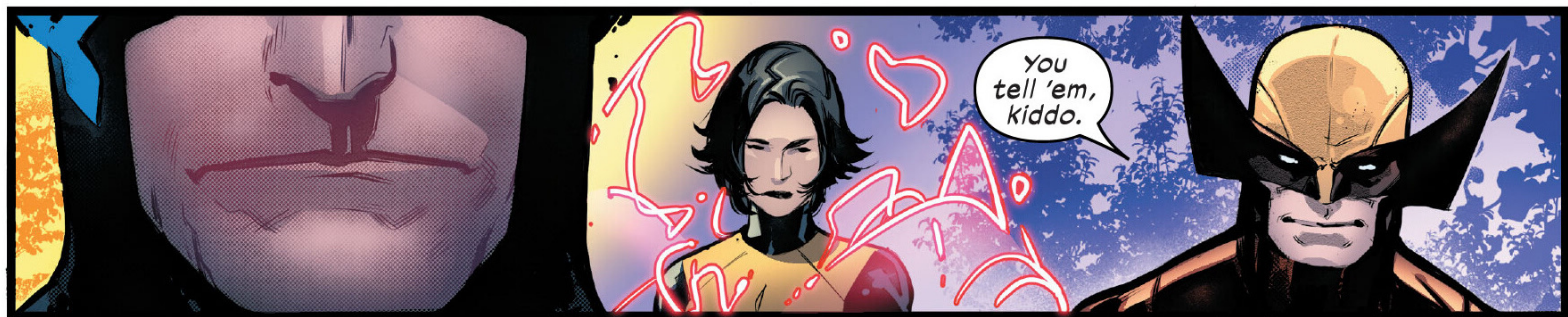
Feels like an insult.

It's also a second set of observational eyes for Darwin and the survival mechanisms of...

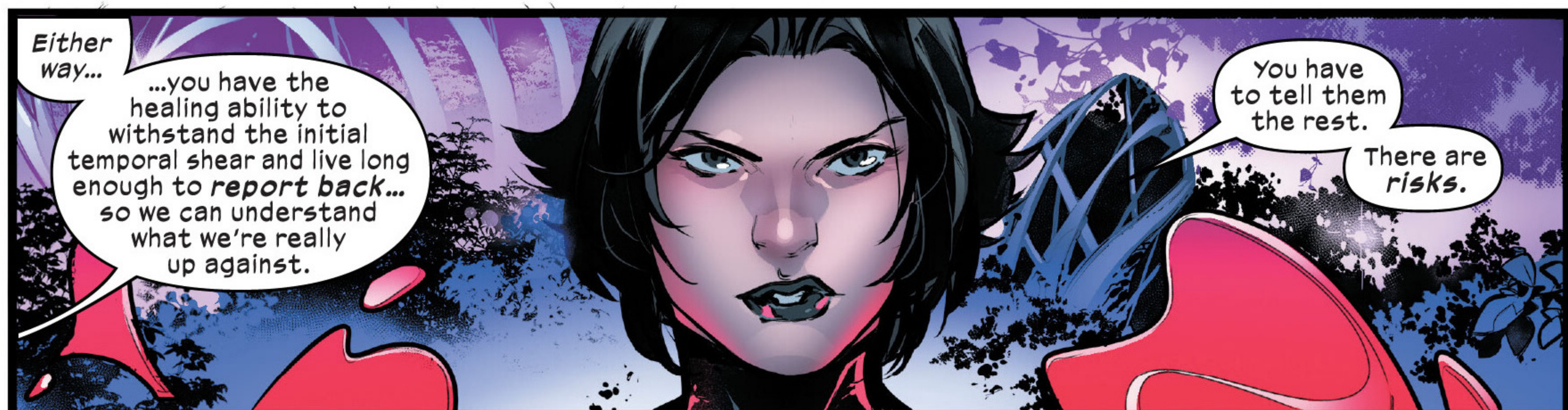


...X-23, who, like Wolverine--

Actually, I'm Wolverine.



You tell 'em, kiddo.

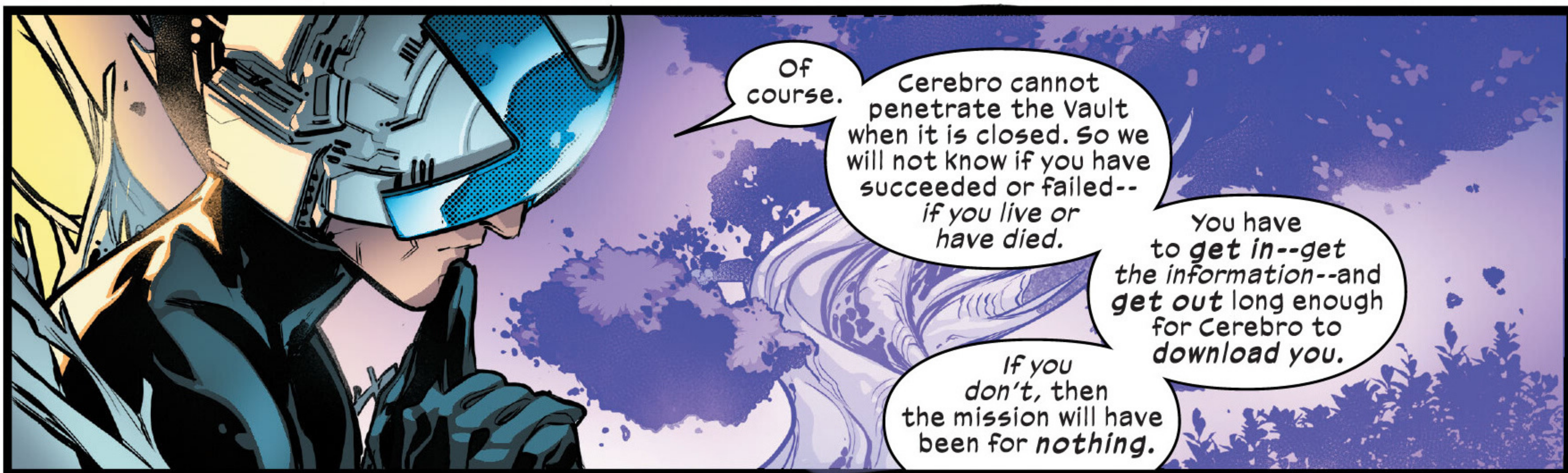


Either way...

...you have the healing ability to withstand the initial temporal shear and live long enough to *report back*... so we can understand what we're really up against.

You have to tell them the rest.

There are risks.



Of course.

Cerebro cannot penetrate the Vault when it is closed. So we will not know if you have succeeded or failed-- if you live or have died.

You have to **get in--get the information--and get out** long enough for Cerebro to download you.

If you *don't*, then the mission will have been for *nothing*.

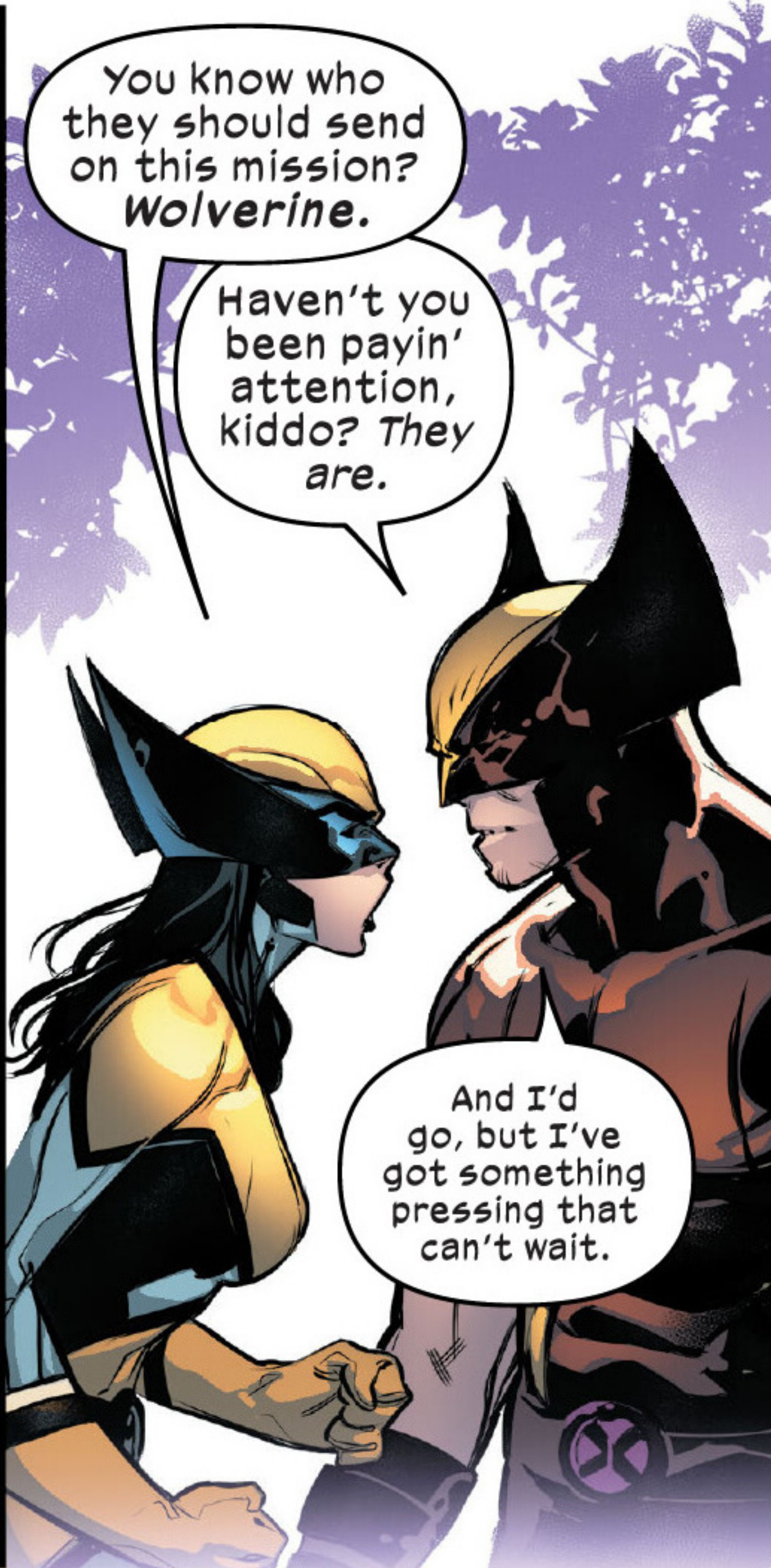


Exactly how long are we going to be gone?

Yeah. About that...

We believe there are ways to sneak you in. But once you are in, we can't get proof of life or death-- we can't resurrect you--until the Vault reopens.

And the last time it opened, *several thousand years* had passed inside.



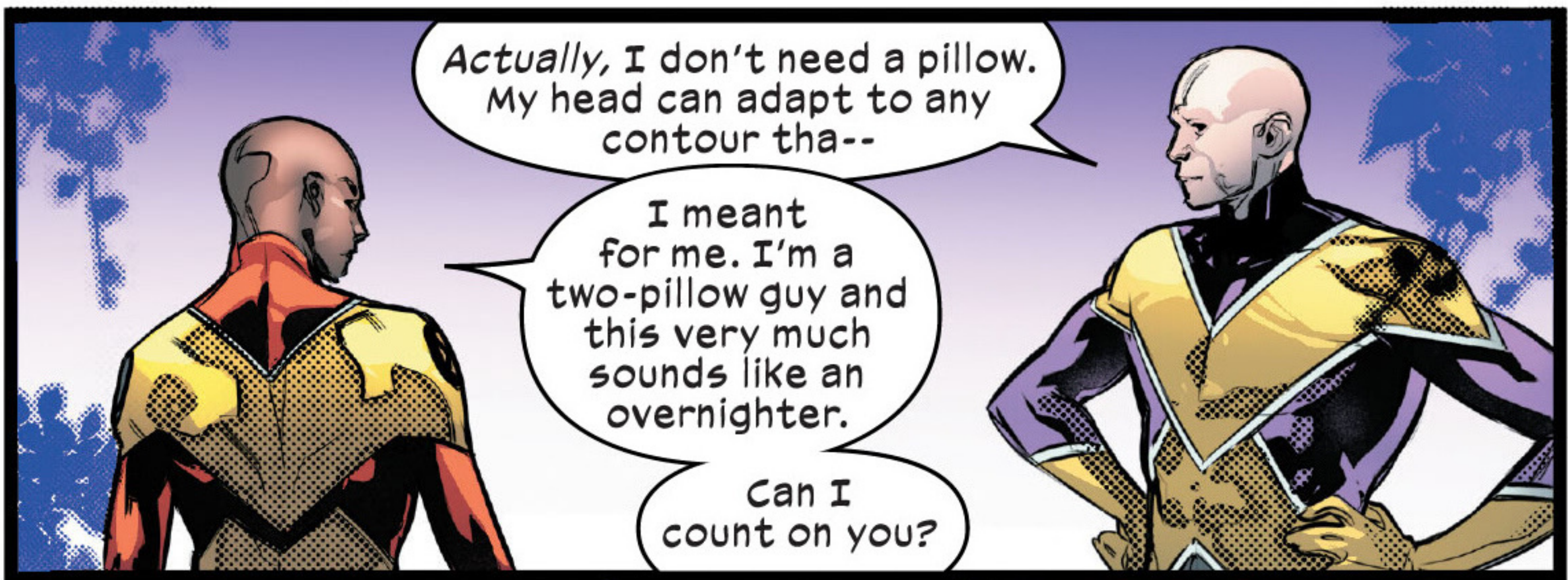
You know who they should send on this mission? **Wolverine.**

Haven't you been payin' attention, kiddo? *They are.*

And I'd go, but I've got something pressing that can't wait.



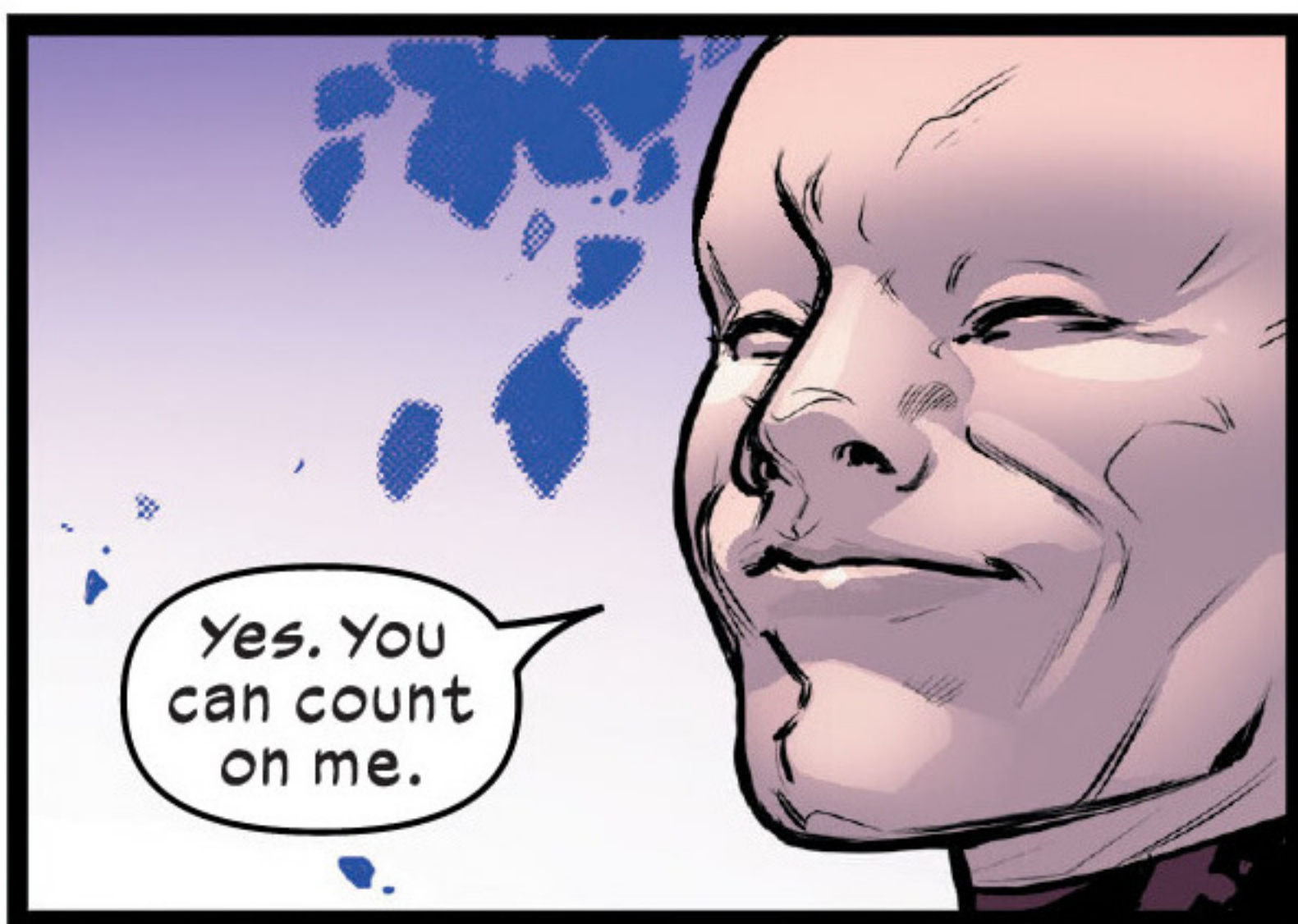
A couple thousand years, huh? You need to pack a pillow, Darwin.



Actually, I don't need a pillow. My head can adapt to any contour tha--

I meant for me. I'm a two-pillow guy and this very much sounds like an overnigher.

Can I count on you?



Yes. You can count on me.



All right, then...let's go be heroes.

MEDICAL REPORT

PATIENT FILE: #14

RE: Post-resurrection analysis of Synch [Everett Thomas]

[Krakoa].....[MED]
[.....].....[FIL]

PHYSIOLOGY

One week after rebirth, the patient appears to be in good health and excellent physical condition. Testing also indicates there doesn't appear to be a detrimental upper limit to what we are calling "peak physical form." A review of Synch's training sessions from his time at the Massachusetts Academy shows that he is now operating at a four percent increase in natural physical ability. The Five, it seems, are correcting [possibly unconsciously] the minor imperfections of each mutant they resurrect.

[NOTE: Synch was one of the earliest resurrected mutants because it was believed that his powers could enable him to act as a substitute for any of the Five who might need one. And while this proved to be the case, it was unknown at the time that resurrection isn't taxing for the Five but restorative.]

PSYCHOLOGY

Unfortunately, while the patient appears to be physically fine, the same cannot be said for his psychological condition. I would stop short of saying Everett is in denial, but he is clearly putting on a brave face regarding his current situation.

There is no escaping the fact that he looks around and sees a world that has changed in ways that he doesn't fully comprehend. And while this is burdensome enough, to see other mutants who were once fellow students of his having changed and in some ways passed him by has proven to be incredibly difficult for him.

So much so that I cannot currently recommend the further resurrection of similar mutants in Everett's situation unless a less harmful solution presents itself.*

- Dr. Cecilia Reyes

***[NOTE: Because of this experience, the idea of clustering mutants together from similar backgrounds and time periods was tested by resurrecting the mutant Skin [Angelo Espinosa] ahead of [his scheduled] time to serve as a companion for Synch. The success of this served to adapt our early resurrection protocols to better serve mutant society.]**

[////.....0]
[////.....0]

____//
FIELD DOWNLOAD:
CLASS: SERAFINA [LEVEL: TWO]

//////
REPORT FOR CHILD POD 5/600 [RECONNAISSANCE]

.....CHILD: SANGRE.....DECEASED [_]
.....CHILD: PERRO.....DECEASED [_]
.....CHILD: SERAFINA.....CAPTURED [/]
.....CHILD: AGUJA.....DECEASED [_]
.....CHILD: FUEGO.....DECEASED [-]

////////////////////
////////////////////
////////////////////

[_____].....[____]
[_____].....[____]

//////
//////

PRIMARY ANALYSIS:
Mission failure.

SECONDARY ANALYSIS:
Increased threat activity level of non-augmented, naturally occurring
human population
[Non-posthuman resistance expected. Threat level: secondary.]

////////////////////
////////////////////

Increased threat activity level of *Homo superior*
[Mutant resistance expected. Threat level: primary.]

CONCLUSION:
Vault opening delayed. Child level: Three necessary for successful
occupation/subjugation of external environment [World].

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[////.....0]
[////.....0]

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CITY [UPGRADE]: GLOBAL.
CLASS: ALL.
LEVEL: THREE.

//////
//////

POD 1/600 [EMPIRE].....LEVEL: TWO [UPGRADE]
POD 2/600 [JUDGE].....LEVEL: TWO [UPGRADE]
POD 3/600 [BUILDER].....LEVEL: TWO [UPGRADE]
POD 4/600 [SWORD].....LEVEL: TWO [UPGRADE]
POD 5/600 [RECONNAISSANCE].....LEVEL: --- [RESTORE]

\\\\\\\\

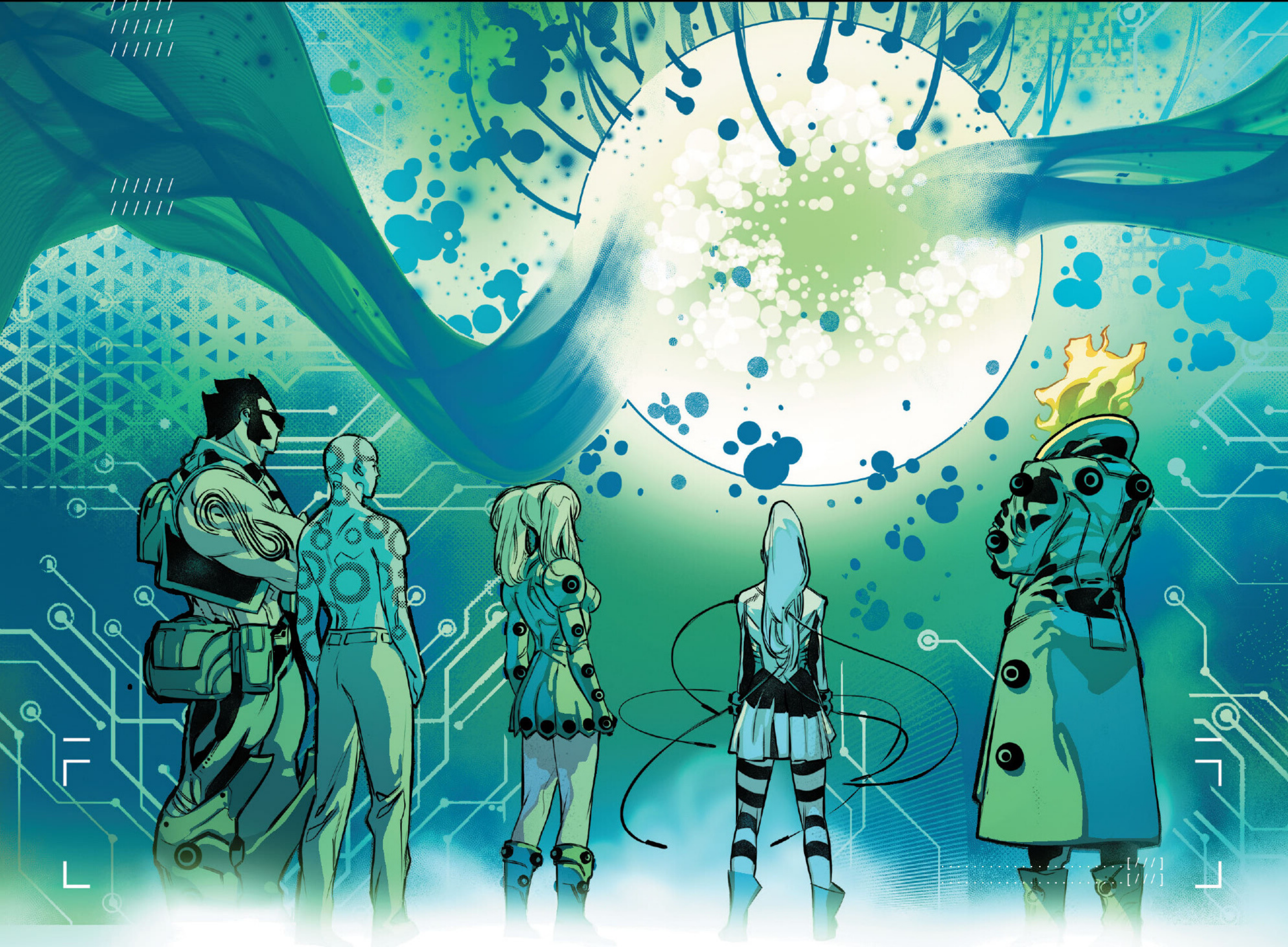
.....RESTORE CHILD: CLASS: SANGRE.....LEVEL: ONE [RESTORE]
.....RESTORE CHILD: CLASS: PERRO.....LEVEL: ONE [RESTORE]
.....UPGRADE CHILD: CLASS: SERAFINA.....LEVEL: TWO [UPGRADE]
.....RESTORE CHILD: CLASS: AGUJA.....LEVEL: ONE [RESTORE]
.....RESTORE CHILD: CLASS: FUEGO.....LEVEL: ONE [RESTORE]

//////

POD 6/600 [KNIFE].....LEVEL: TWO [UPGRADE]
POD 7/600 [FLIGHT].....LEVEL: TWO [UPGRADE]
POD 8/600 [COMMUNICATION].....LEVEL: TWO [UPGRADE]
POD 9/600 [TEACHER].....LEVEL: TWO [UPGRADE]
POD 10/600 [SOLDIER].....LEVEL: ONE [UPGRADE]
POD 11/600 [SOLDIER].....LEVEL: TWO [UPGRADE]
POD 12/600 [SOLDIER].....LEVEL: TWO [UPGRADE]
POD 13/600 [SOLDIER].....LEVEL: ONE [UPGRADE]
POD 14/600 [SOLDIER].....LEVEL: ONE [UPGRADE]
POD 15/600 [ENVOY].....

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Ecuador.
The Vault.

"So how are we
going to do it?"

"Get inside?"

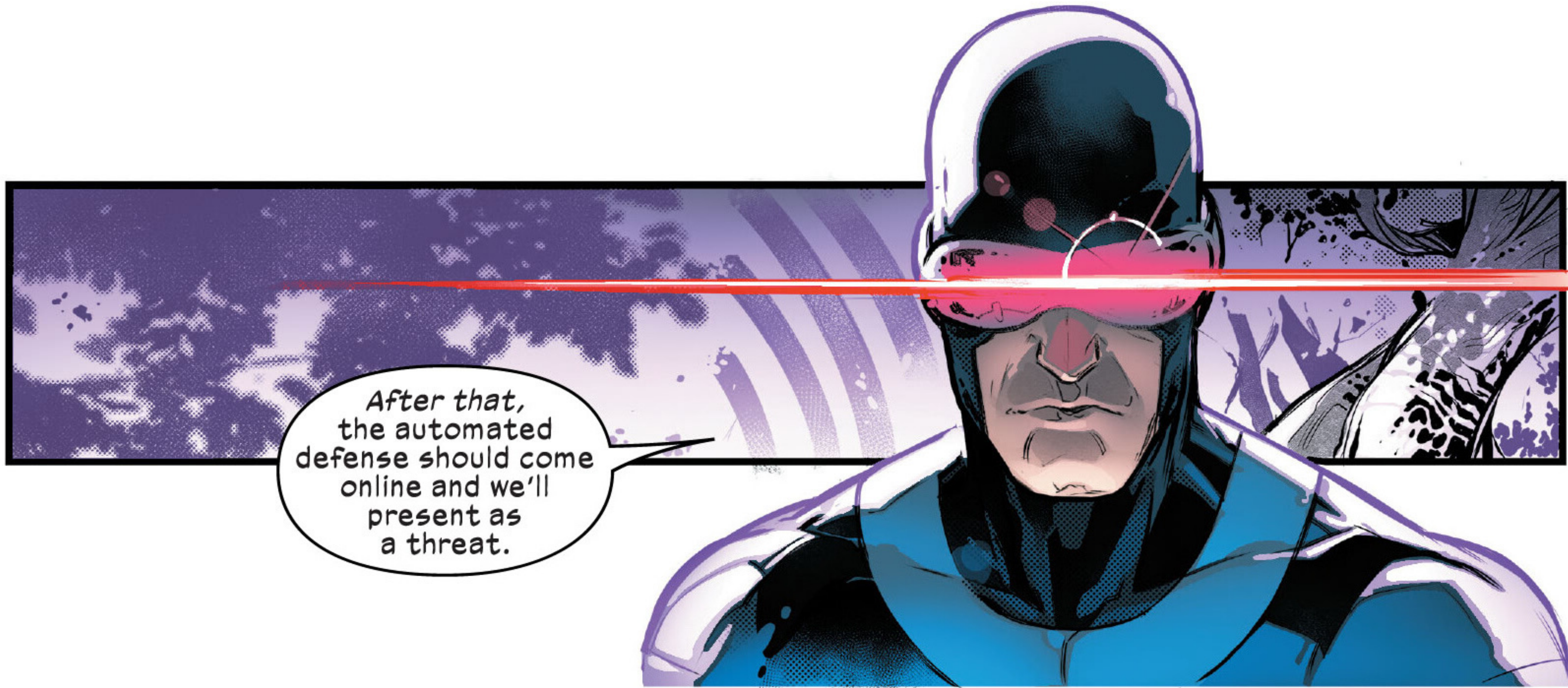
"Yeah."

"Well, we don't have any idea
why Serafina was outside the
Vault, but it has to be an
anomaly of some sort.
*Because the Children operate
in packs and no other Children
seemed to be active. So right
now, we're assuming they
remain in a growth cycle.*

"We've learned in previous attempts to
get in that during those periods their
defenses are automated by the Vault A.I.

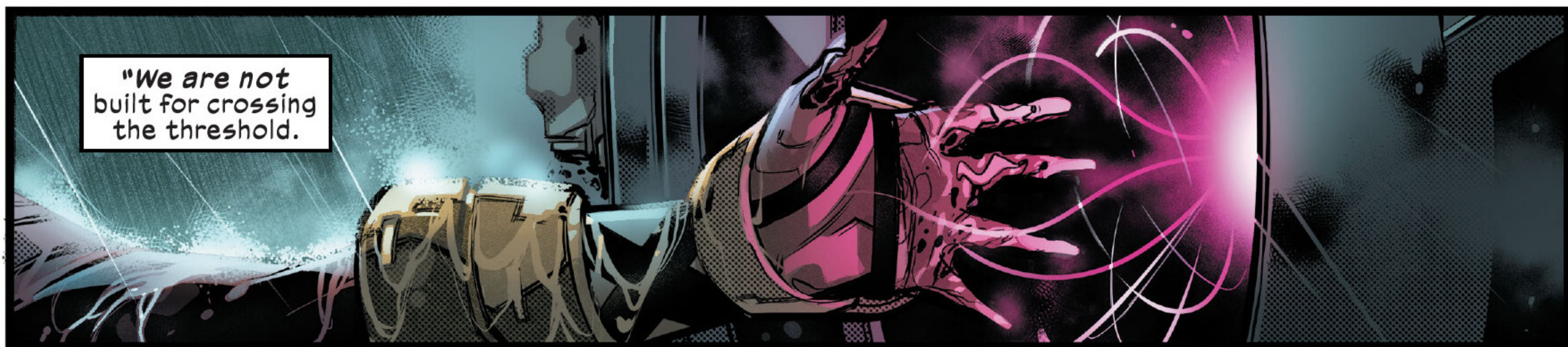
"They're
dormant but
actively looking
for a *breach*...

"So first, we're
going to get their
attention."





"As I said before, the real problem with breaking into the Vault is the *temporal shear*."



"We are not built for crossing the threshold."



"Which is why we're sending the three of you in..."

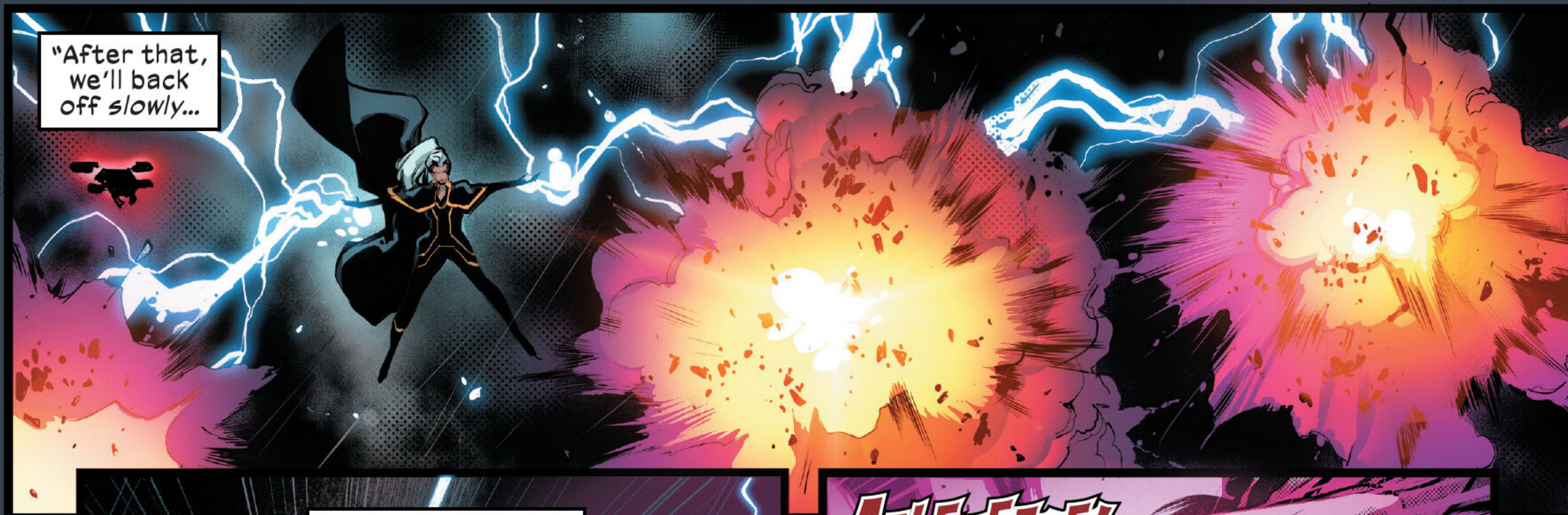


"We think you are built for it."



Forge has repurposed a few of the Orchis translocators we salvaged in South America, so you'll use that to get inside instead of cracking a door open.

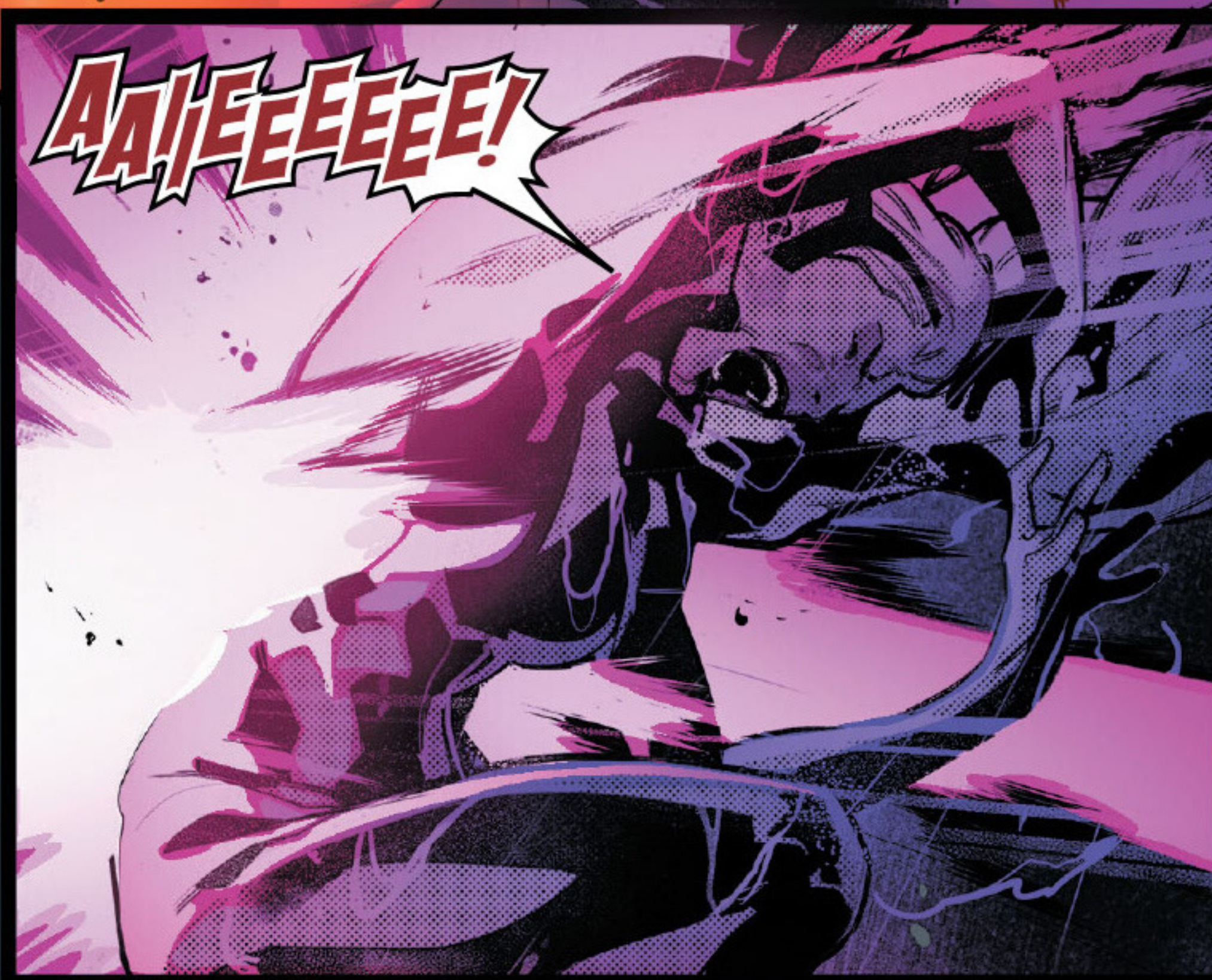
Because, after all, the point is to get you inside without attracting their attention...



"After that,
we'll back
off slowly..."



"...fake a retreat,
withdraw to an area
beyond the defense
radius..."



AAIEEEEEEE!



Got
her!



Let's
get out of
here.

"...and let the
Vault defenses
think they've
done their job."



[////.....0]
[////.....0]

____//
[PHASE DISTURBANCE DETECTED]
/////

/////

ASYMMETRICAL [SECONDARY THRESHOLD] BREACH.
SCANNING FOR CONTAGION.....SCAN COMPLETE:...[CONTAMINATED]
/////

SUBJECTS UNIDENTIFIED:.....CLASS: UNKNOWN.[LEVEL: UNKNOWN]

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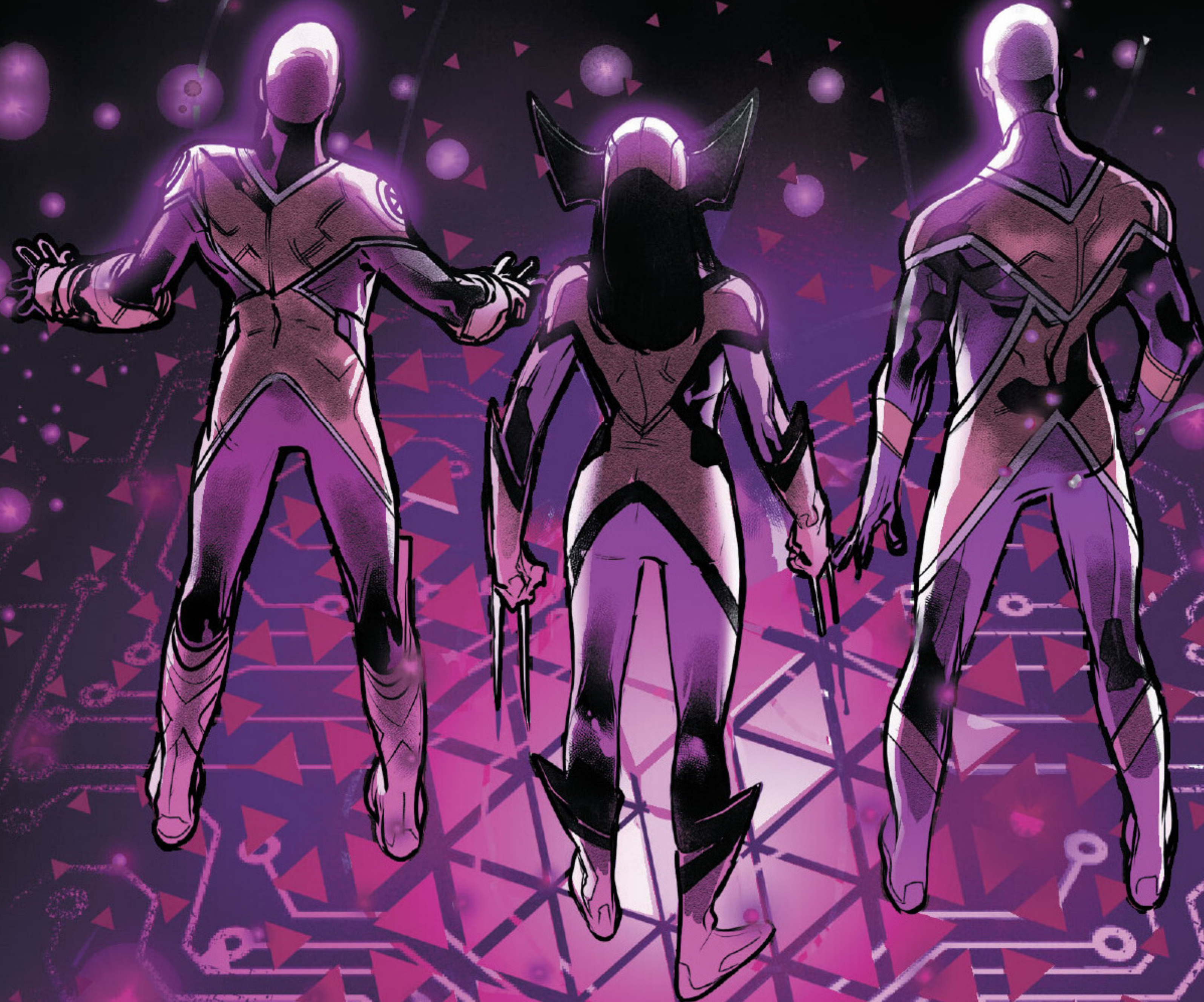
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[____].....[____]
[____].....[____]

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.....[///]
.....[///]

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[////.....0]

//
ANOMALY DETECTED.
VAULT RESPONSE INCOMING.
PROTECT THE CITY.

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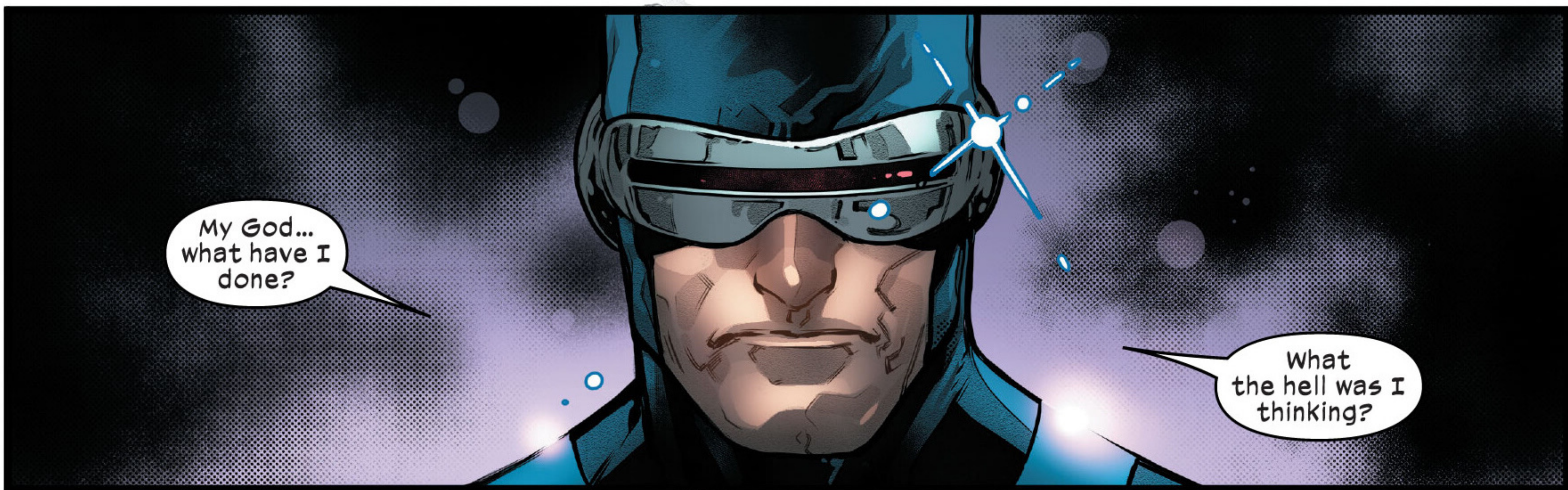
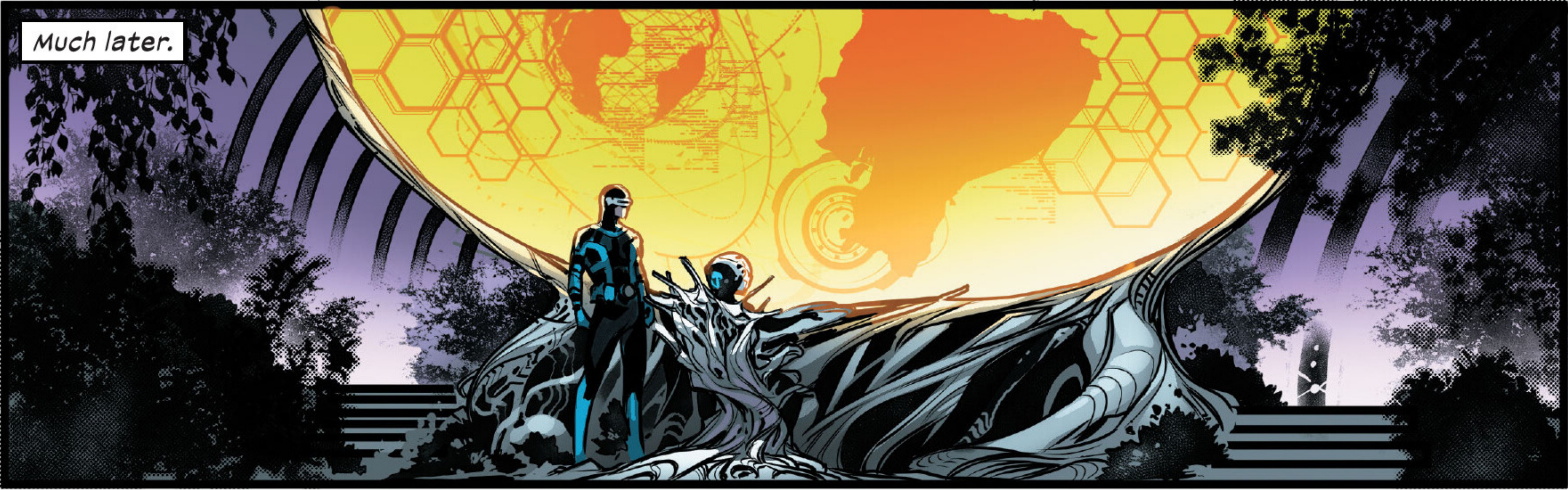
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[].....[]
[].....[]

////
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Oh,
#%&@.

////
////





The Oracle

6

Then.

"I wish you
could see
this, Irene."

"I've seen more sunsets
than you can imagine,
Raven. The collapse of all
things and the end of days.

"I have seen
enough."



Then
why are
we--

I want
you to listen
carefully.

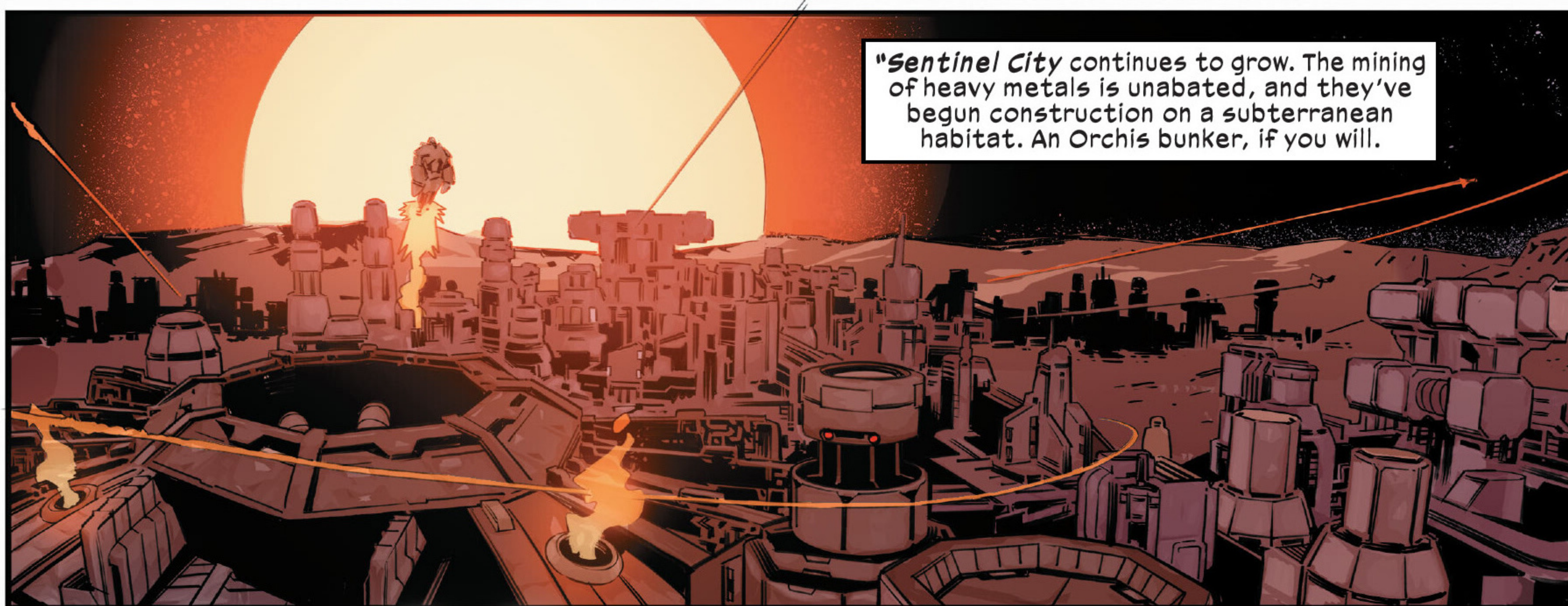


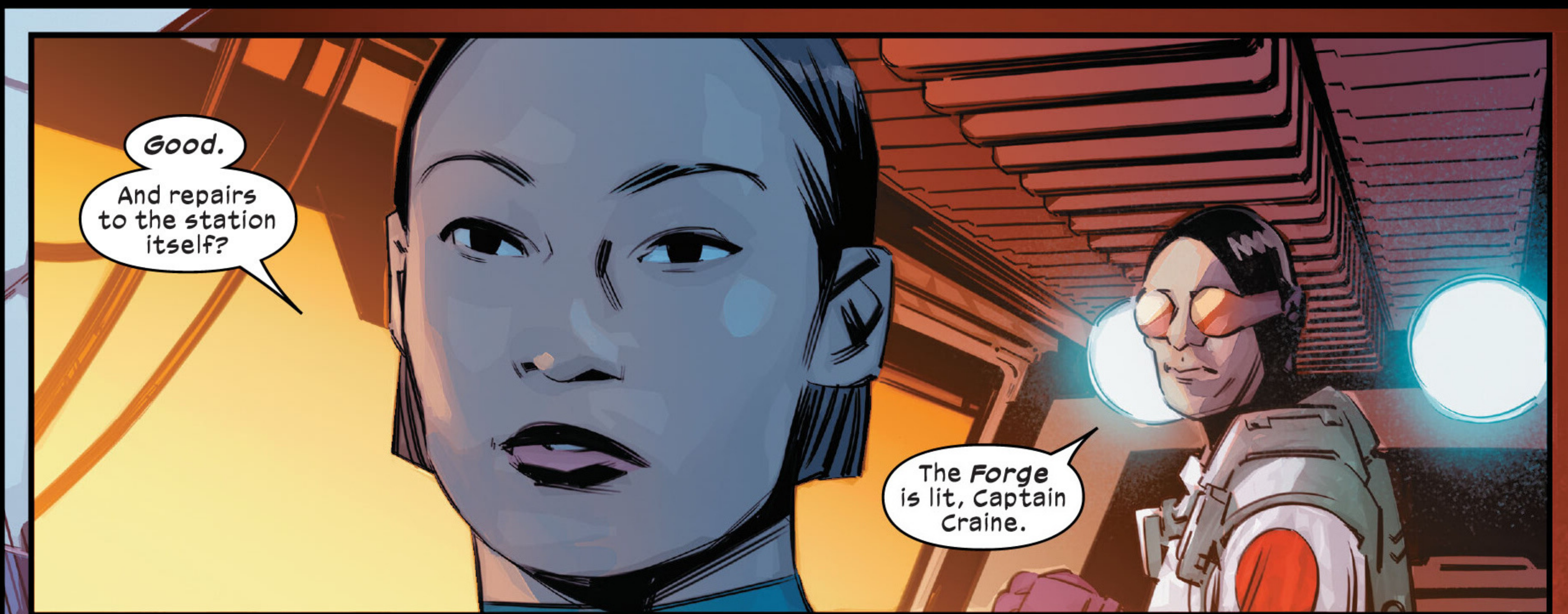
What I'm
about to tell you
isn't going to sound
believable, but
I promise...



...it's all
true.

Every
word of
it.





Good.

And repairs
to the station
itself?

The *Forge*
is lit, Captain
Craine.

"We are *healthy*
and *whole--as* fit
as any motherless
orphan can be."

Later.

They say that perfection comes from repetition and repetition only.

That perfection is all craft and no passion...

Well, I for one have no interest in being perfect, my dear Omega. For I am an artist.

And with that last stroke...

TINK!

...my work is complete.

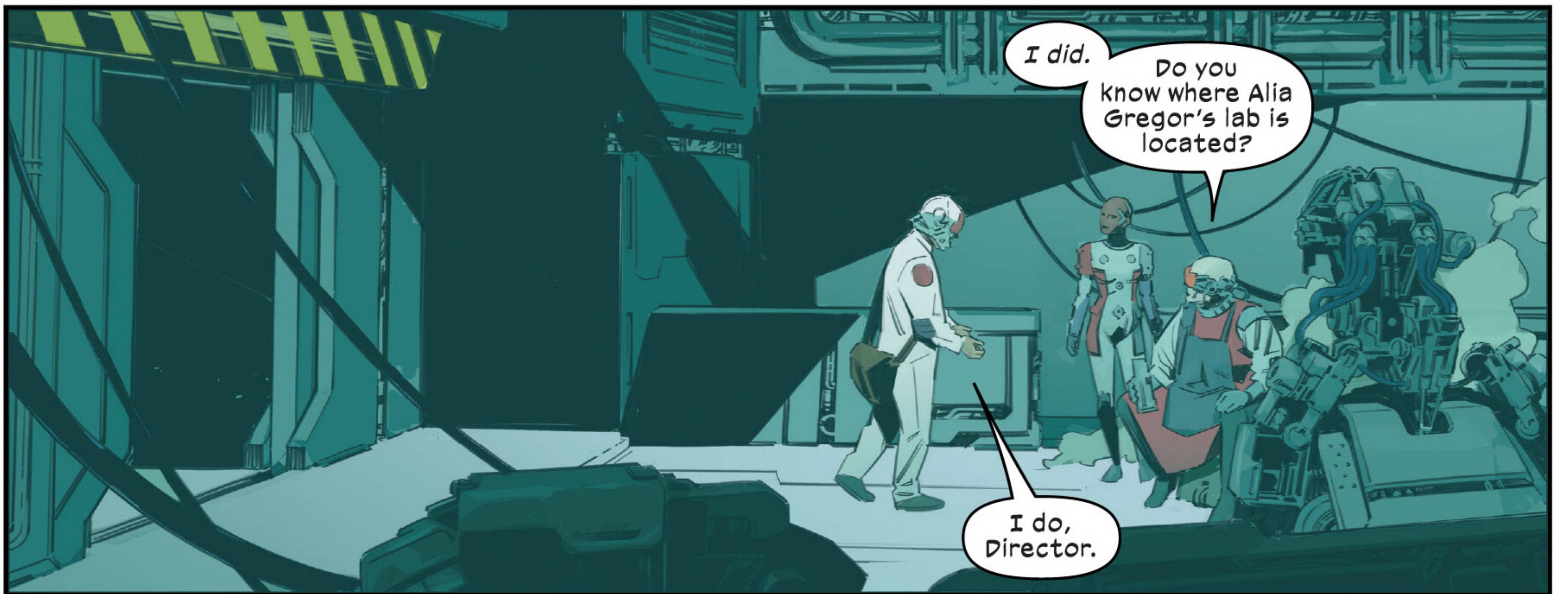
What do you think?

I think it looks *perfect*.



Excuse me, Director.

You called for a courier?



I did.

Do you know where Alia Gregor's lab is located?

I do, Director.



Please take this to her *immediately*. She's waiting on it.

Special project.



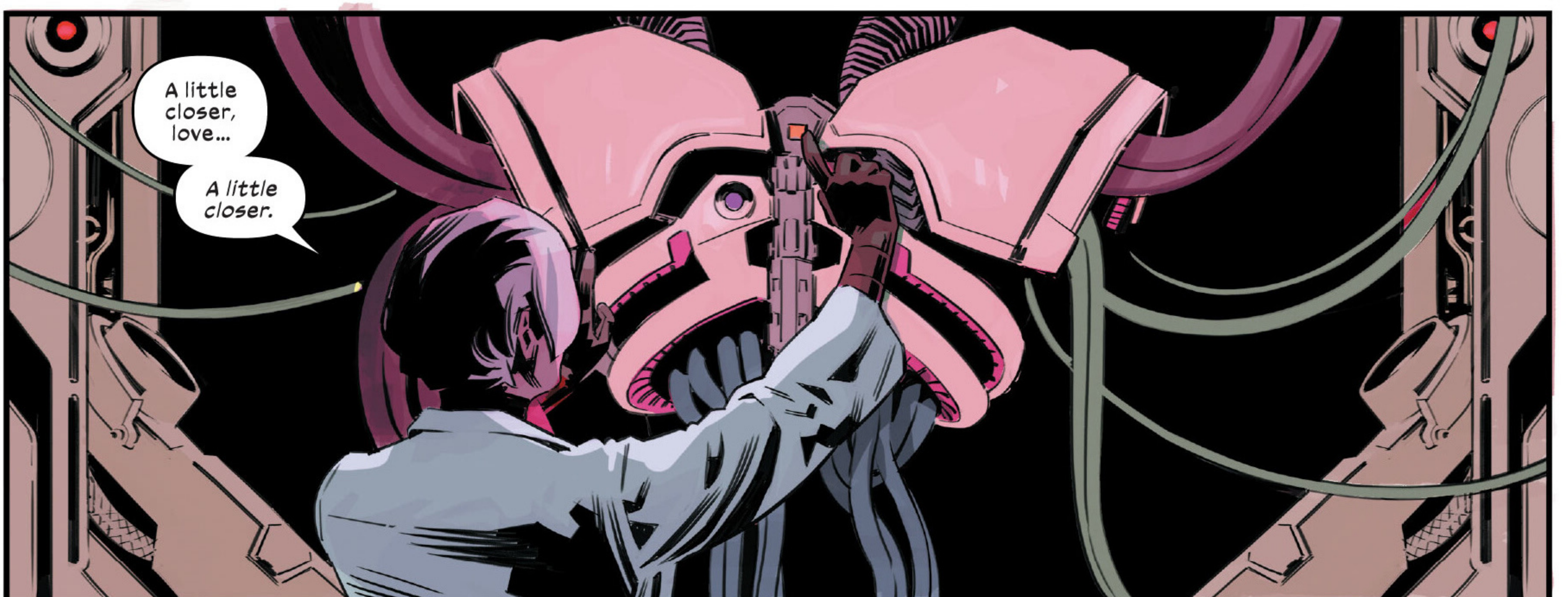
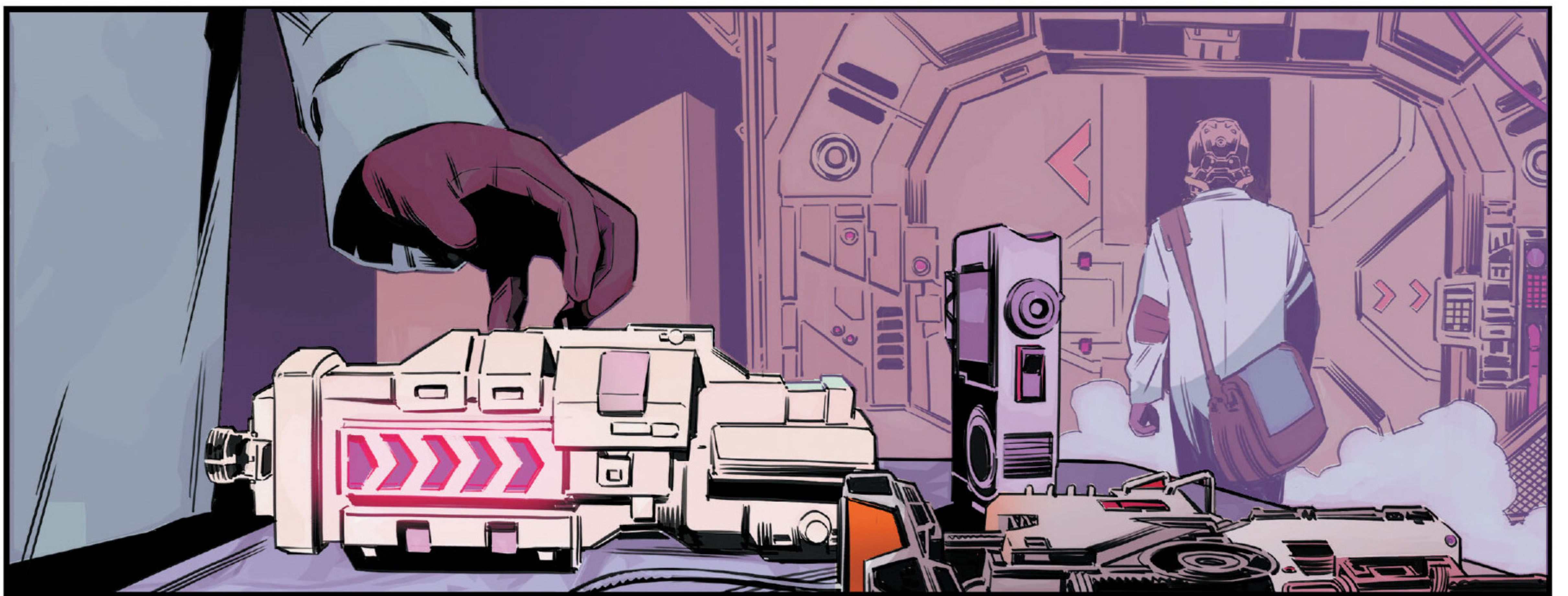
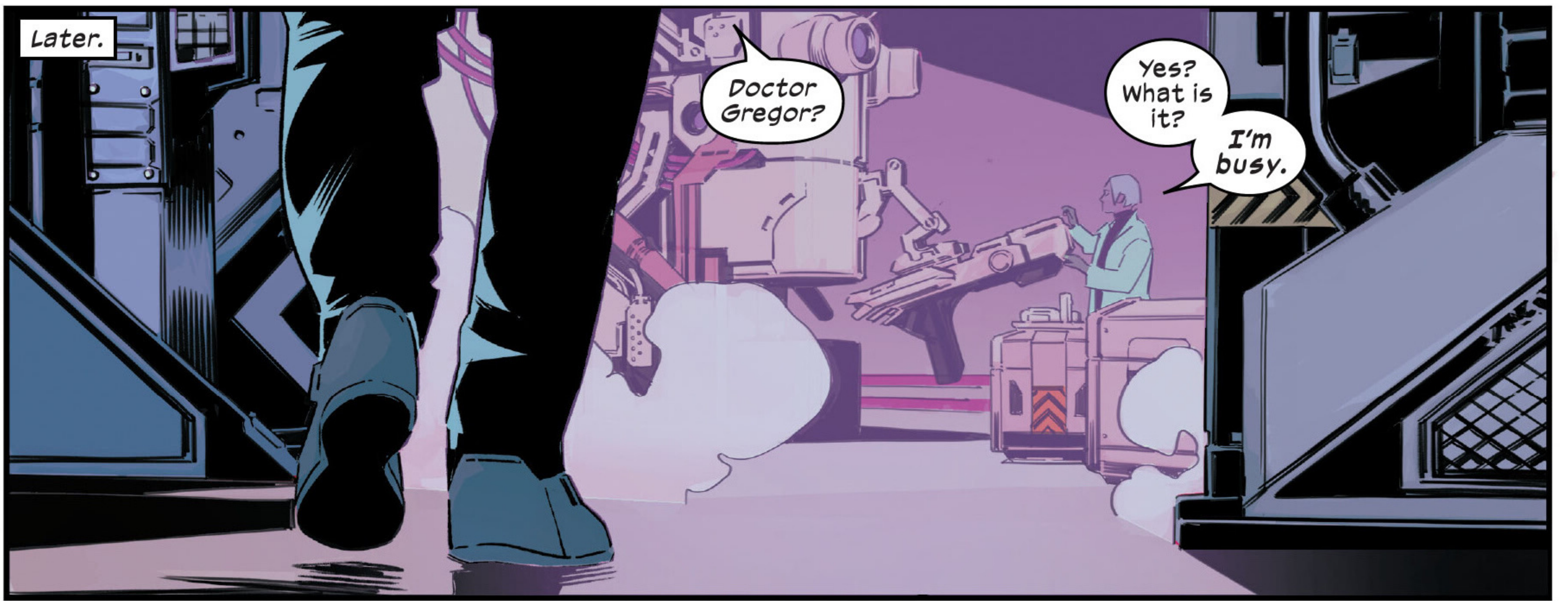
Now...*am I* wrong, Omega... or are you developing a devilish sense of humor?

The time will come, Director Devo, when it might become necessary to engage others on a truly emotional level.

This isn't it.

My goodness, look at you...

Self-aware, evolving...a *work of art*.



Then.
Plans.

I have
demands.

Do you,
now?

Is helping
your fellow
mutant not reward
enough for Raven
Darkholme?

No. It
isn't.

I need
more.

Yes,
I see
that...

But it's
fair, I suppose.
We have further
demands as
well.

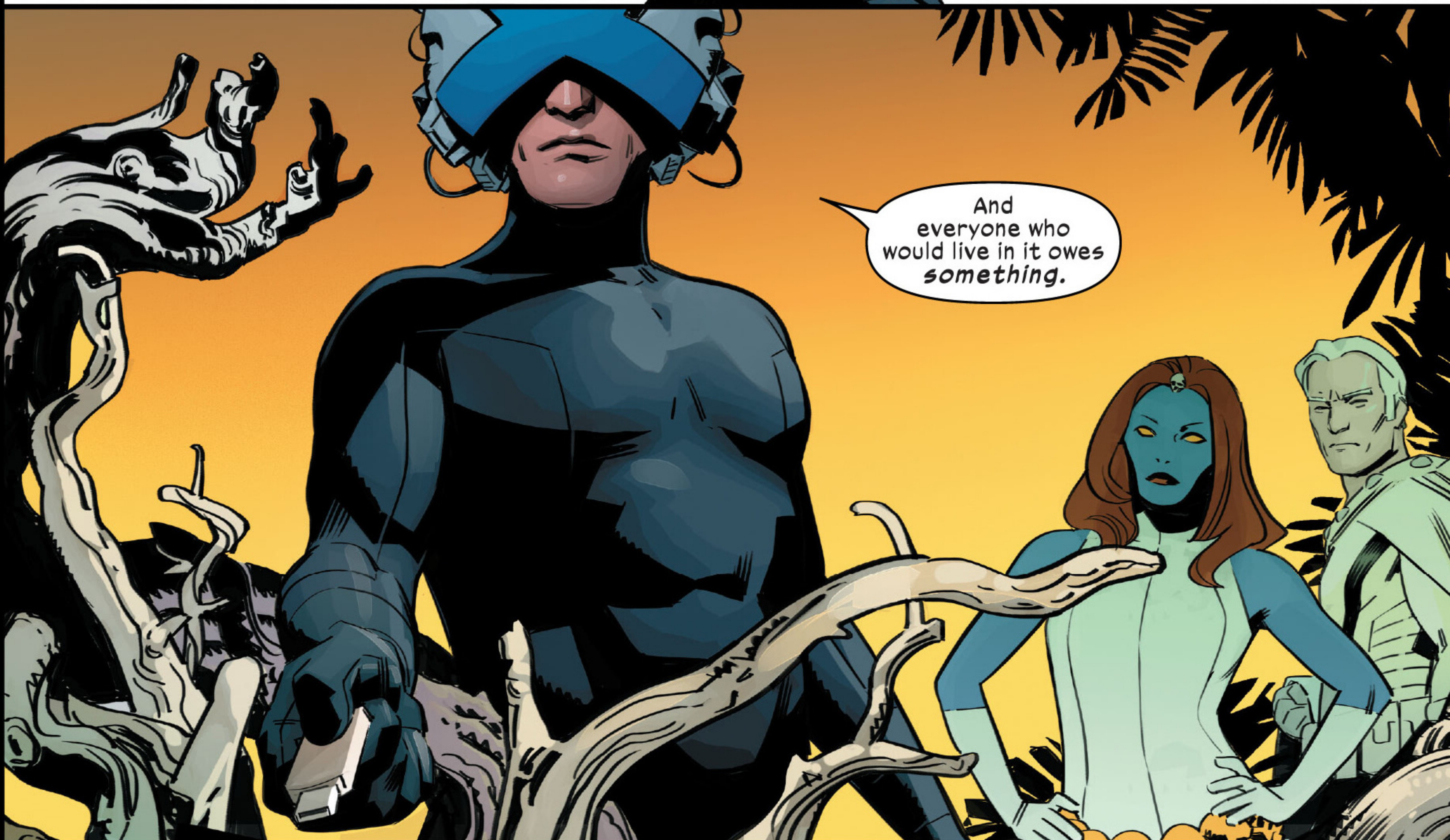


Really?

I'm afraid so.

Is helping your fellow mutant not reward enough for the *great* Charles Xavier?

We're building a better mutant world, Mystique.



And everyone who would live in it owes *something*.

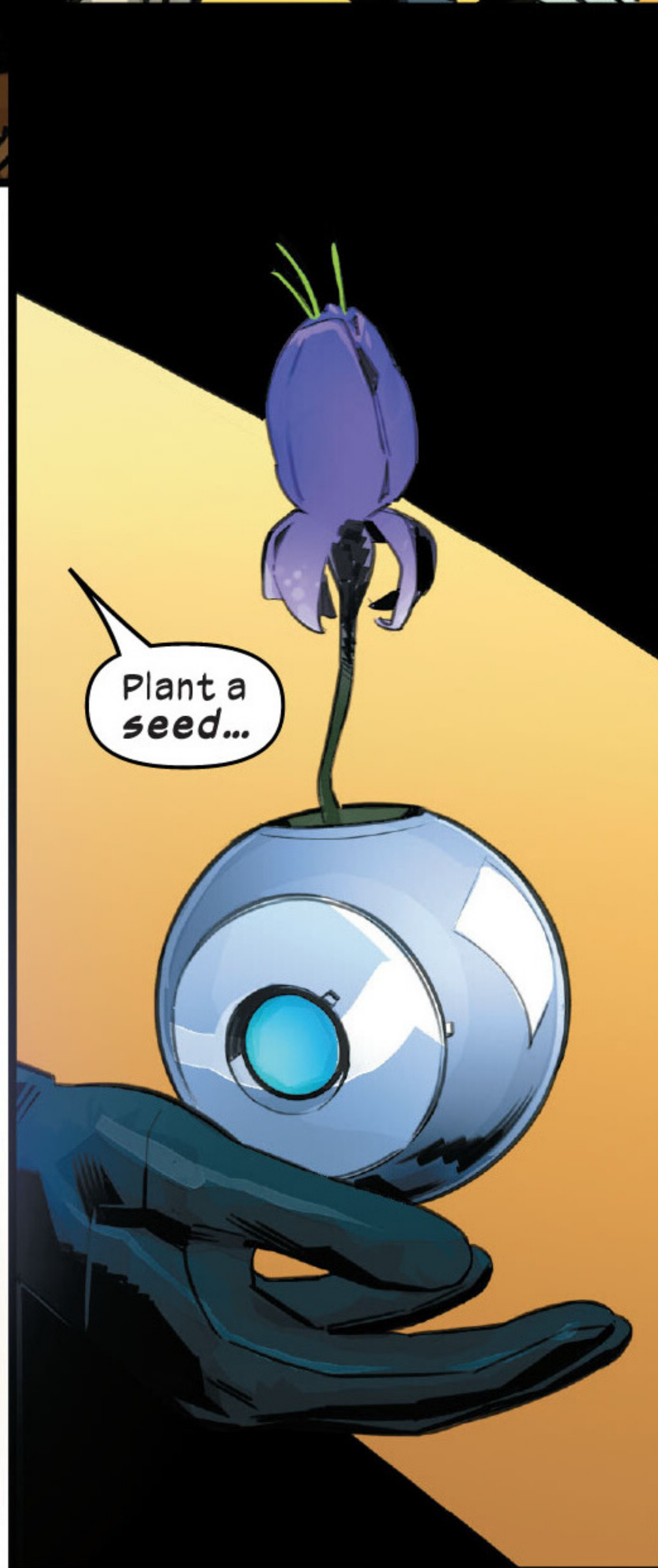


Including you.

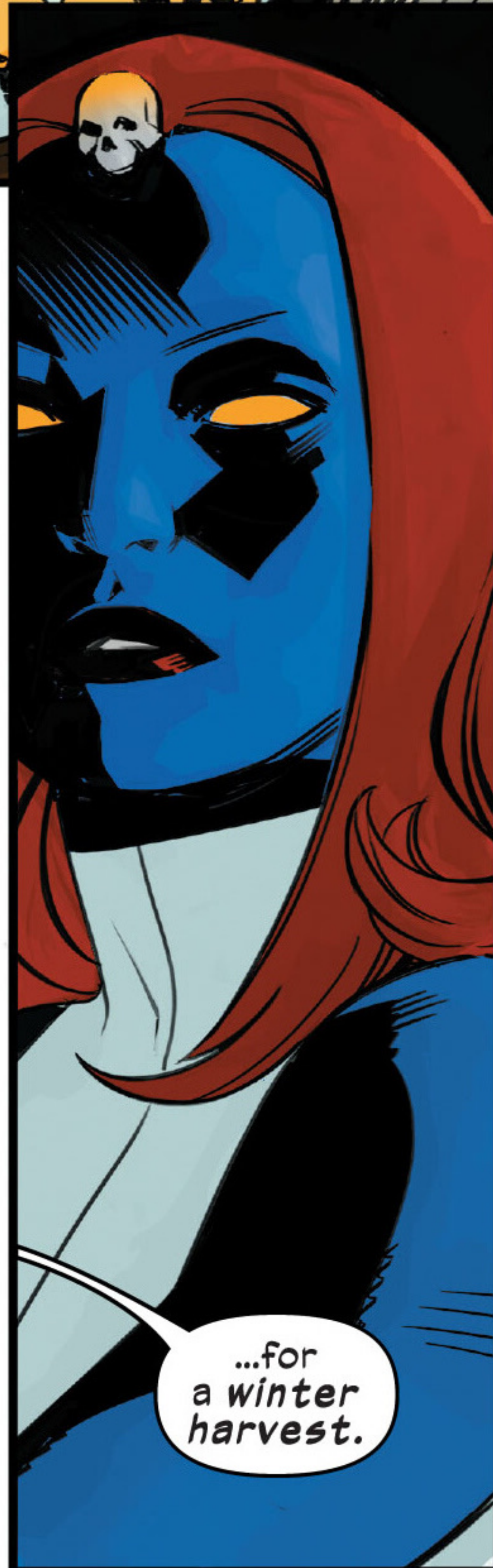
We're going to be sending a team to the Mother Mold orbiting the sun.

You'll go with them...*run the mission*, but there's something else we need from you.

What's that?



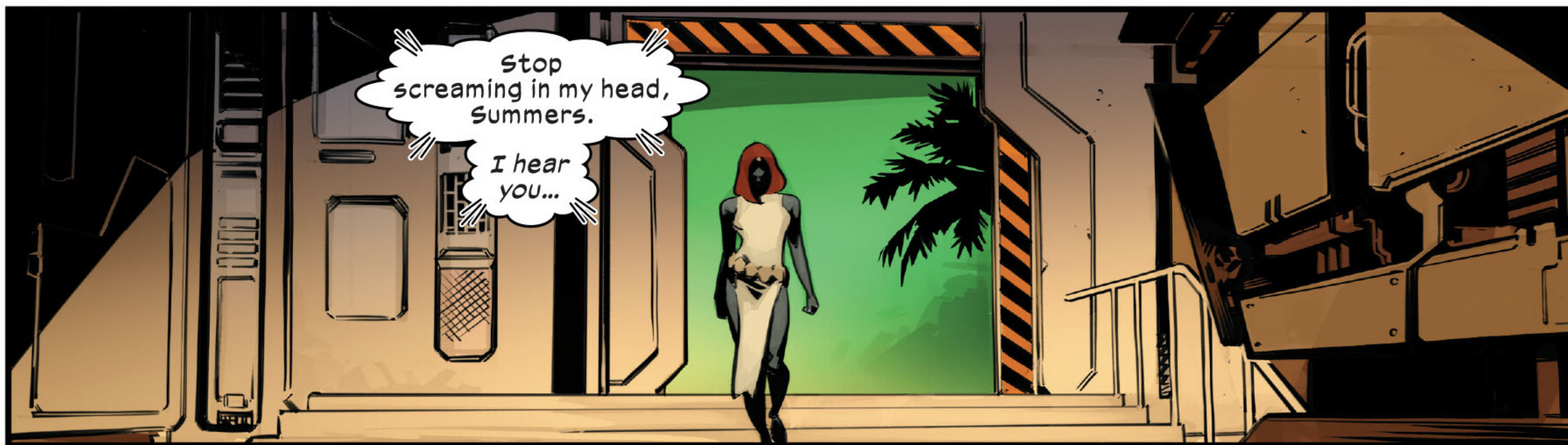
Plant a *seed*...



...for a winter harvest.

Then.
The Mission.





Stop
screaming in my head,
Summers.

I hear
you...



I got
turned around,
but I'm here now.
I've...

Hold on.
Something's...



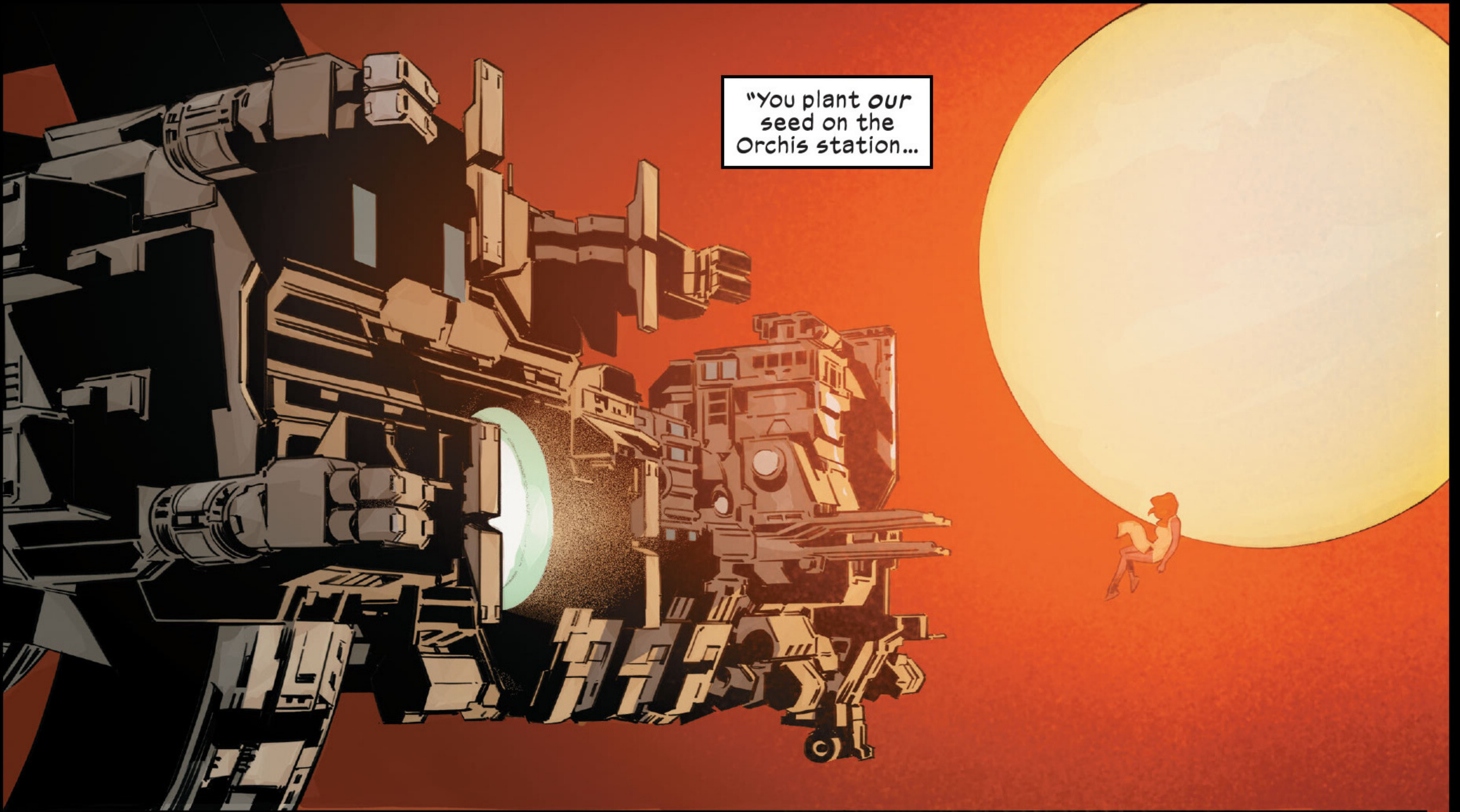
...not
right.

Hey there.
Got some
bad news
for you.



No!

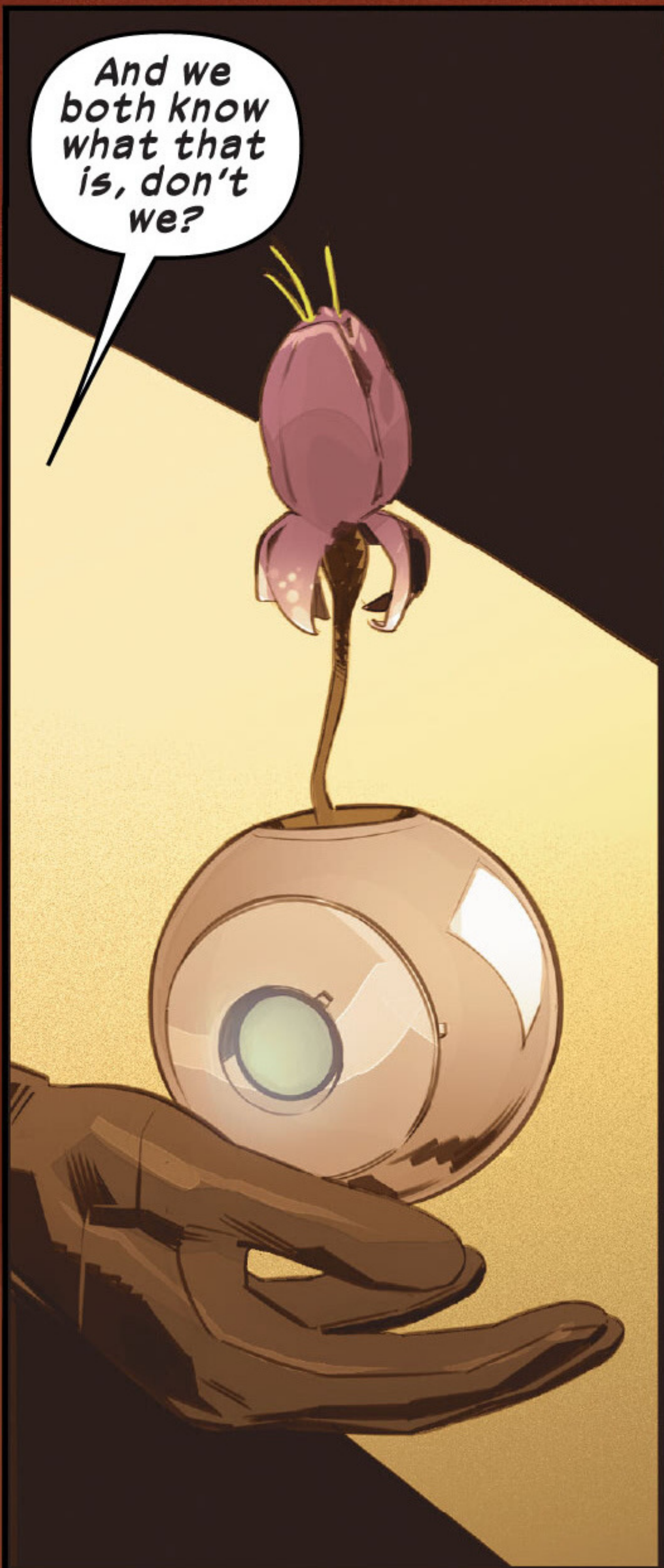




"You plant *our* seed on the Orchis station..."



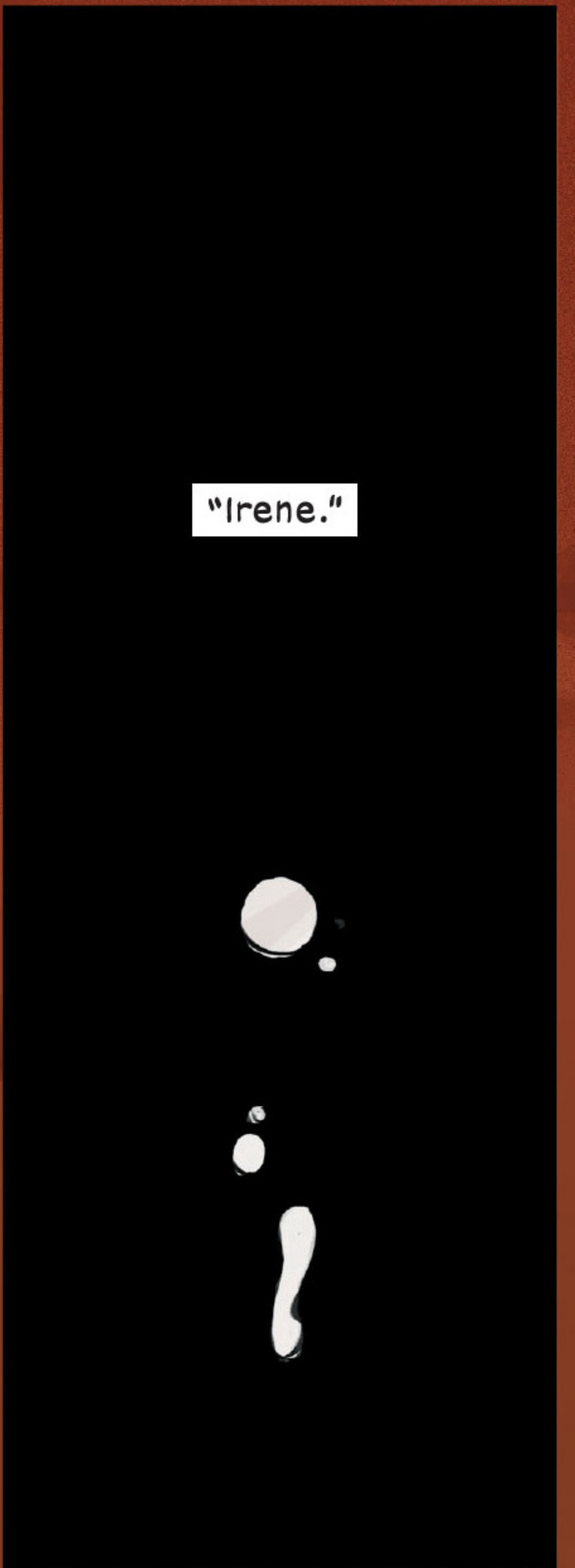
"*We* get what *we* want--and then you get what you want."



And we both know what that is, don't we?



"Yes..."



"Irene."



Later.

"You saved
us all..."



...and
for that we are
grateful.



But
you need
more.

All of you died beyond the
reach of Cerebro, meaning
you were restored to your
last backup before
you left.



The Mother
Mold is gone,
yes, but as to
the other...

We *believe*
you succeeded.
But we need to
know that
you did.



And how
would you
know if I planted
the flower or
not?

We
wouldn't.



We
believe you
did.

But
we need to
know that
you did.





So what happens if I walk through the gate and I didn't grow a gate on the other side?

You won't go anywhere-- you'll just walk straight through.

The gateway flowers are grown in tandem. The other side has to be active for it to work.



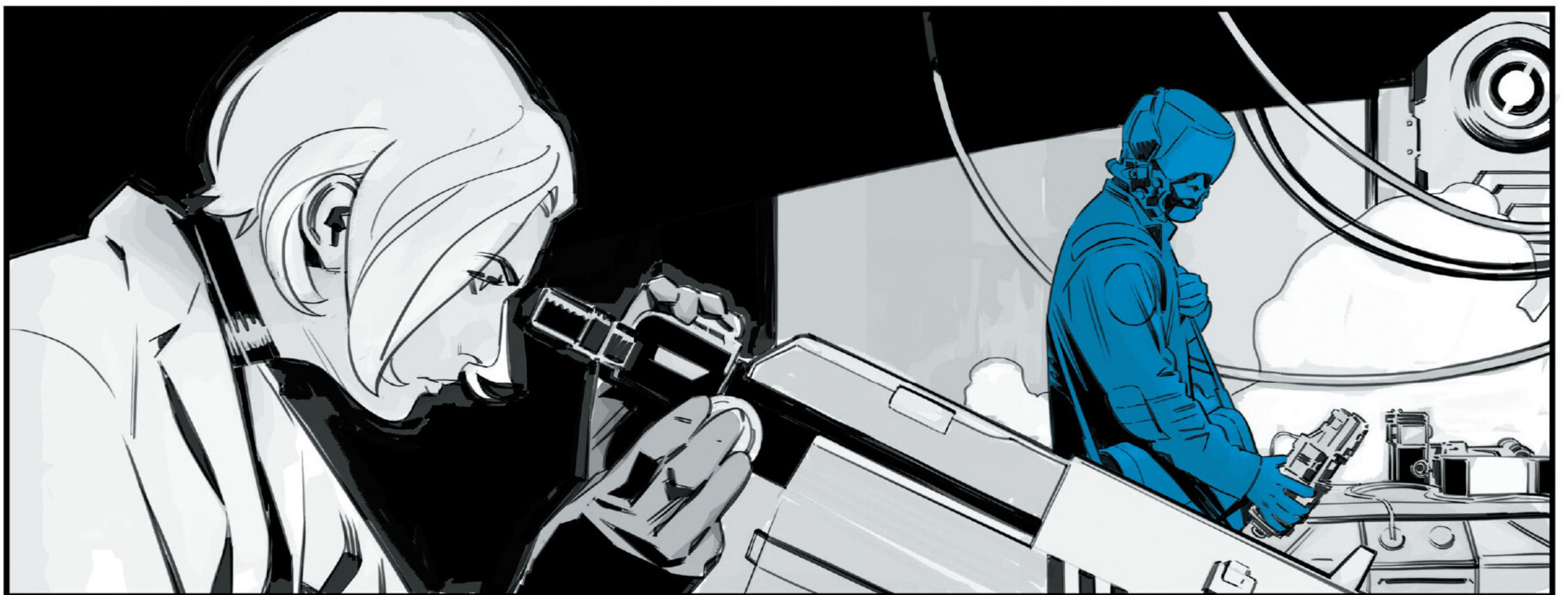
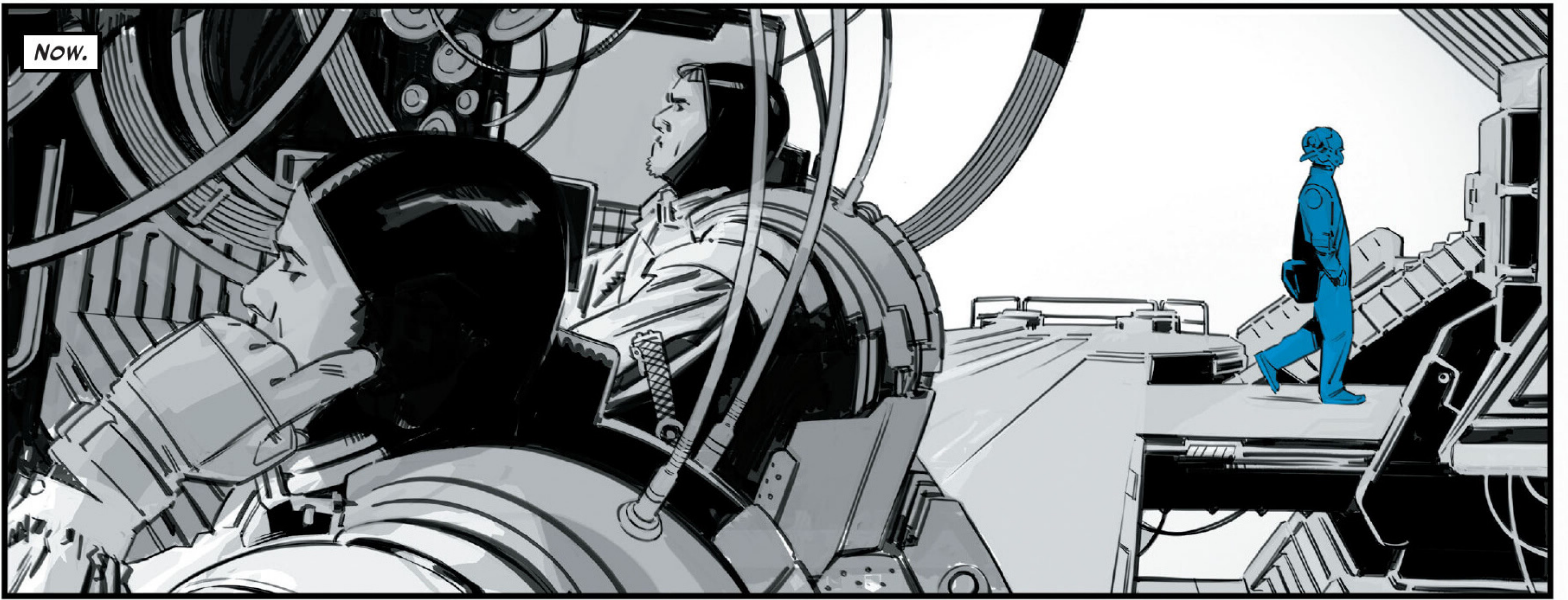
The problem is if they've found it and you're walking into a trap...or worse.

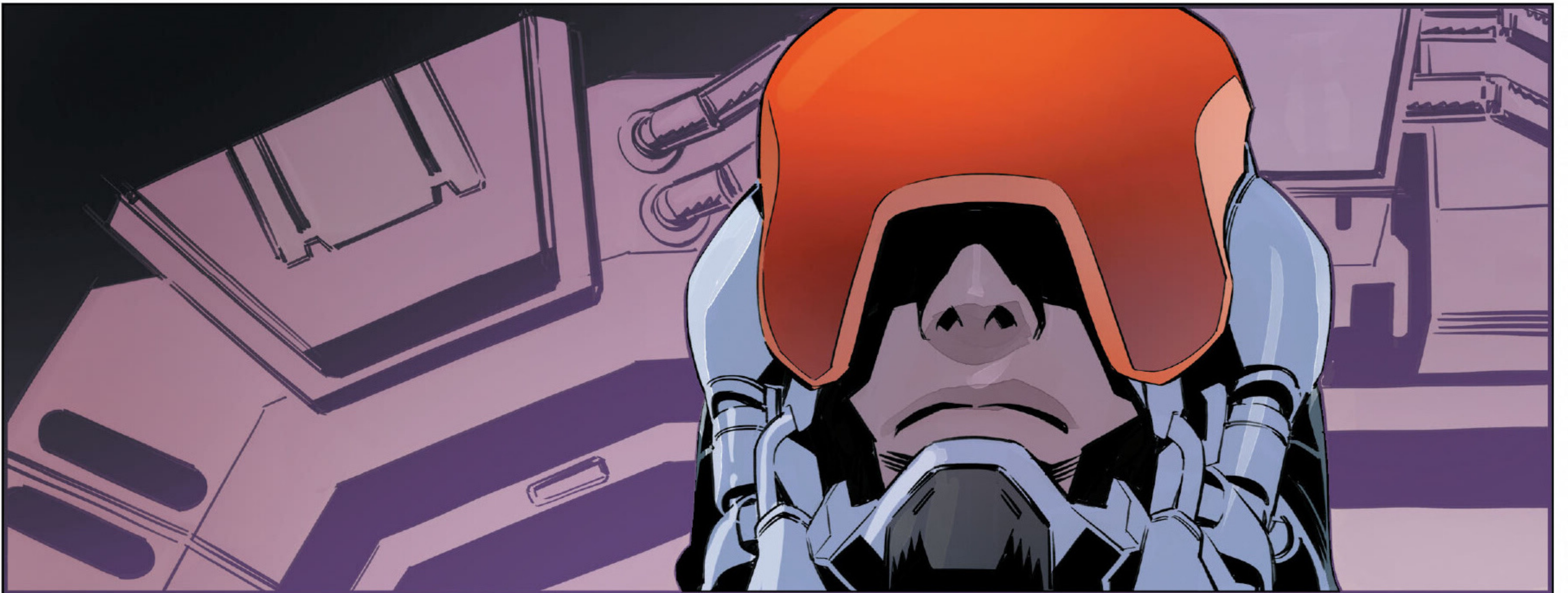
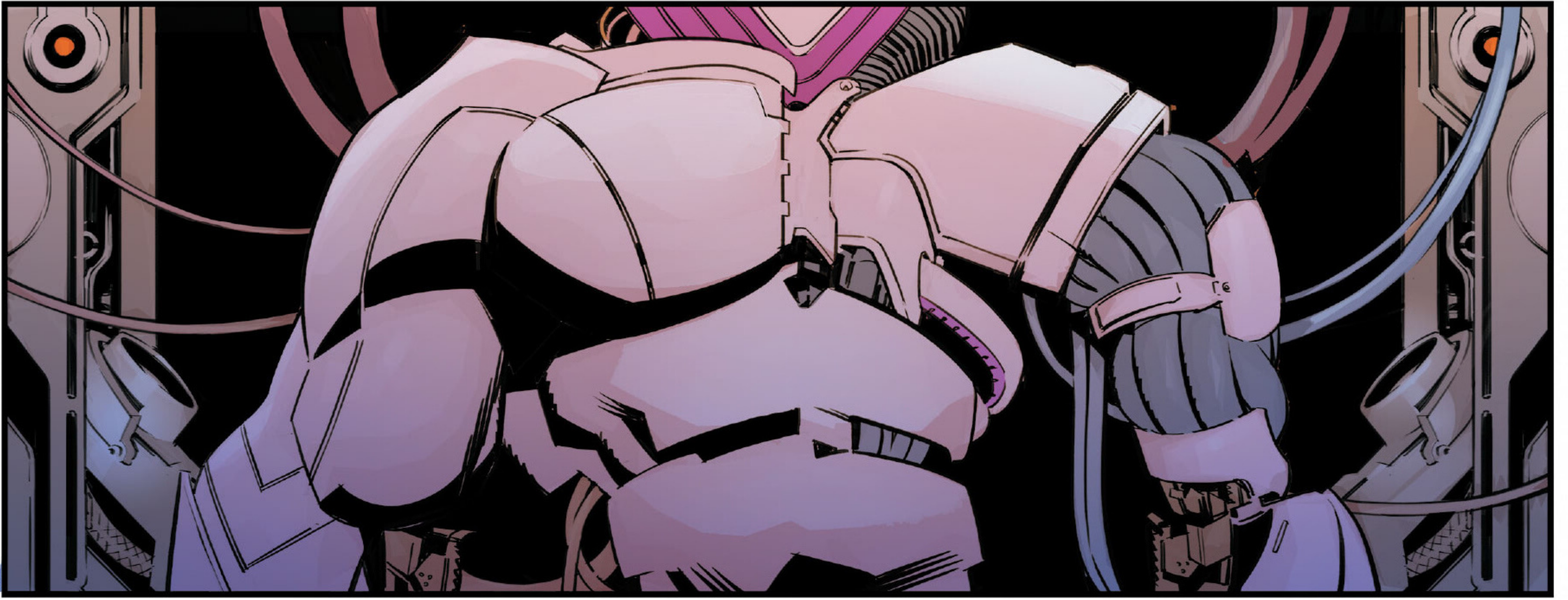


"But we have to know."



"So off you go."





"Bad news..."



"We took our shot...and we missed."

What happened?

Most of it's beyond my ken, but it looks to me that your belief that *Nimrod* comes from the *Mother Mold* is wrong.

There's a scientist there-- Alia Gregor--who's building something that looks just like one.

Why didn't you *take care* of it?

Haven't you heard?

We have laws.

Not for *that*. Not for *them*.

And let's be honest, not for *you*...if you thought it needed doing.

So why didn't you?



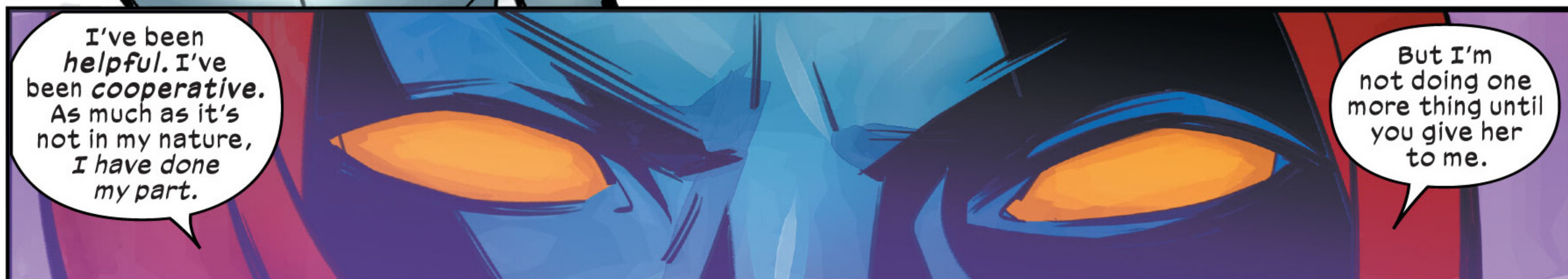
Because
you *needed*
to know.

And
now you
do.



No. It's
more than
that.

Out
with it,
Raven.



I've been
helpful. I've
been *cooperative*.
As much as it's
not in my nature,
I have done
my part.

But I'm
not doing one
more thing until
you give her
to me.

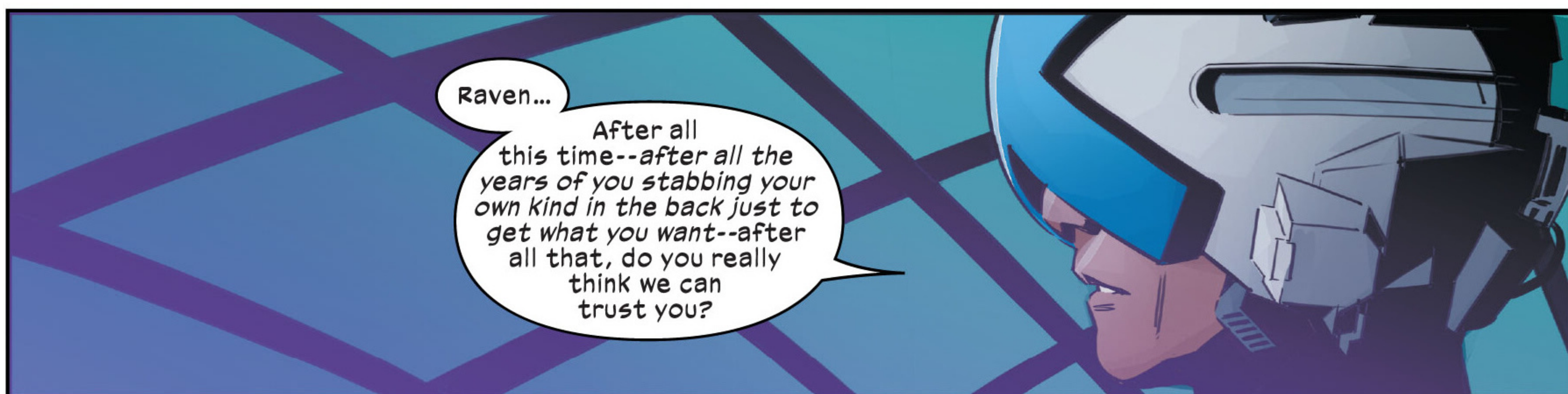


That
wasn't the
deal.



I don't
care.

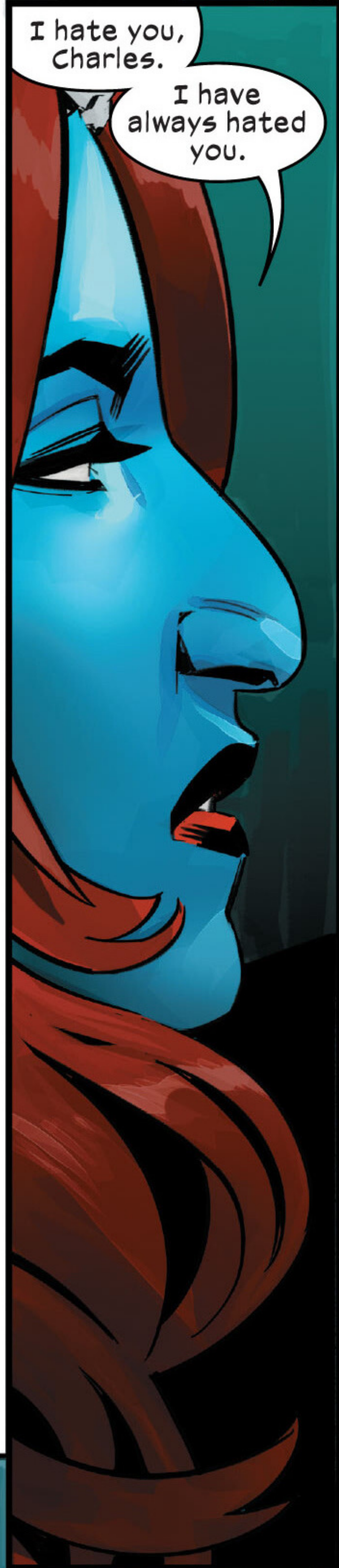
Bring her
back!



Raven...

After all
this time--after all the
years of you stabbing your
own kind in the back just to
get what you want--after
all that, do you really
think we can
trust you?





I hate you, Charles.

I have always hated you.



Hated and feared.
I fear I'm growing numb to it.



Not because it doesn't bother me, but because all of this is...bigger than how we *feel*...



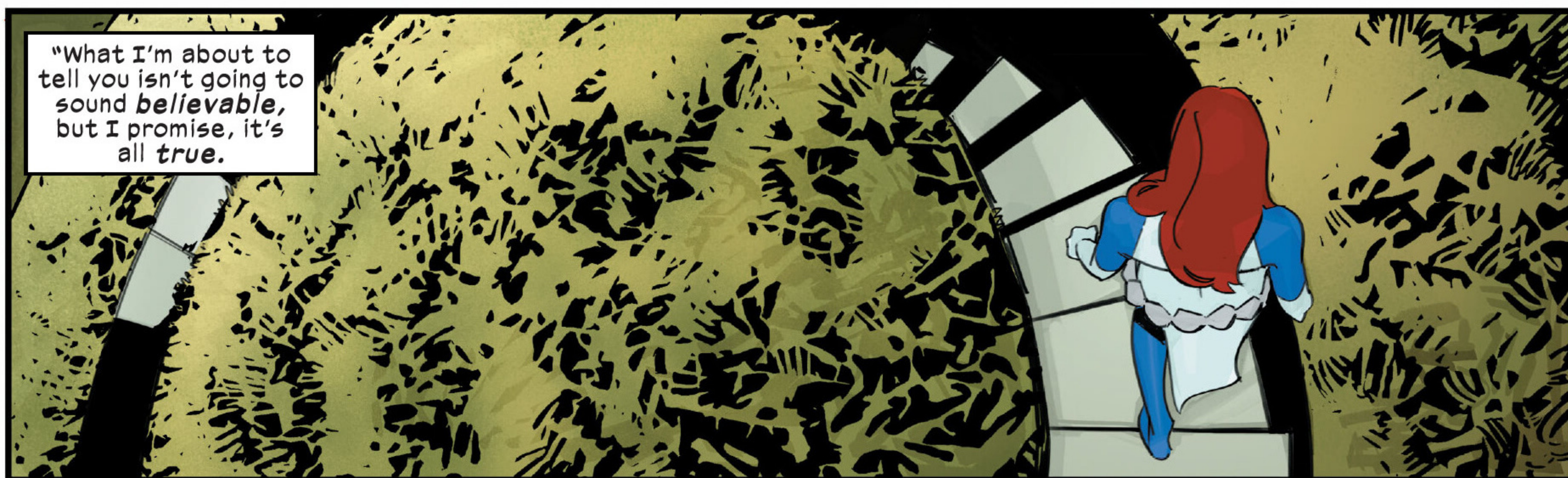
It's bigger than *me*...

"...and it's *certainly* bigger than you."

The Oracle.



"What I'm about to tell you isn't going to sound *believable*, but I promise, it's all *true*."

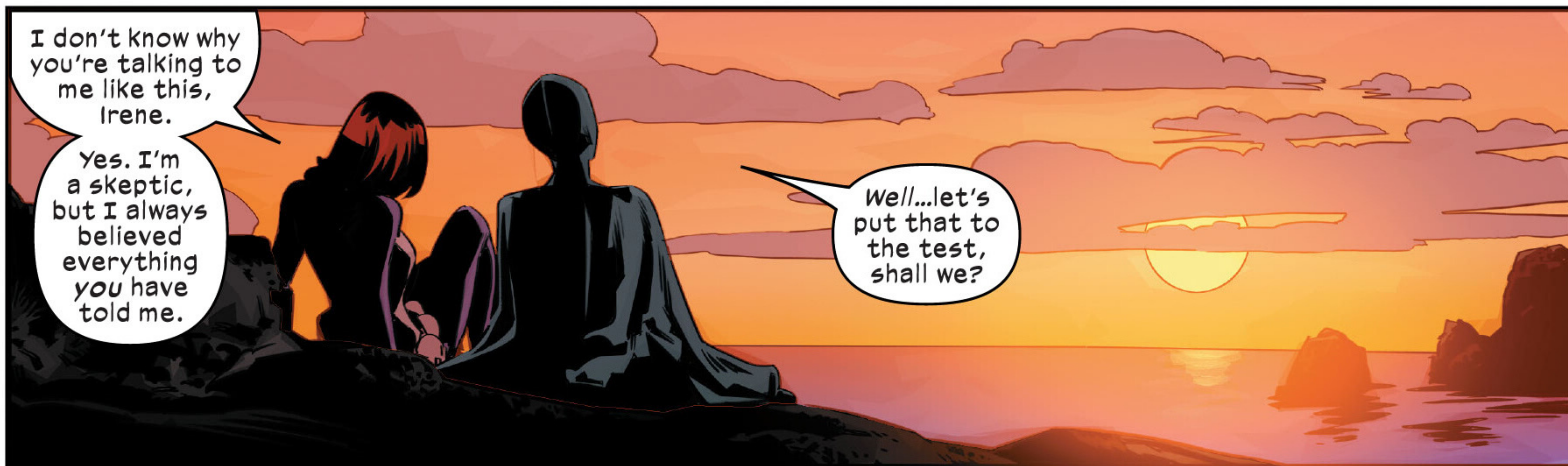


"I want you to listen *carefully*."



"Every word of it."





I don't know why you're talking to me like this, Irene.

Yes. I'm a skeptic, but I always believed everything you have told me.

Well...let's put that to the test, shall we?



Years from now--long after I'm gone...long after I've left a broken you and this broken world behind--something is going to happen that will sound...

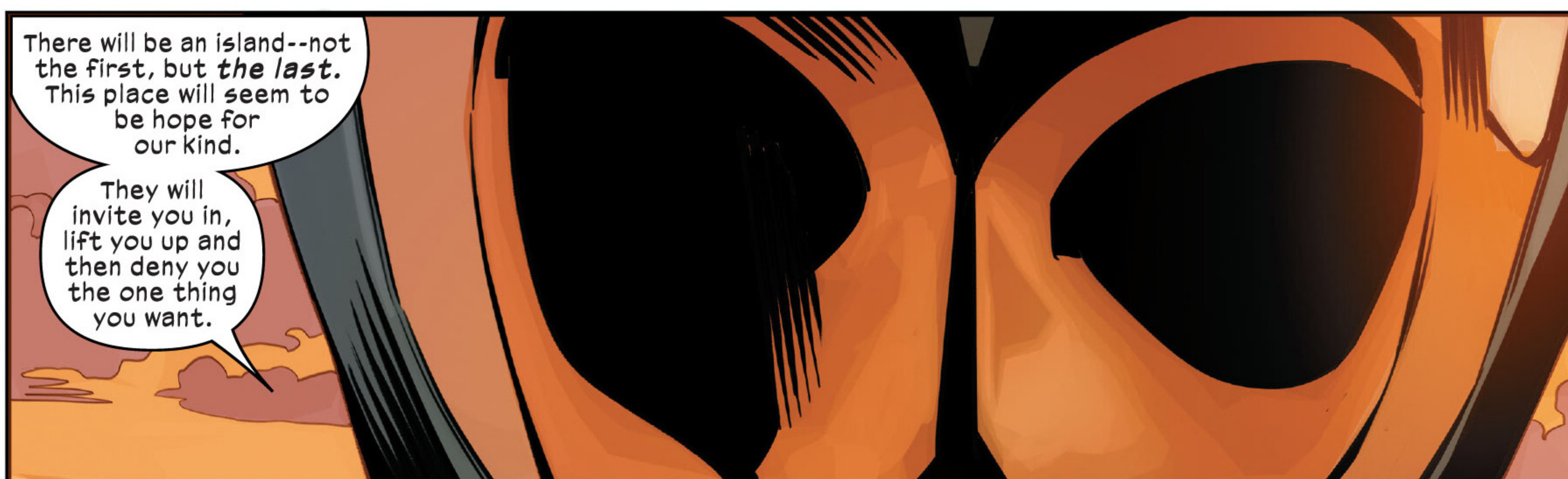
...too good to be true to your cynical ears.



Gone? If you can see your death, then--

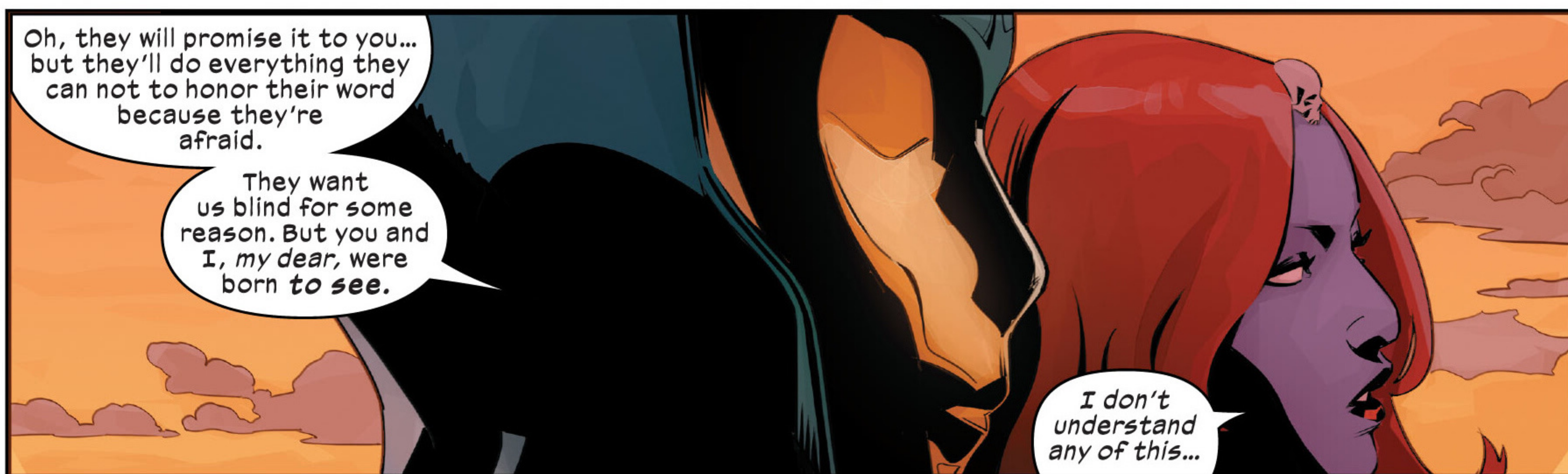
You're focusing on the wrong part, my dear.

Listen.
Hear the words of an oracle:



There will be an island--not the first, but *the last*. This place will seem to be hope for our kind.

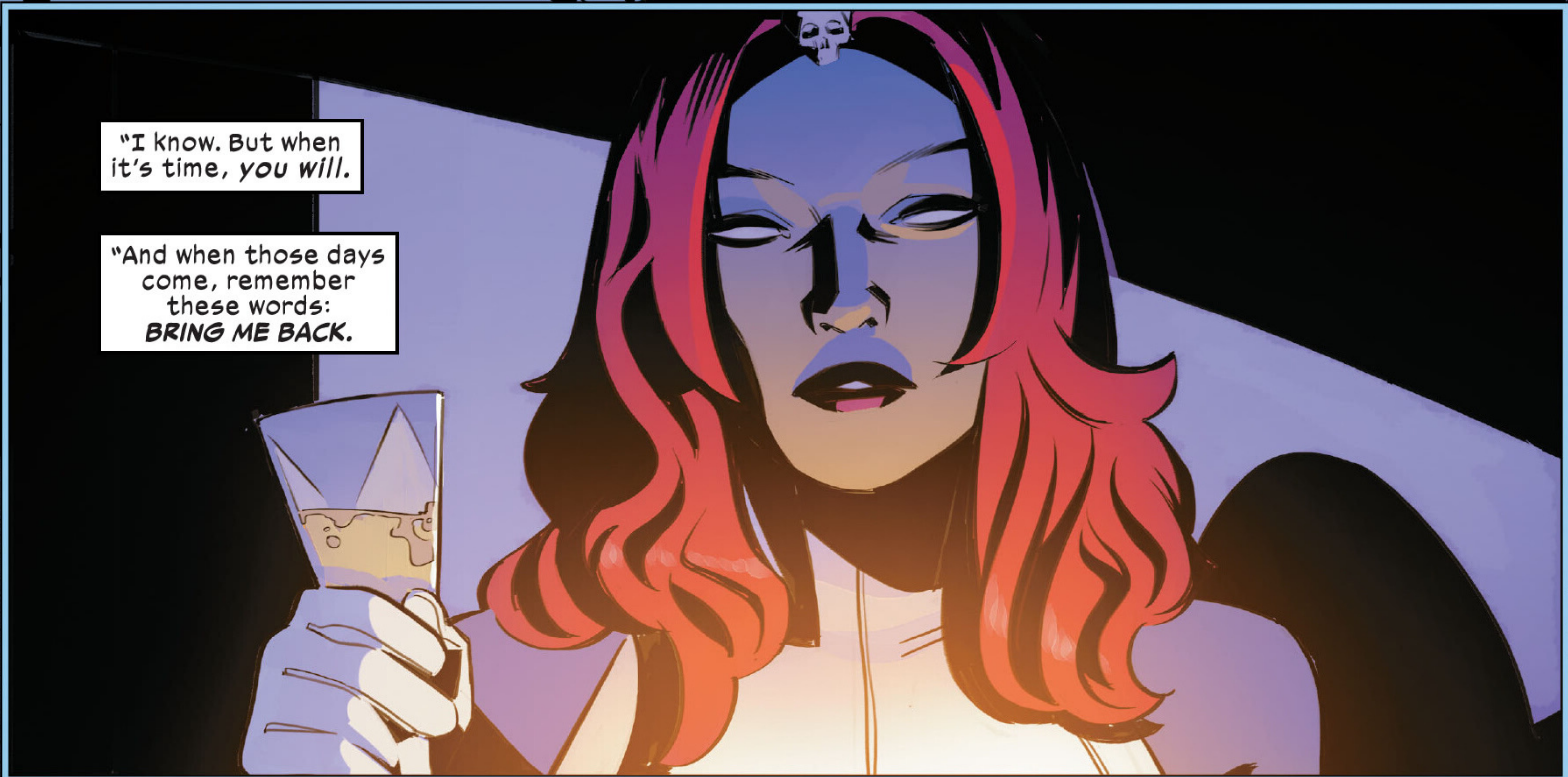
They will invite you in, lift you up and then deny you the one thing you want.



Oh, they will promise it to you... but they'll do everything they can not to honor their word because they're afraid.

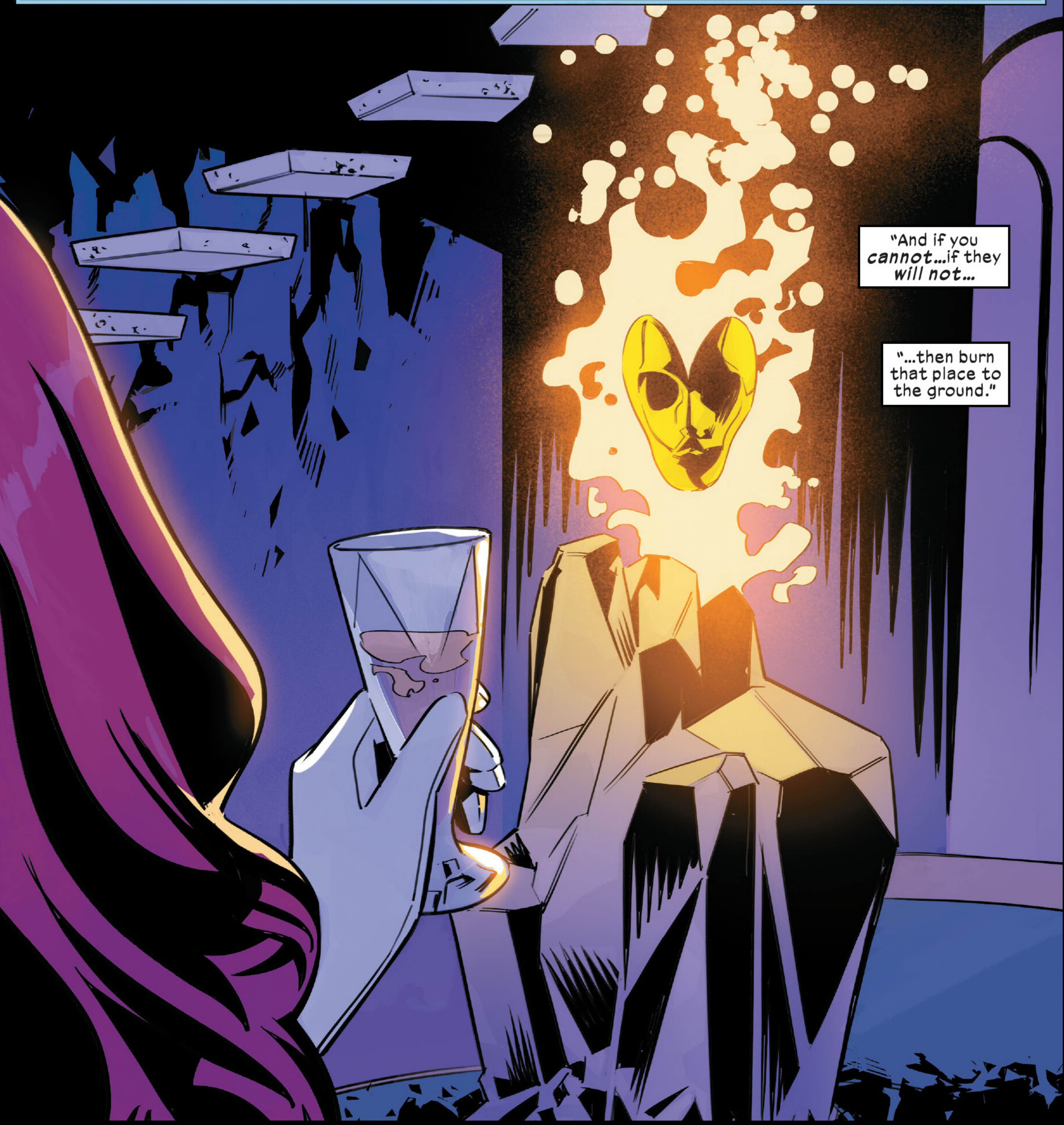
They want us blind for some reason. But you and I, my dear, were born *to see*.

I don't understand any of this...



"I know. But when
it's time, *you will*."

"And when those days
come, remember
these words:
BRING ME BACK."



"And if you
*cannot...if they
will not...*"

"...then burn
that place to
the ground."



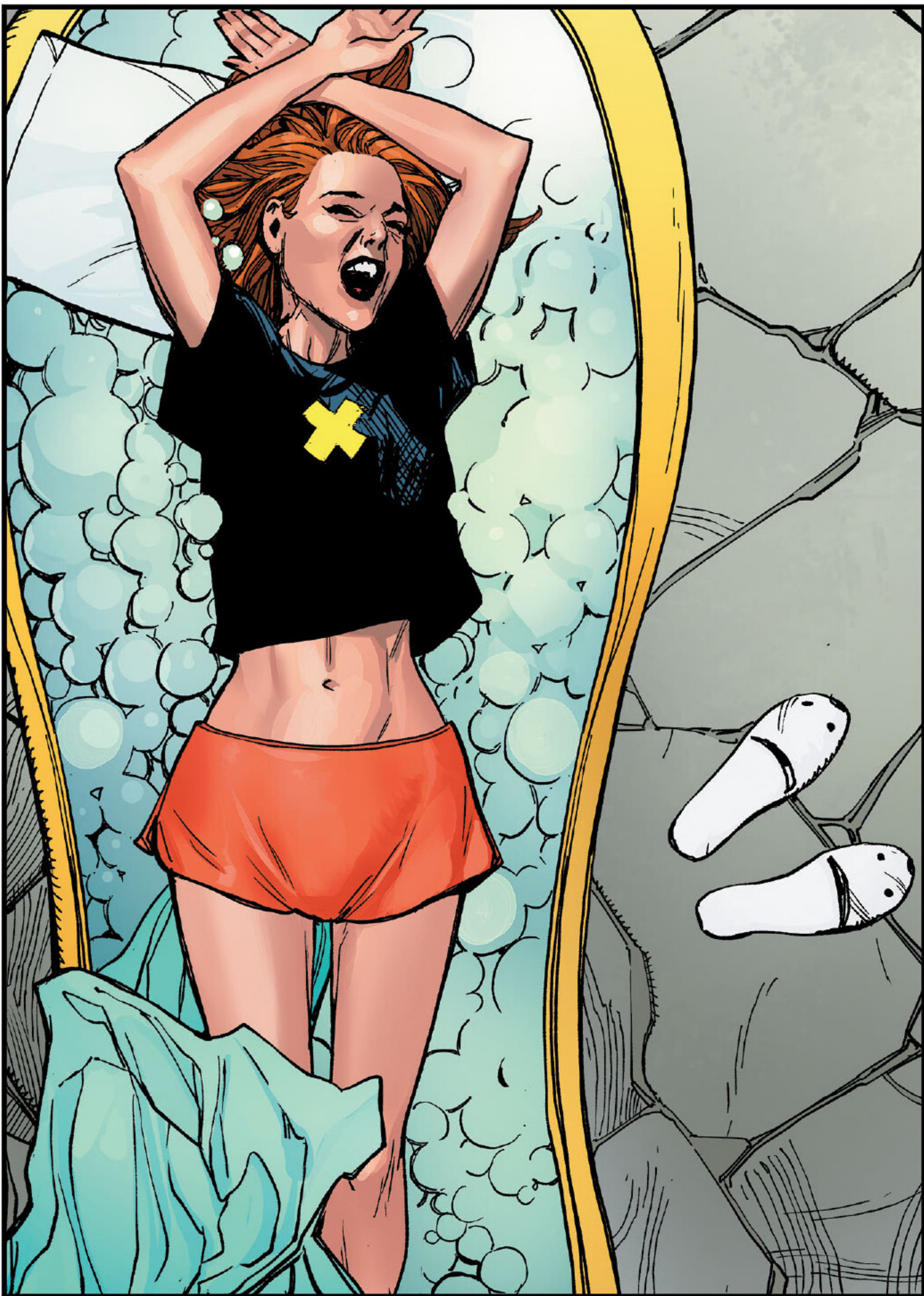
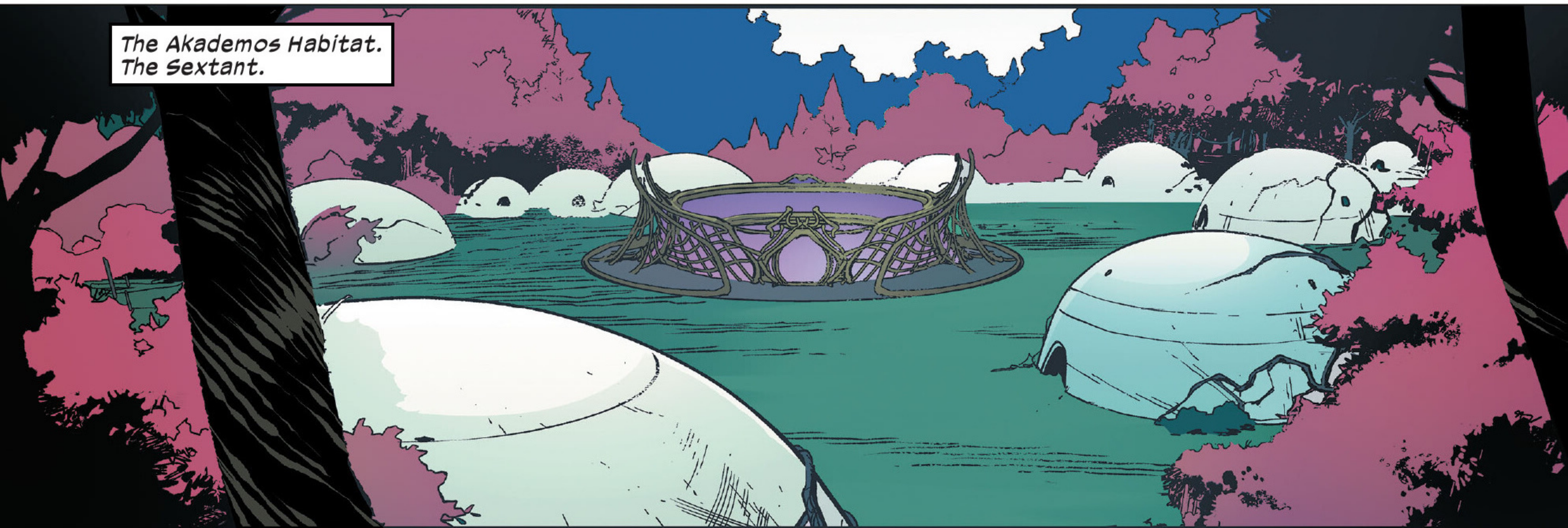
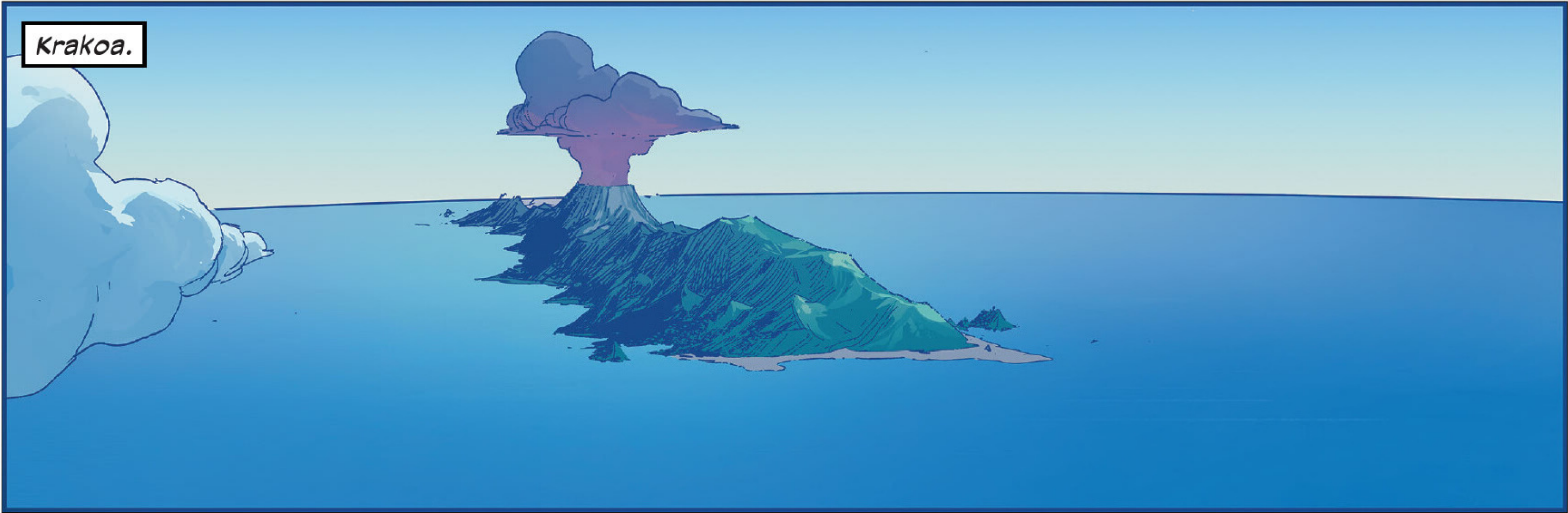
X-Men #1 Hidden Gem Variant

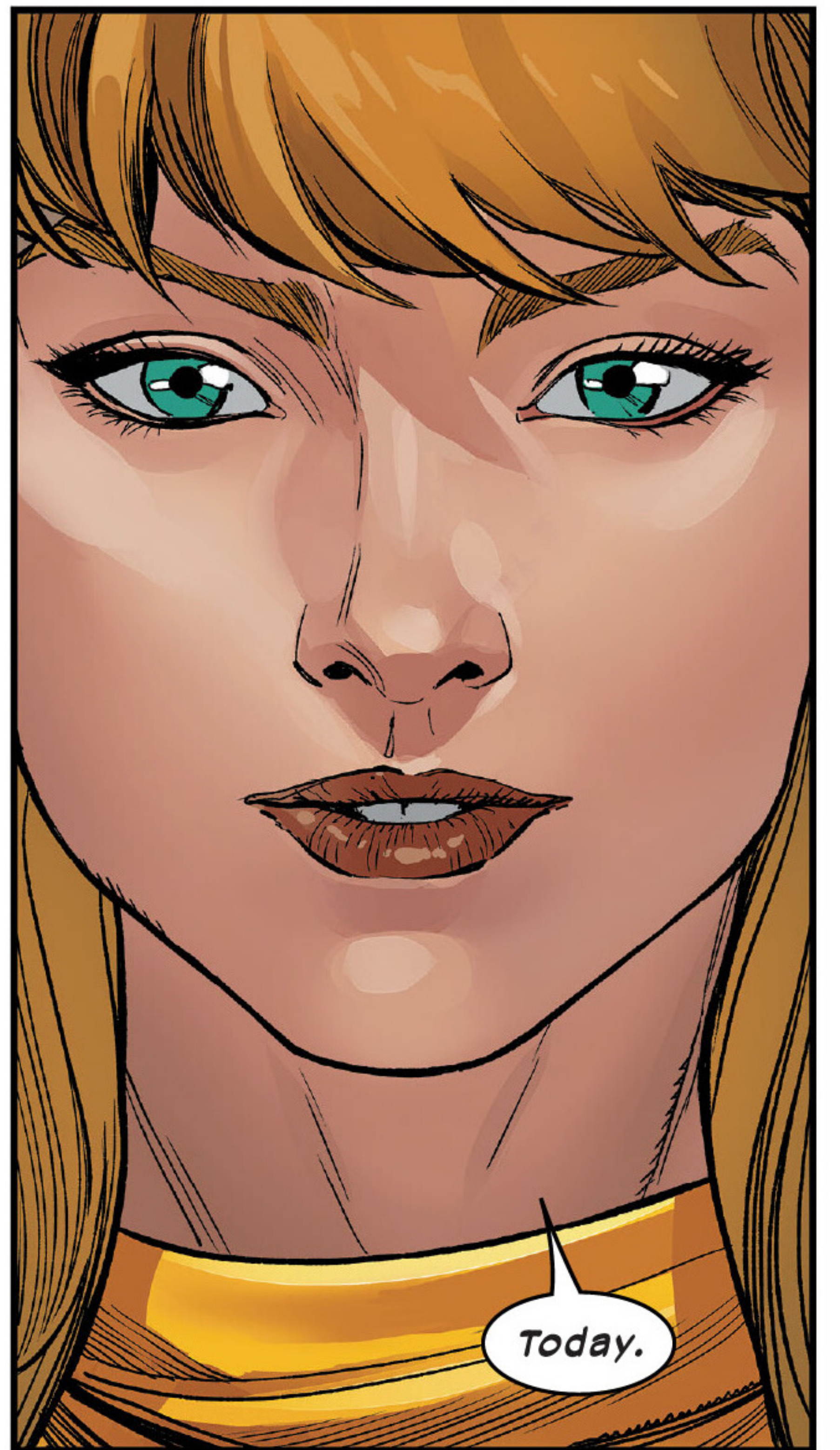
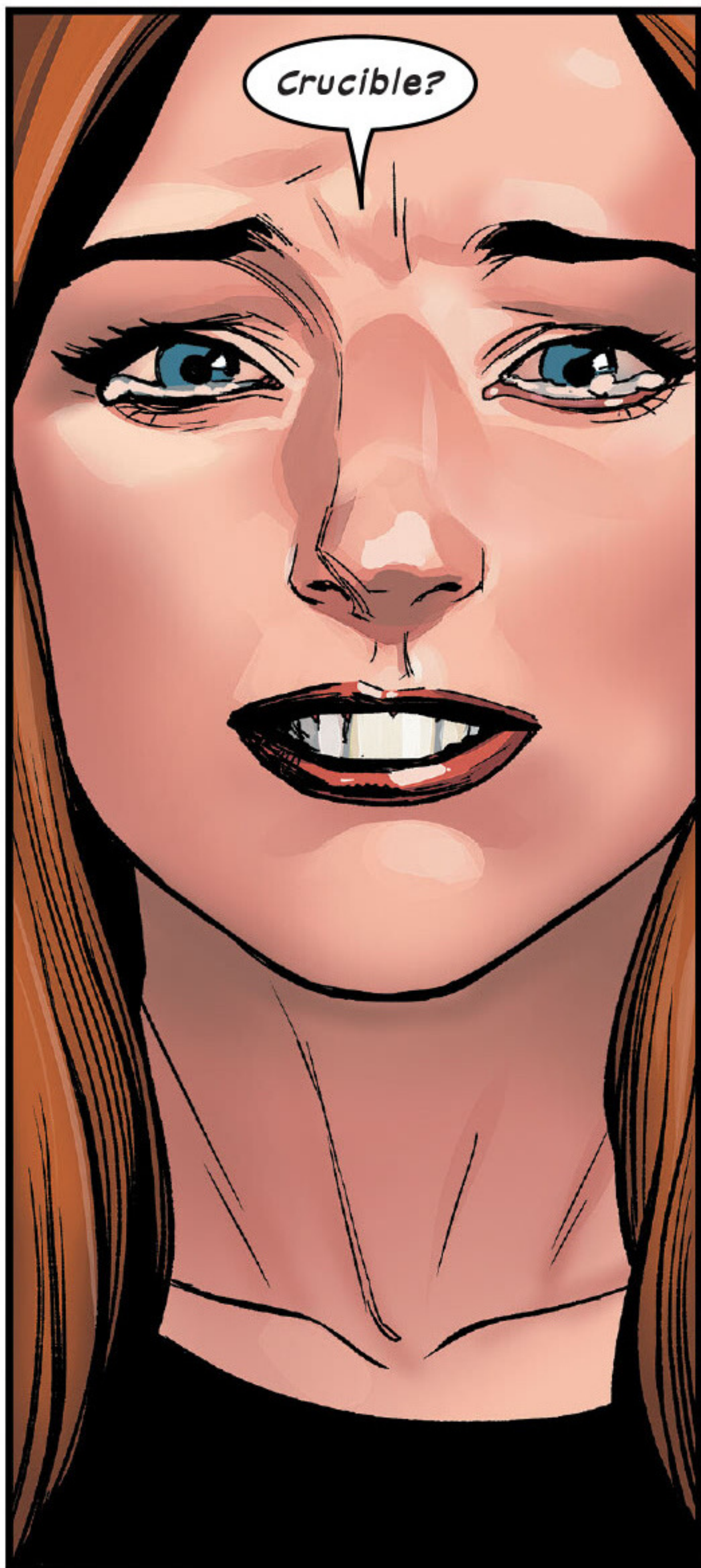
by Chris Bachalo, Tim Townsend
& Edgar Delgado



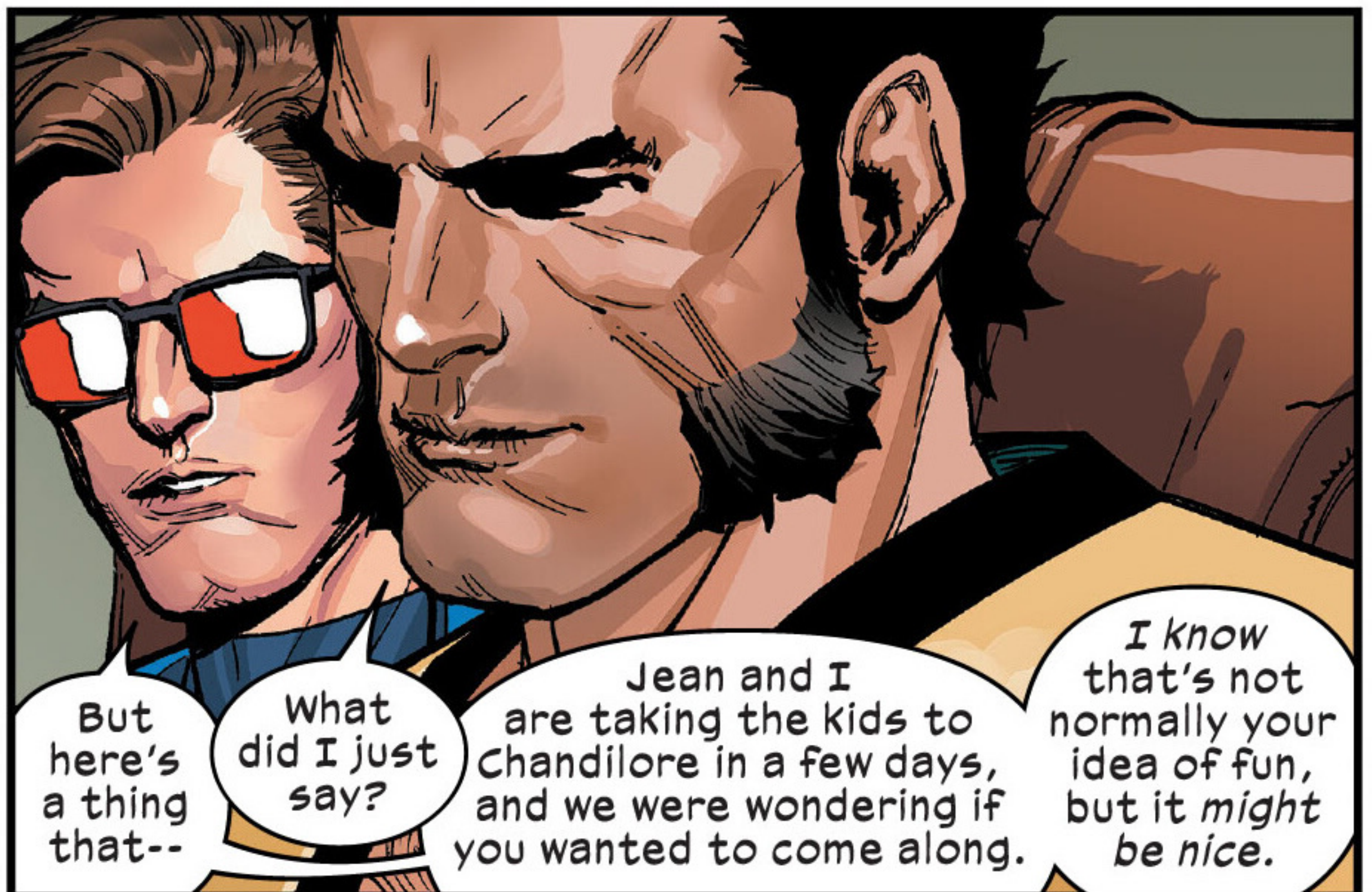
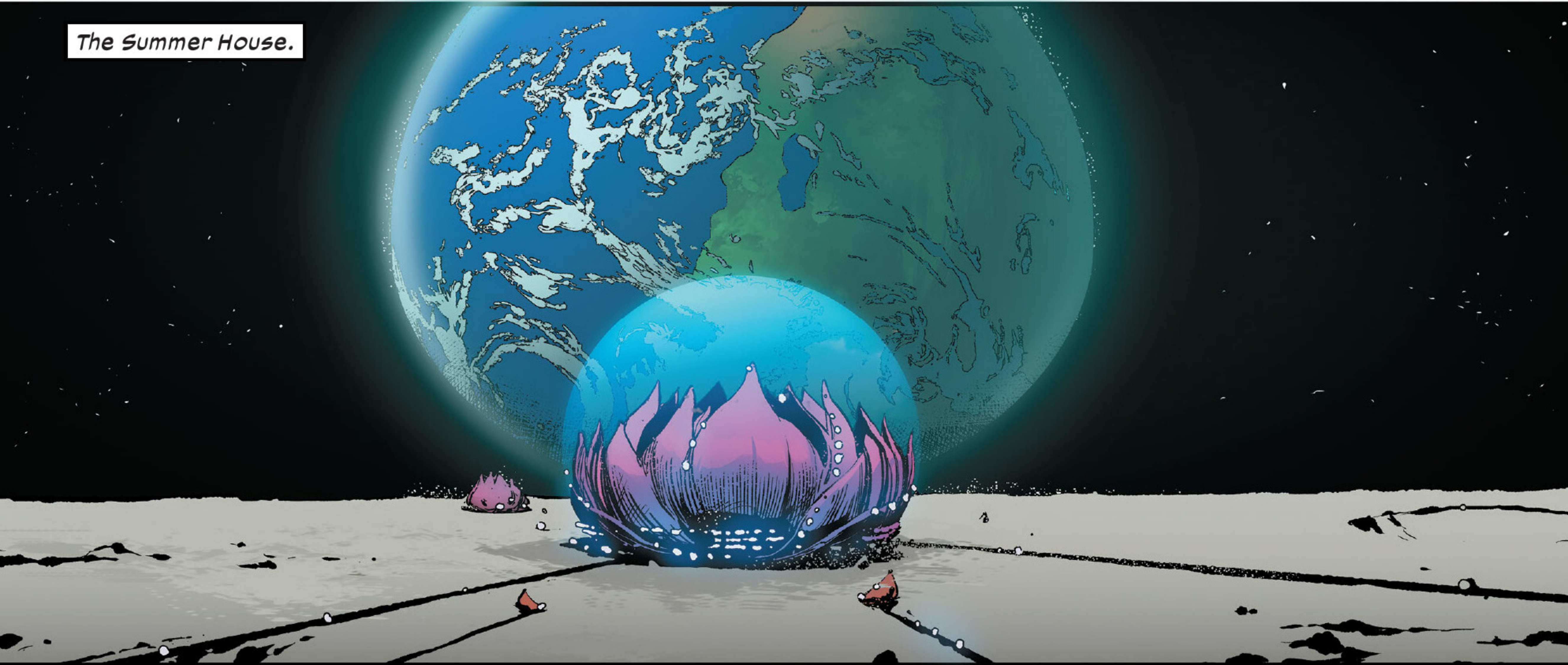
Lifedeath

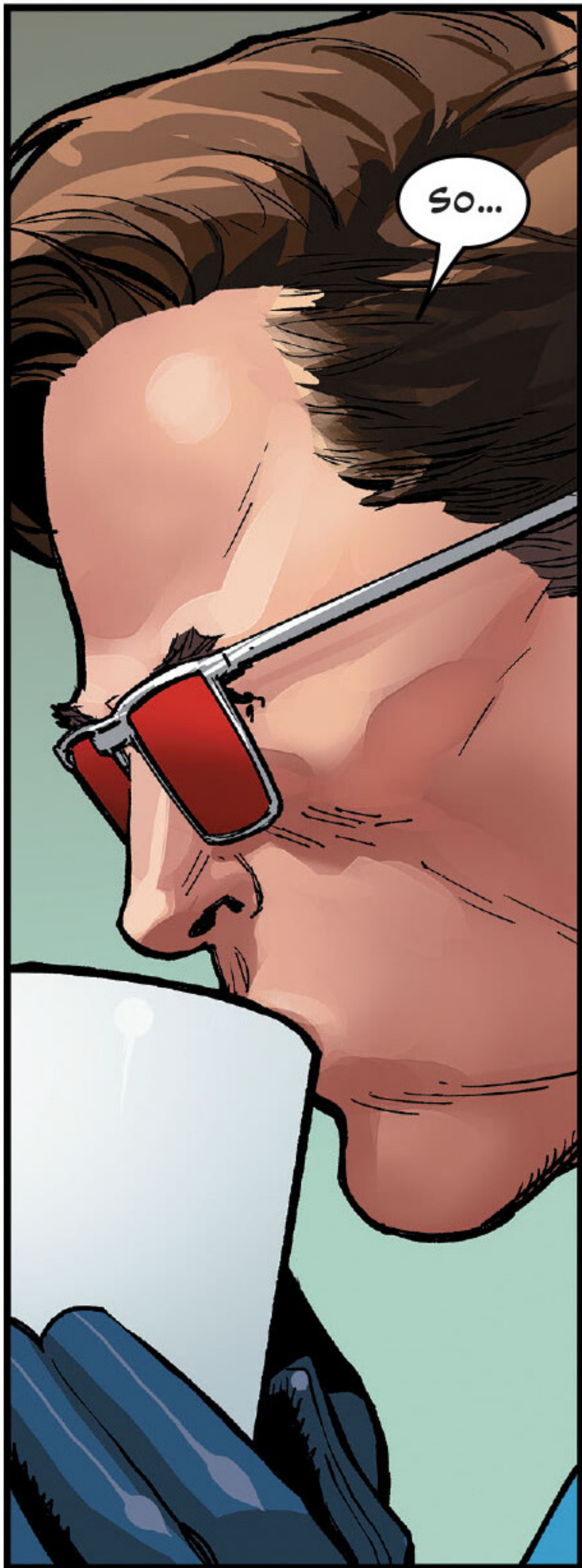
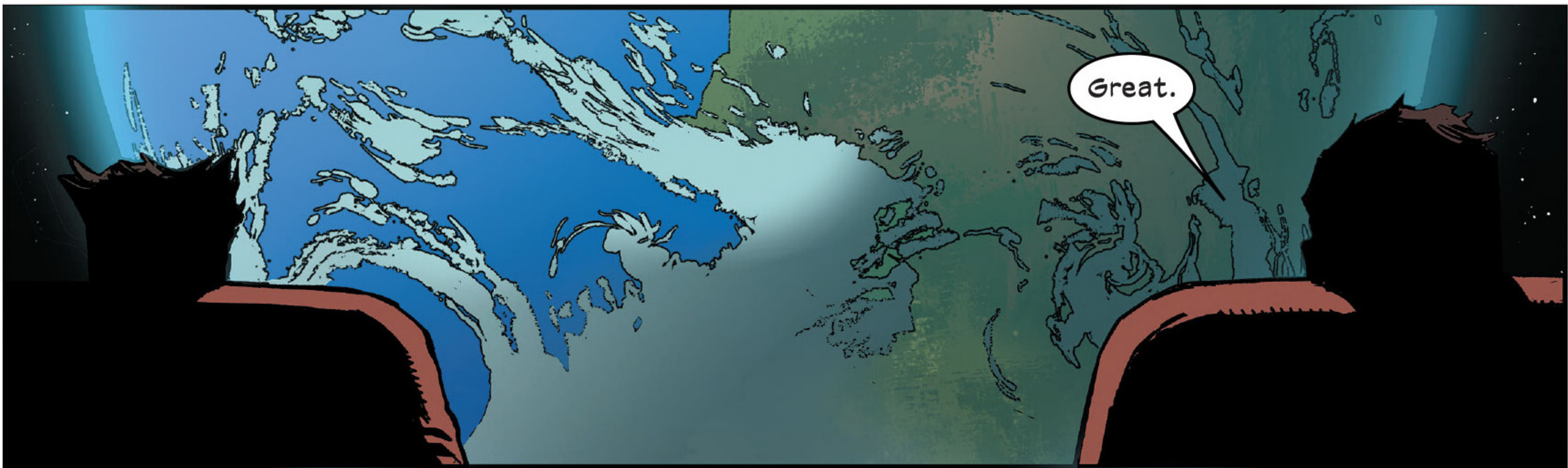
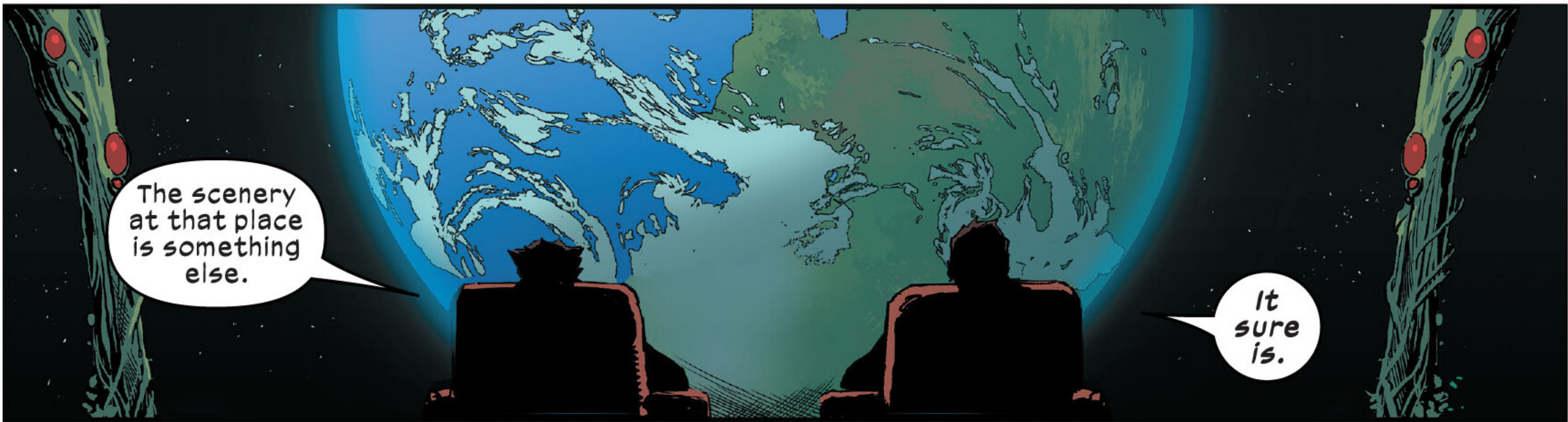


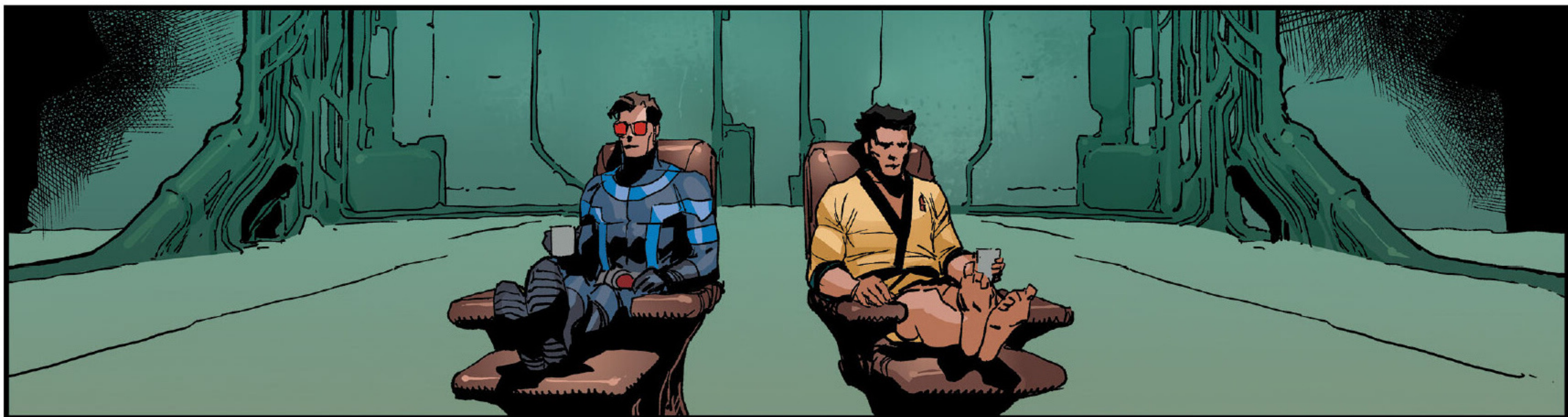
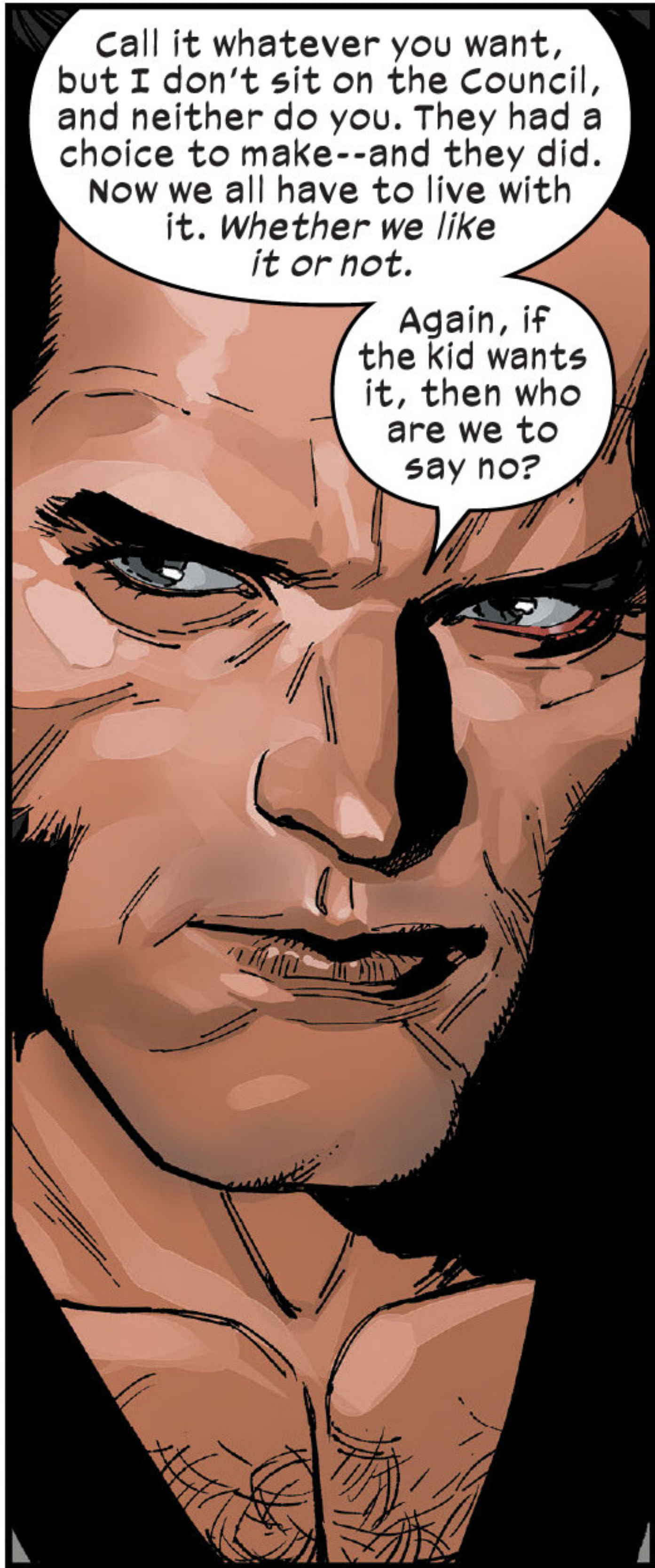




The Summer House.







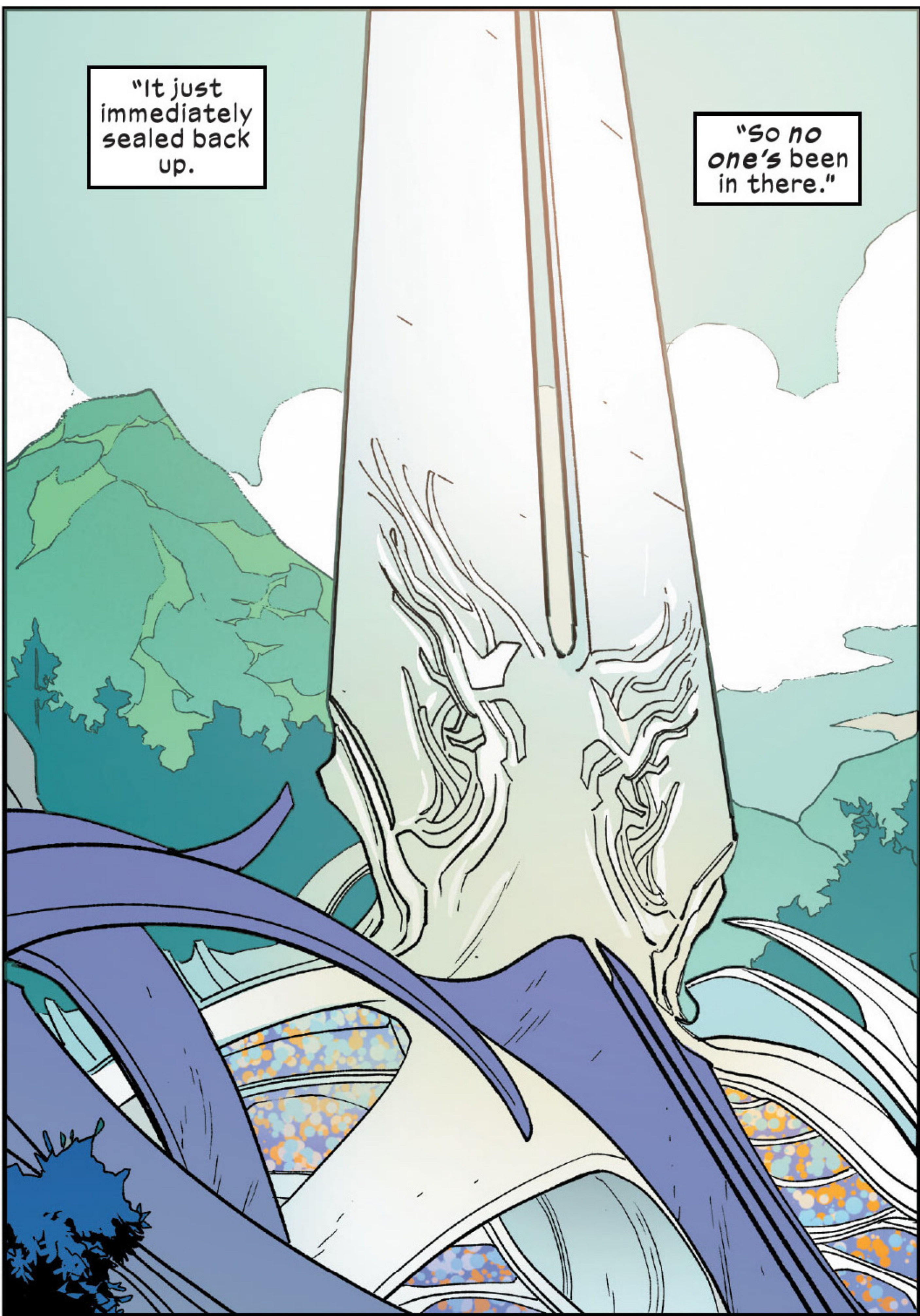
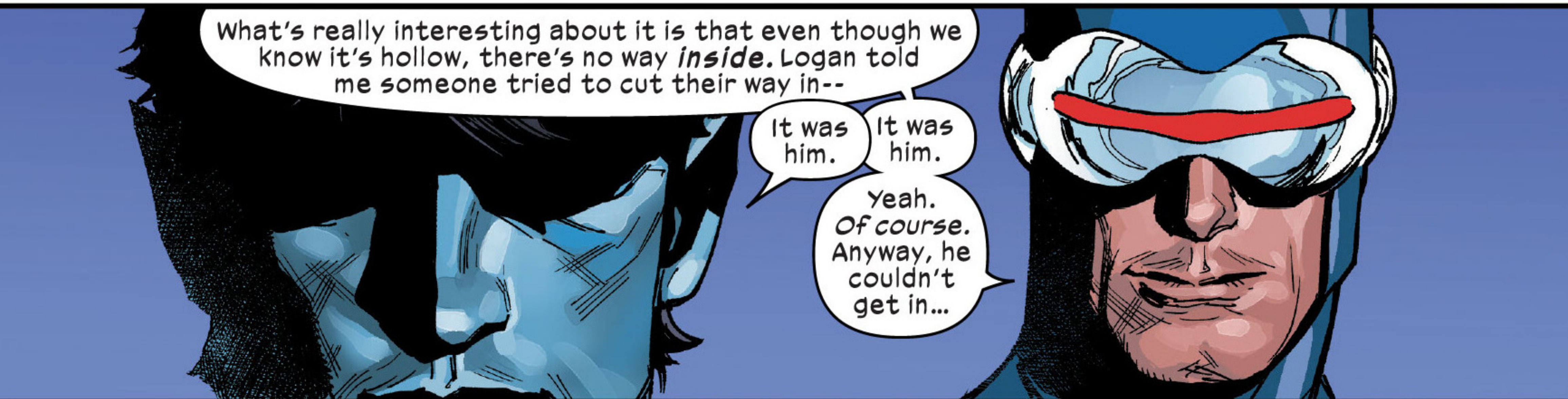




That's
some
view.



It
is, isn't
it?





"I'm not sure. When I was younger--if I were designing a place to live that was everything I wanted--that building would have been it. I would have called it *home*, I think."

"It's perfect, Scott. Like everything *here*. Like *the island* made it just for me."



Doesn't that make the hair on your arms stand up?



I learned years ago not to look for cracks in the firmament, Kurt.

Enjoy what little joy we find. For soon the world will be the world--and we have lived in it long enough to *know* better.



Ah. In the land of blind faith the one-eyed man is king.



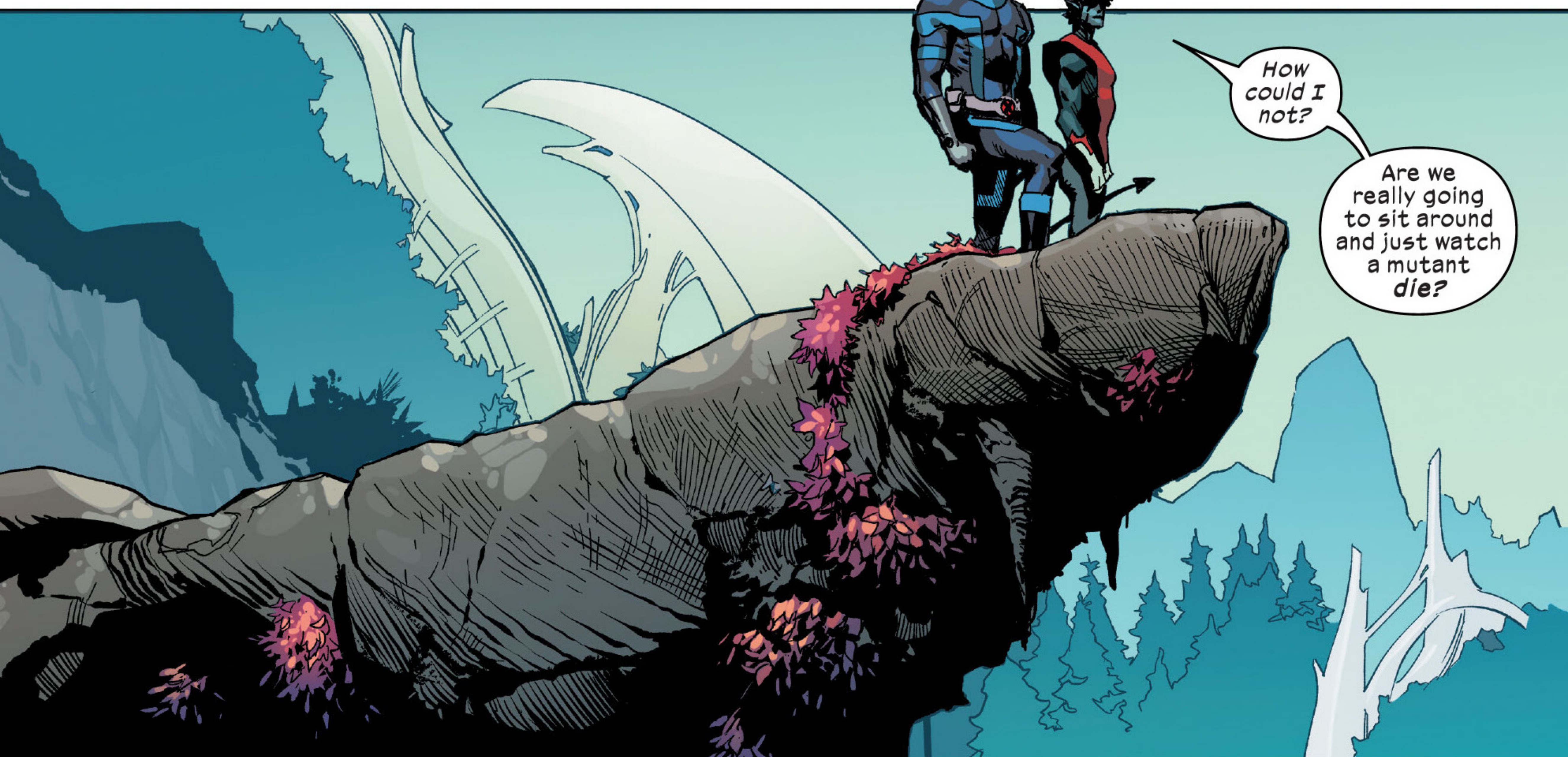
Fair enough. So why are you up here instead of in there?

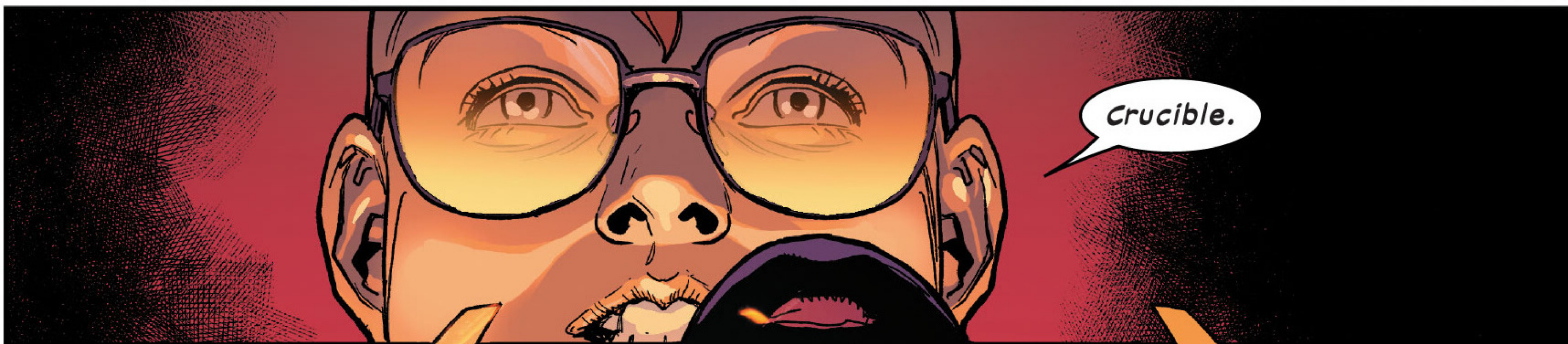
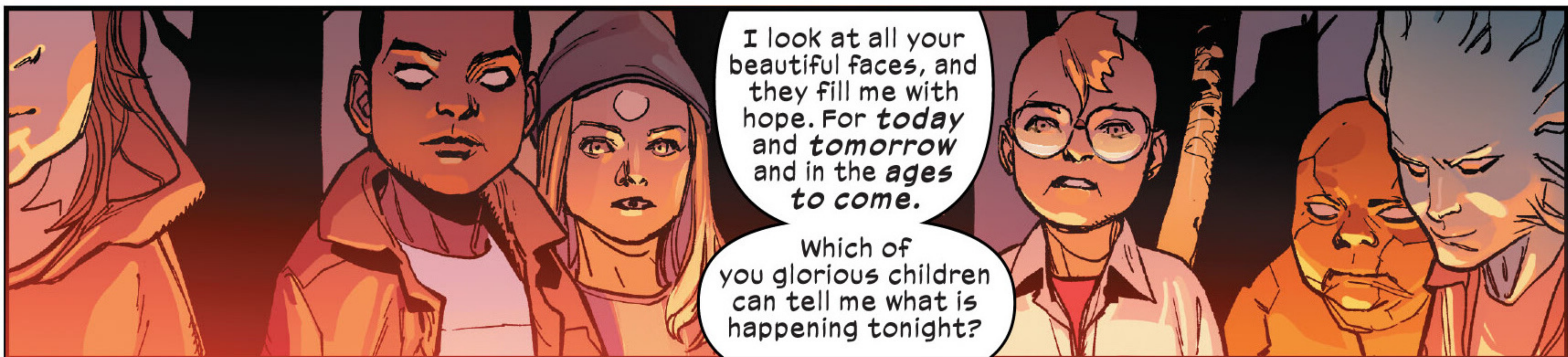


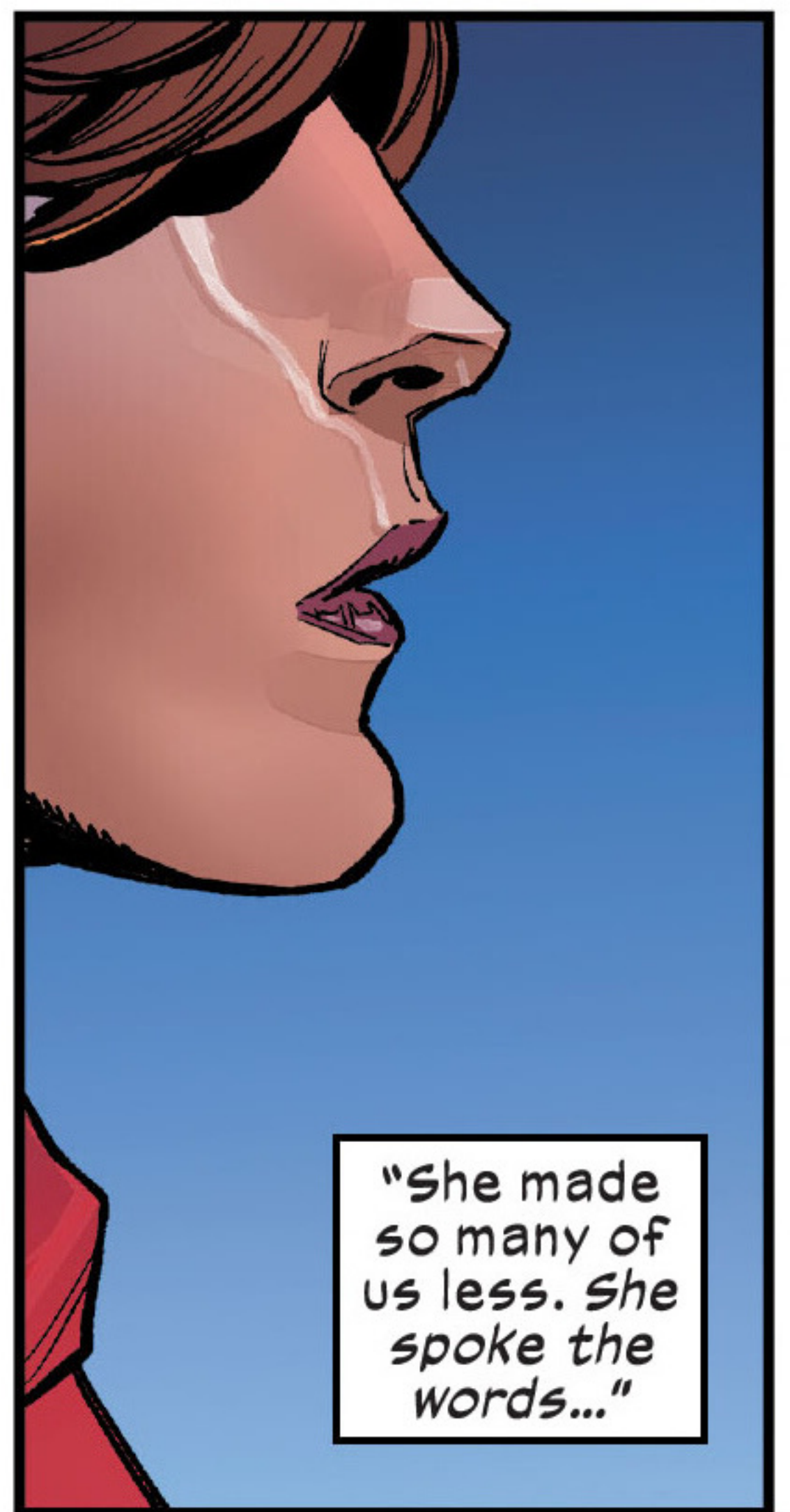
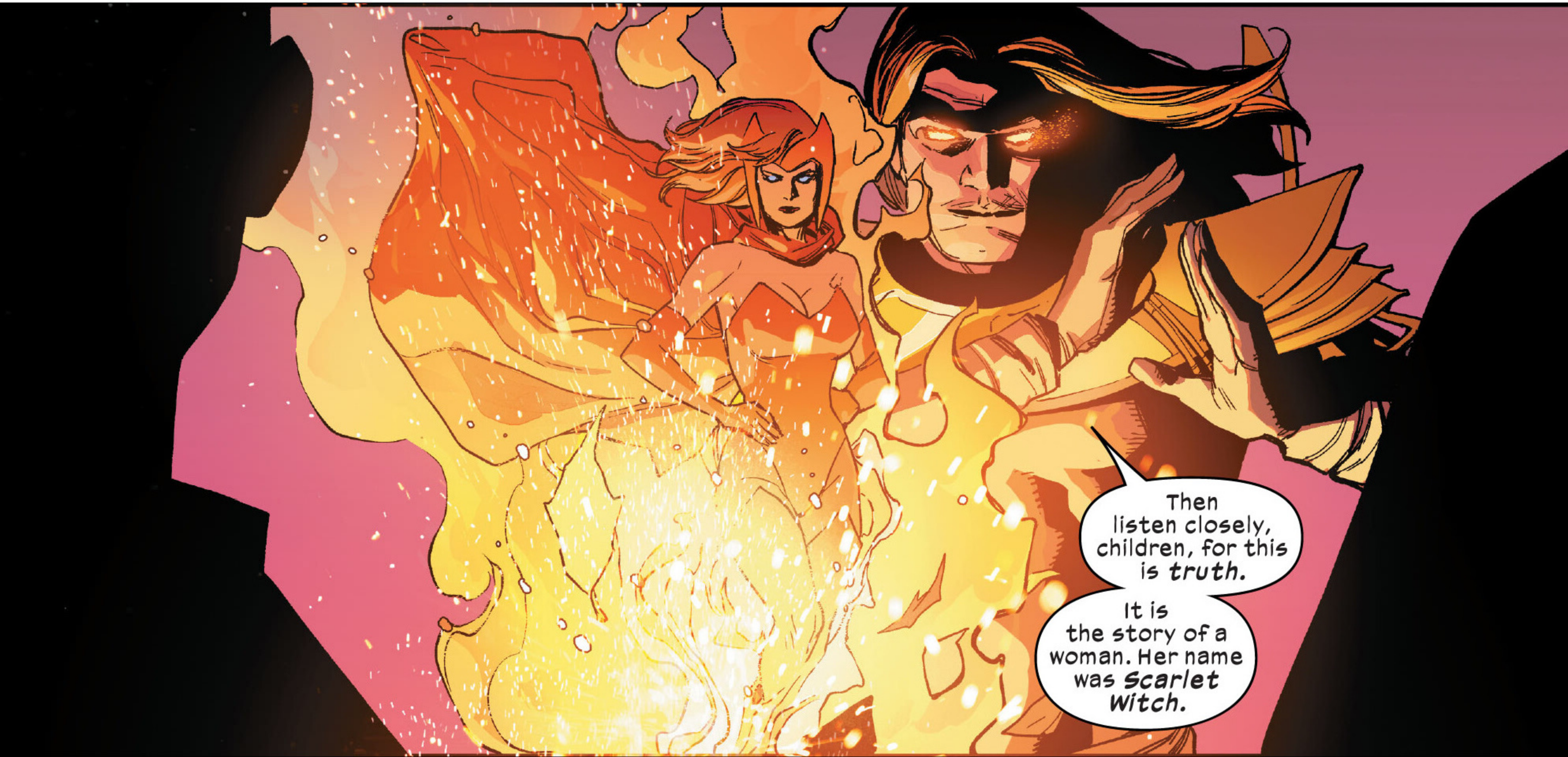
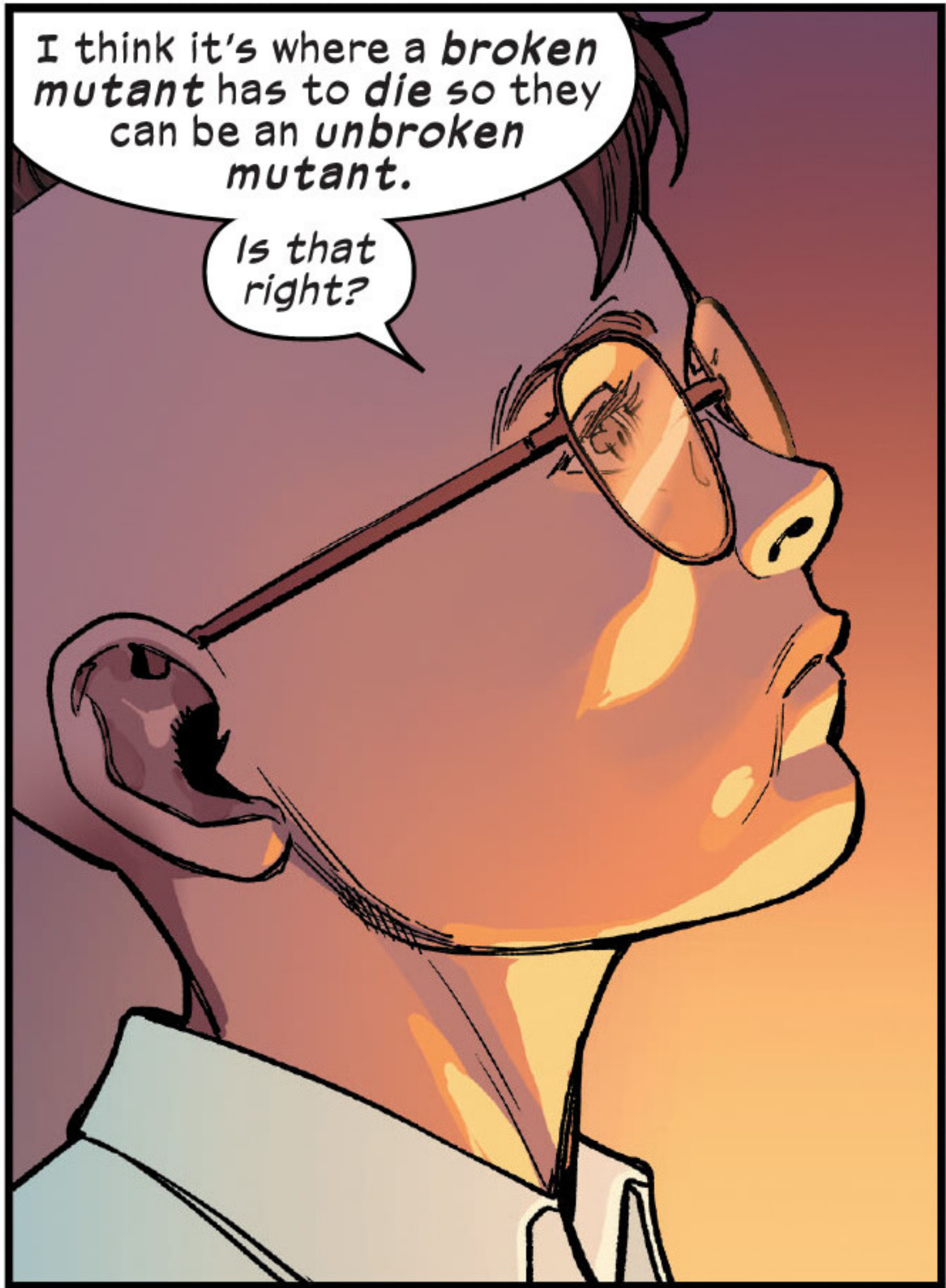
Here I can *breathe*. Here I can *think*. Which is good, because Krakoa asks *hard questions* of me.

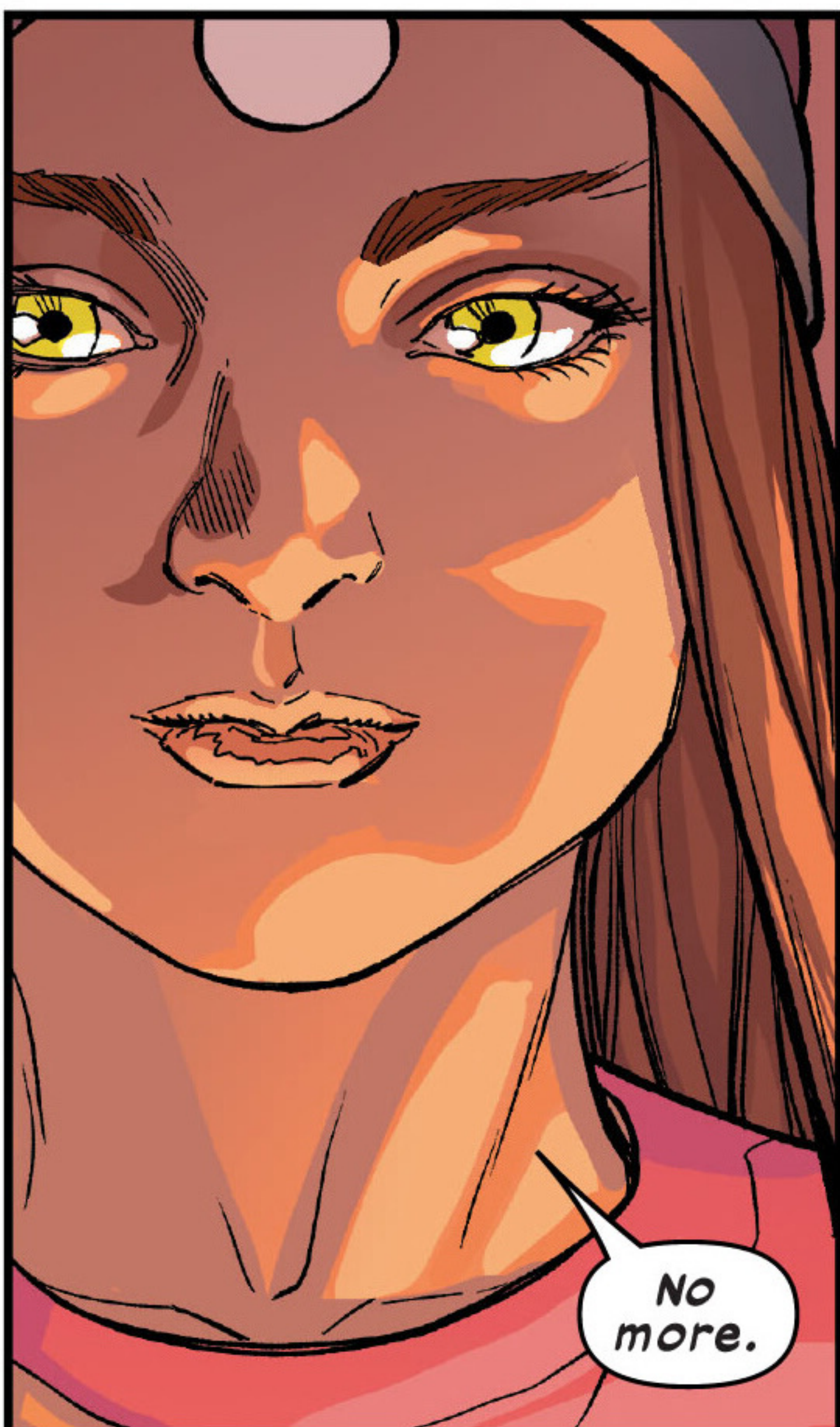
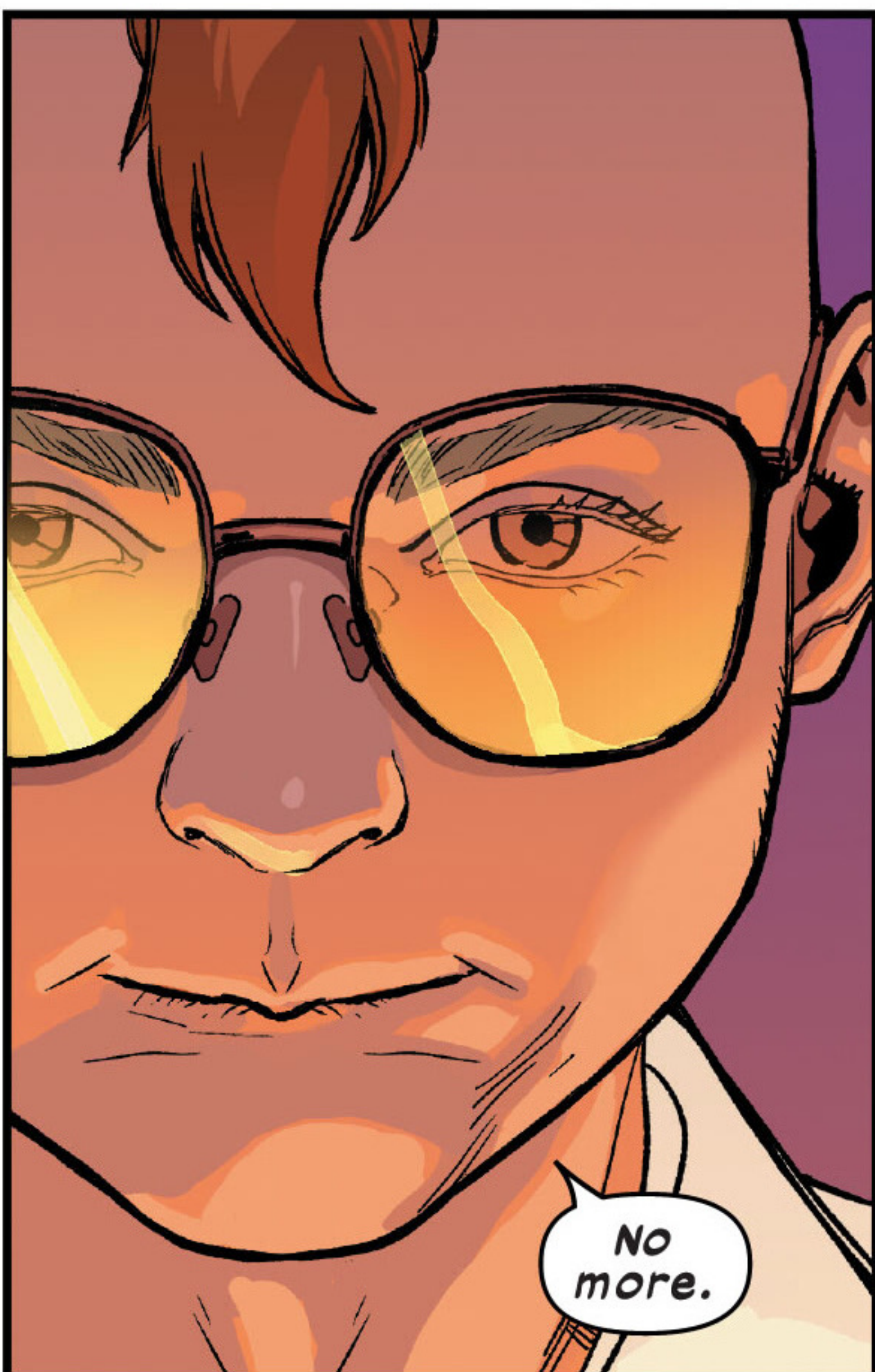
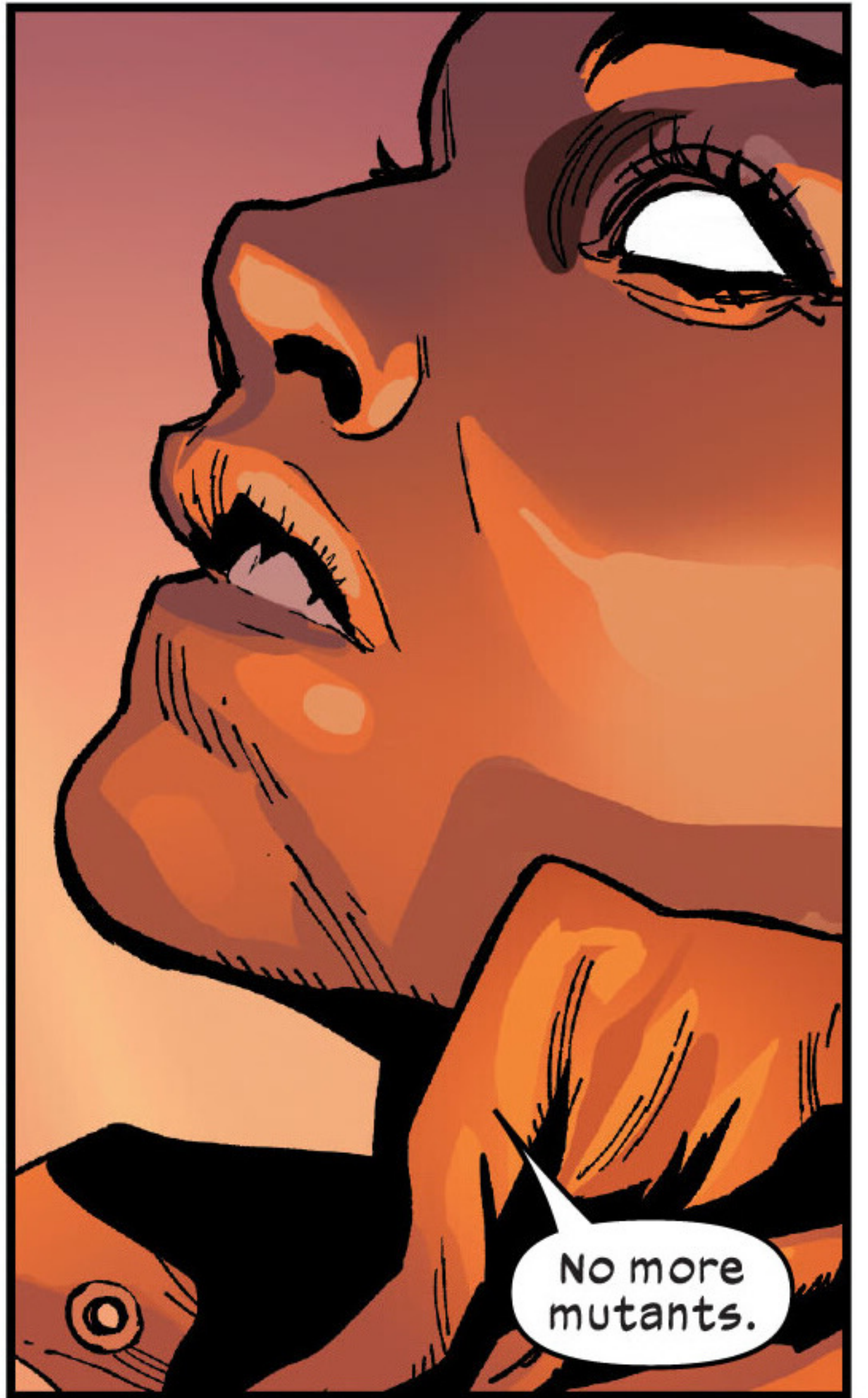
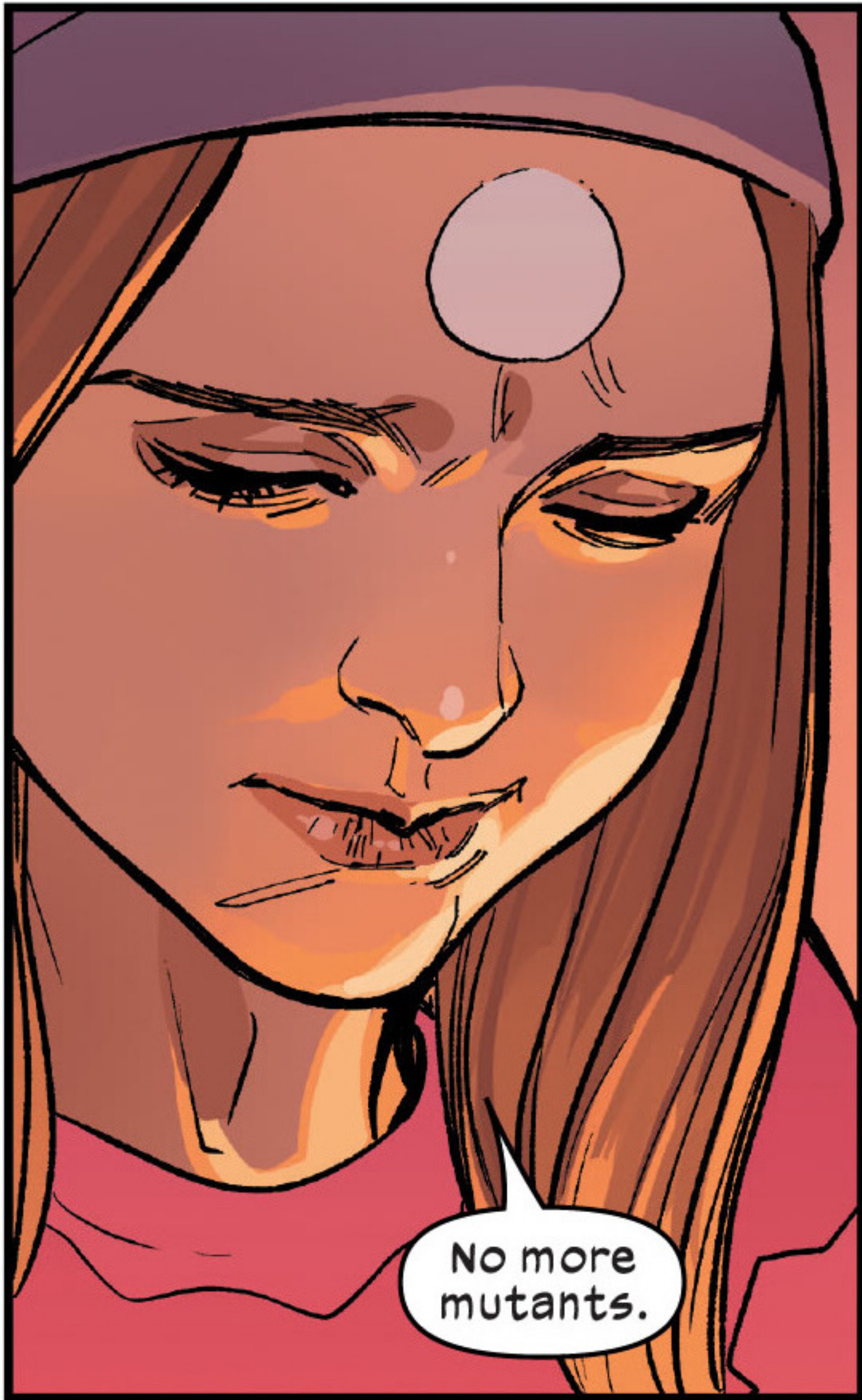
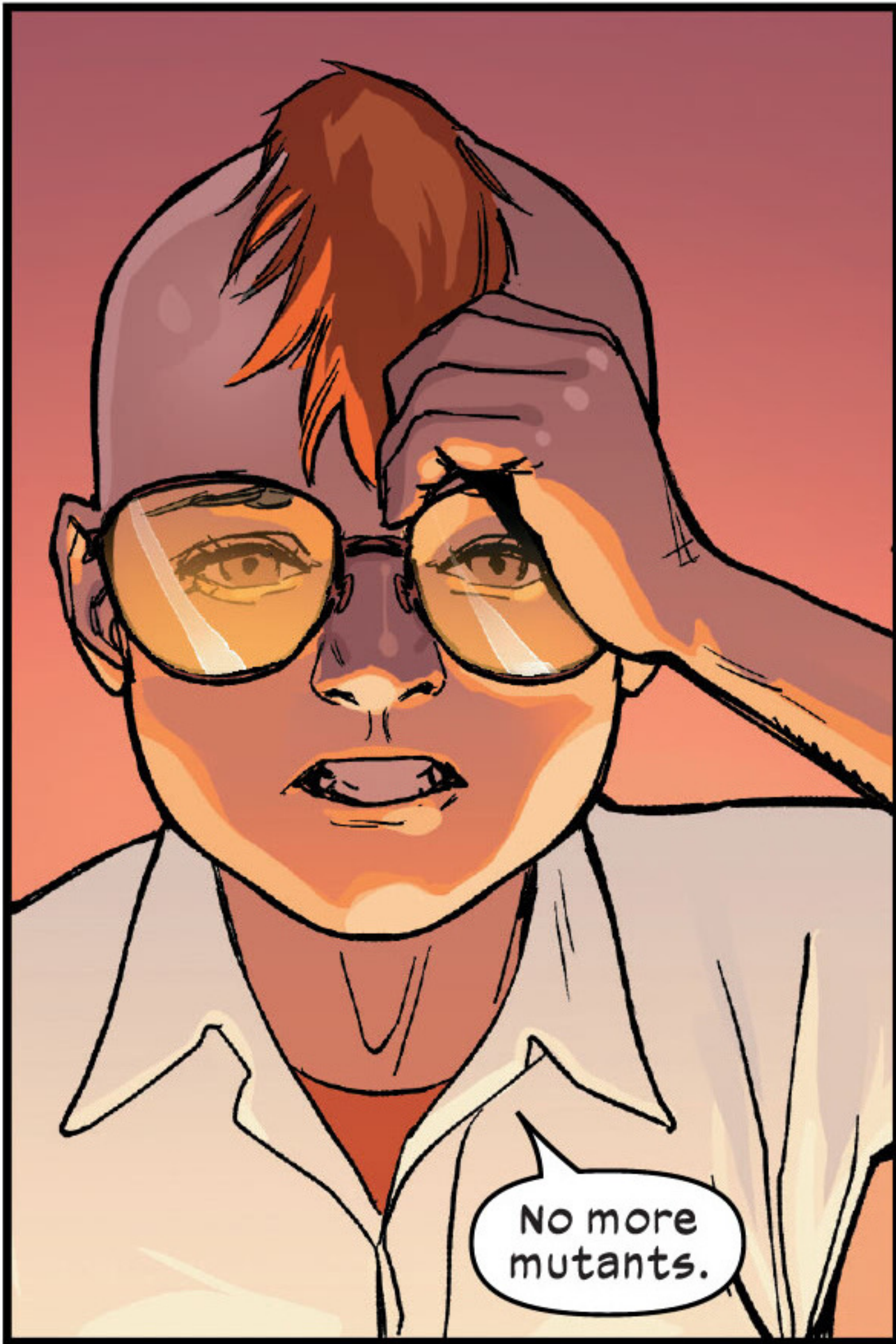
Every day there's some *new*, amazing something to believe in...and all it costs is the suspension of everything I *used* to believe...

Speaking of...





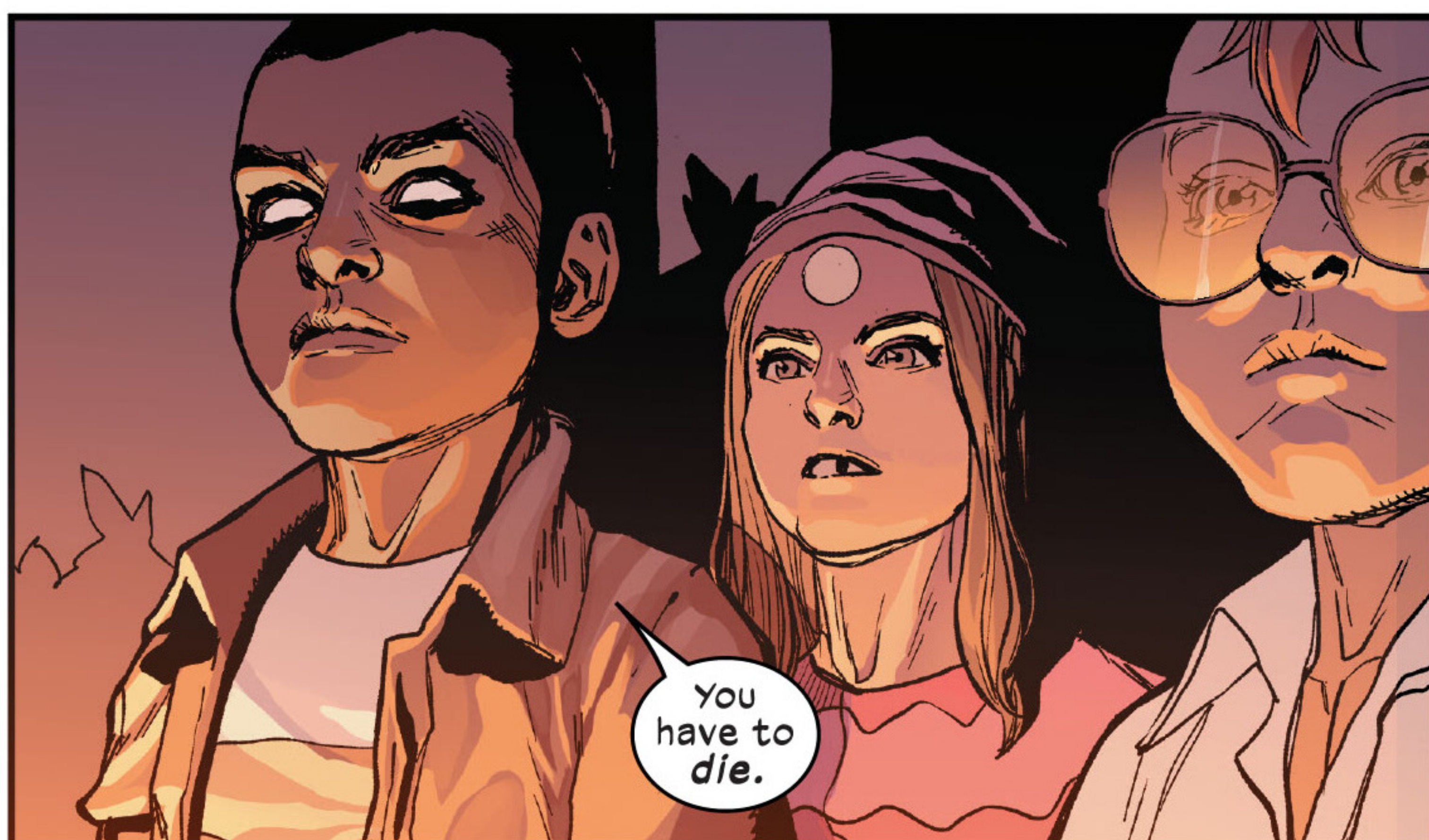






The great gift of the Five means that any of us can be reborn--that we can be made whole.

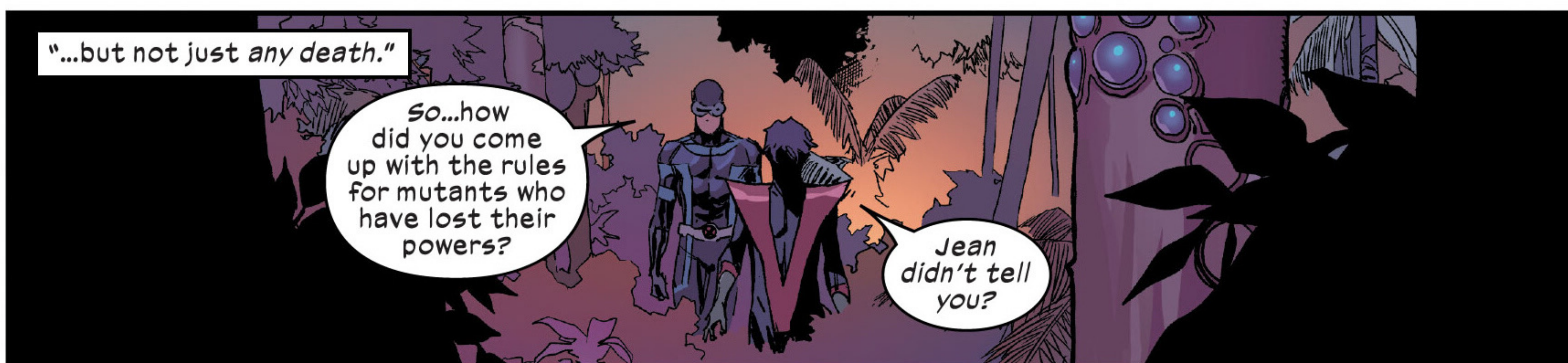
All that's required is one thing. And what is that, children?



You have to die.



That's right...



"...but not just any death."

So...how did you come up with the rules for mutants who have lost their powers?

Jean didn't tell you?



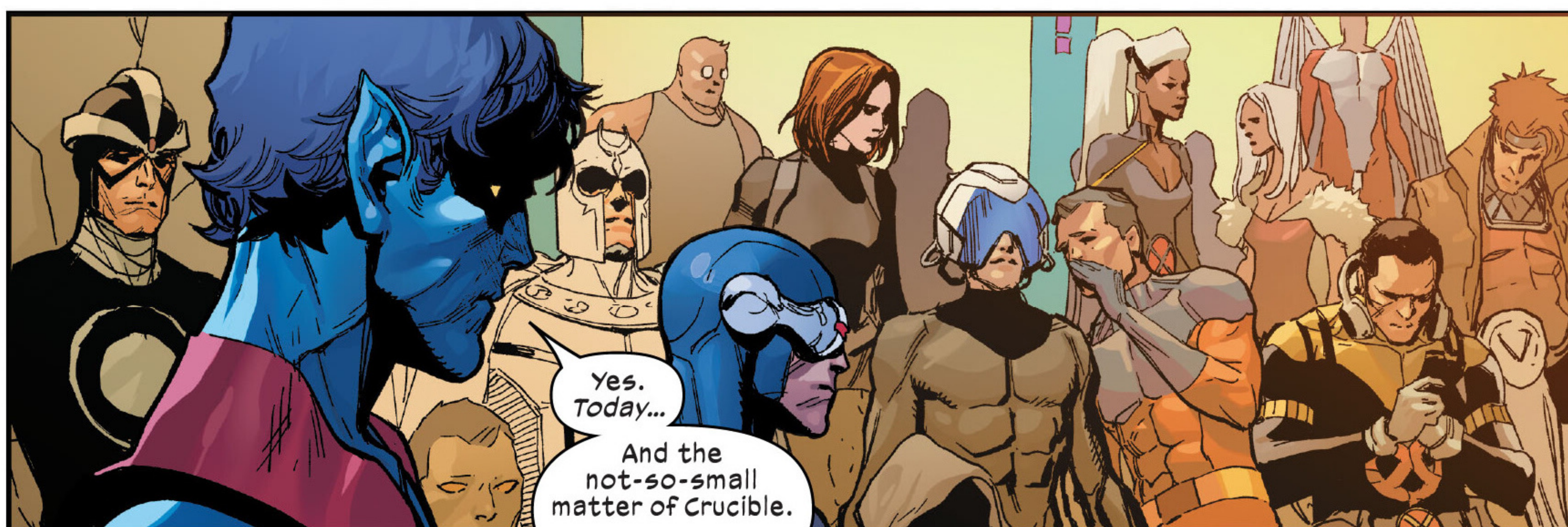
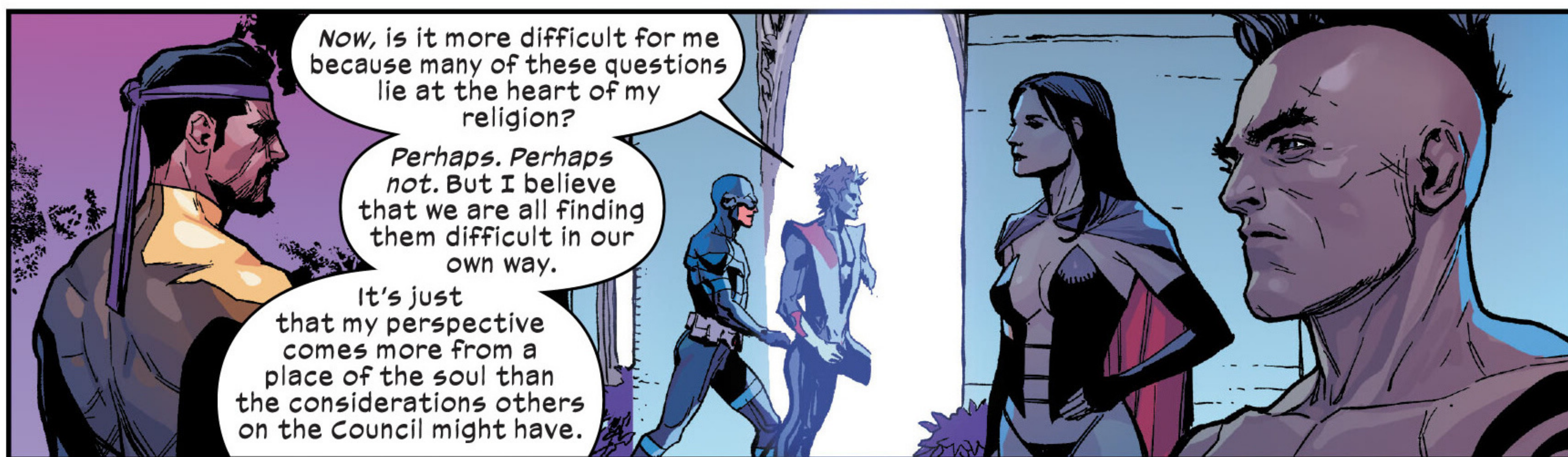
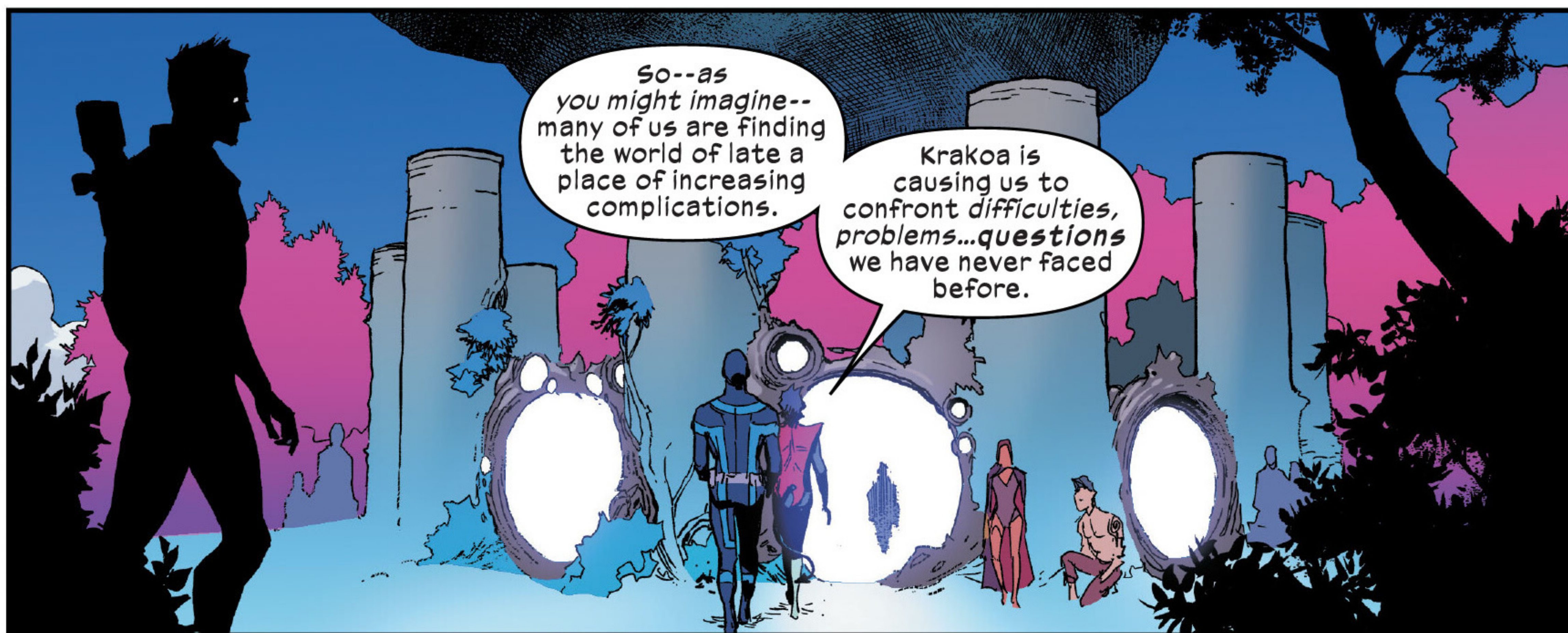
We've both been so busy, and I keep forgetting to ask.

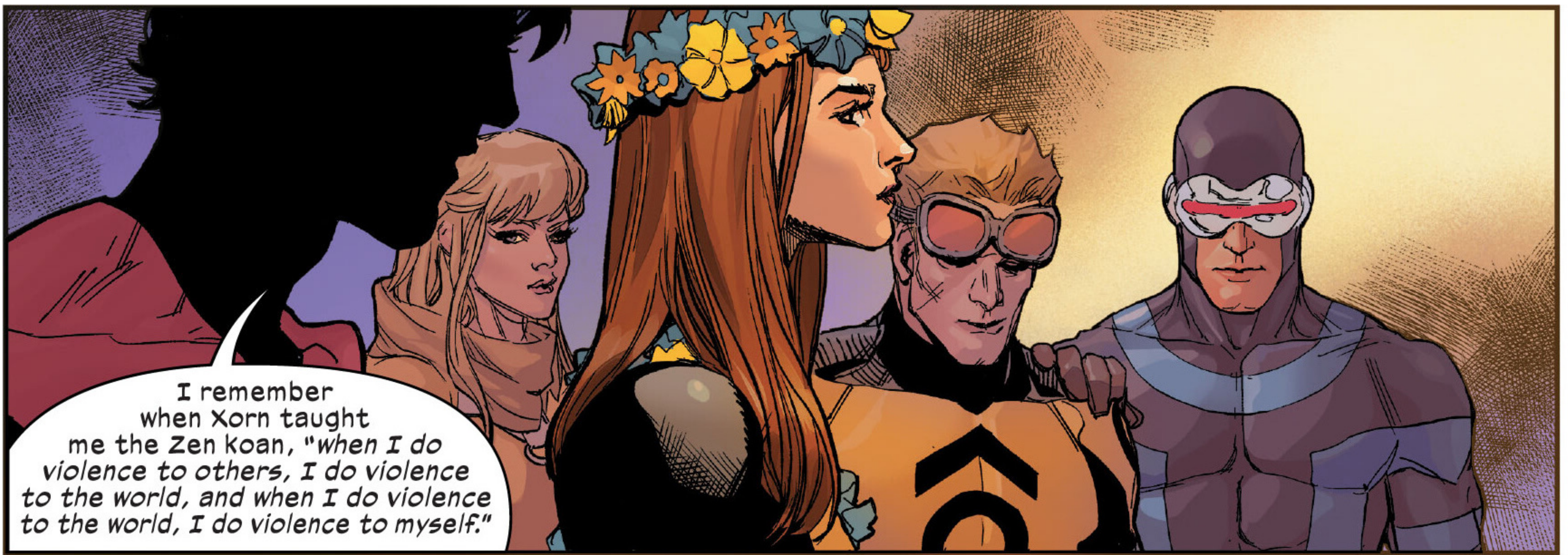
And Emma?



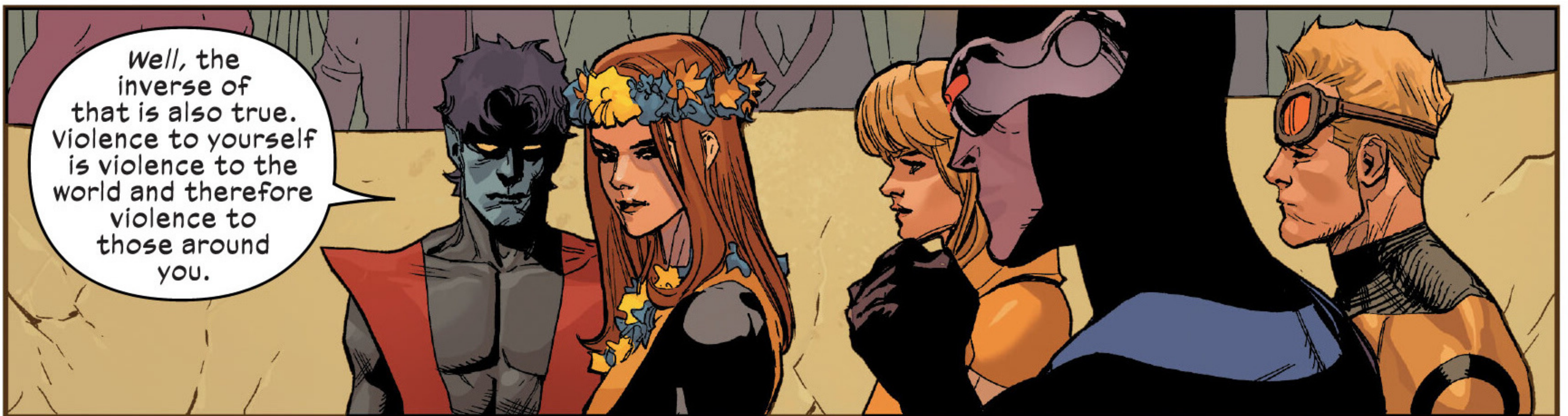
I'm afraid to ask her because of what the answer might be.

You're a wiser man than most, my friend.





I remember when Xorn taught me the Zen koan, "when I do violence to others, I do violence to the world, and when I do violence to the world, I do violence to myself."



Well, the inverse of that is also true. Violence to yourself is violence to the world and therefore violence to those around you.

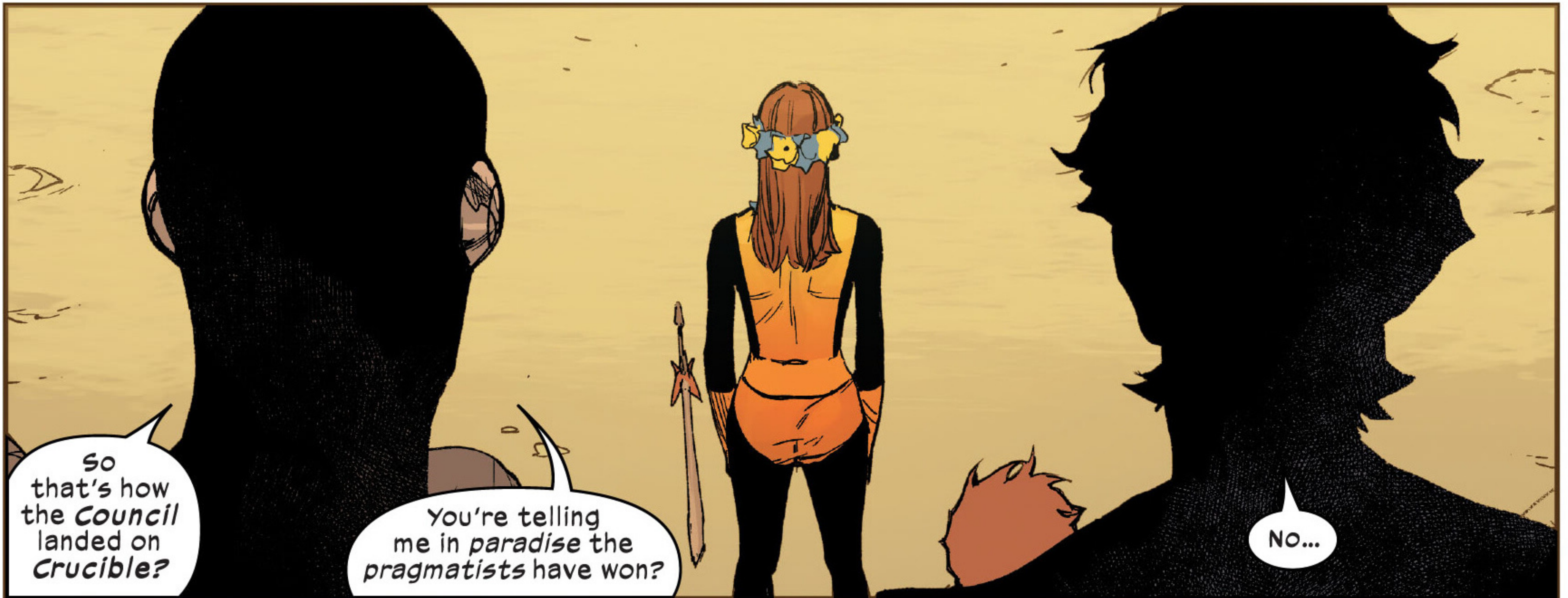


For me, these acts have both an external and eternal cost, and--to leave the Buddhism behind and return to the bosom of Christ's church--why they are sins.

Of course, my perspective--impassioned as it was--lacked the pragmatic strength of some other arguments.

After all, if one million depowered mutants decided to kill themselves tomorrow so they could be reborn in mutant glory, well...

...that represents a very real and practical problem for the Five.



So that's how the Council landed on Crucible?

You're telling me in paradise the pragmatists have won?

No...



"...there was another argument made."

Humans.
What can we say about humans that they have not already said about themselves?

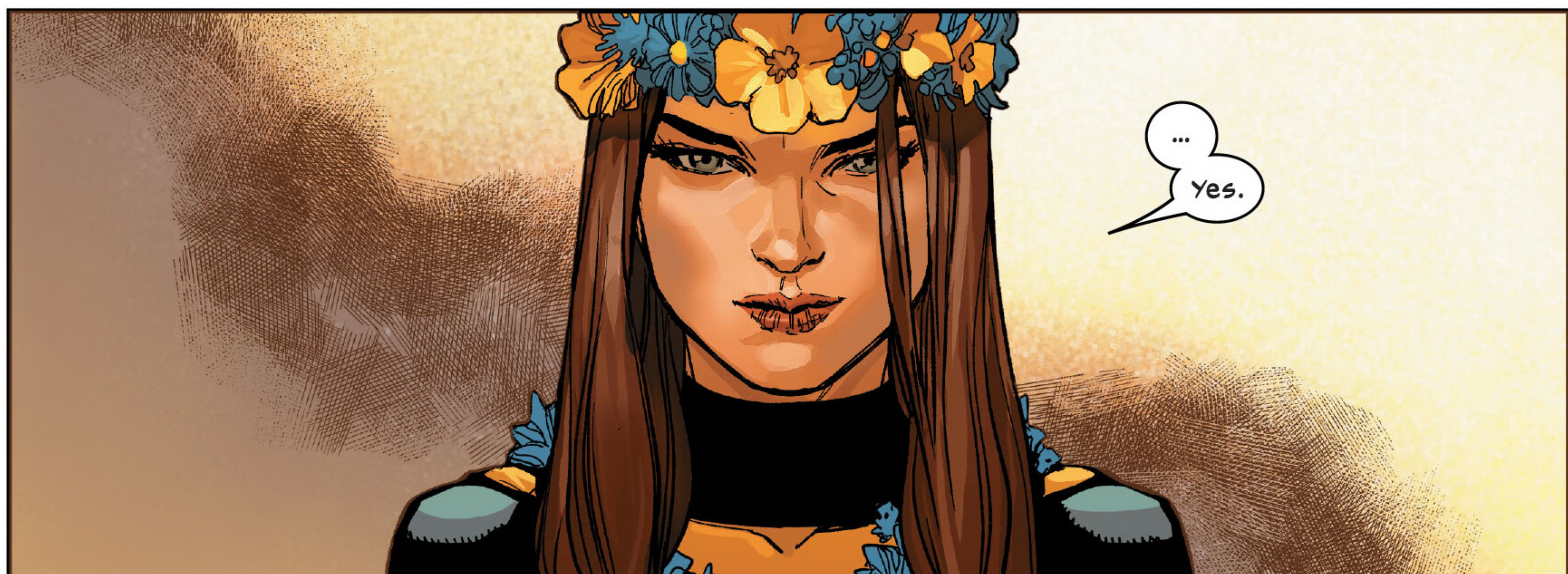
They cover the truth with lies, but their actions--*their godforsaken actions*--always reveal who they really are.

Oh, how they *hate us*. Oh, how they *fear us*. Oh, how they *envy us*.

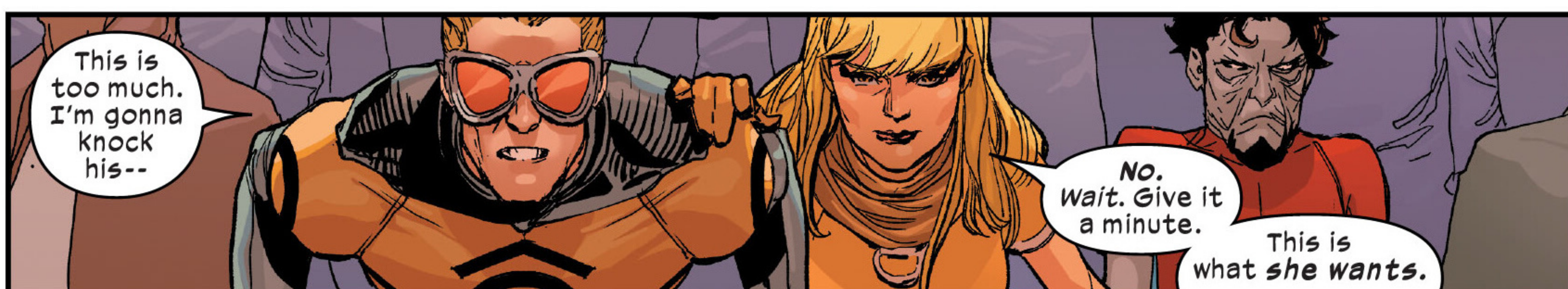
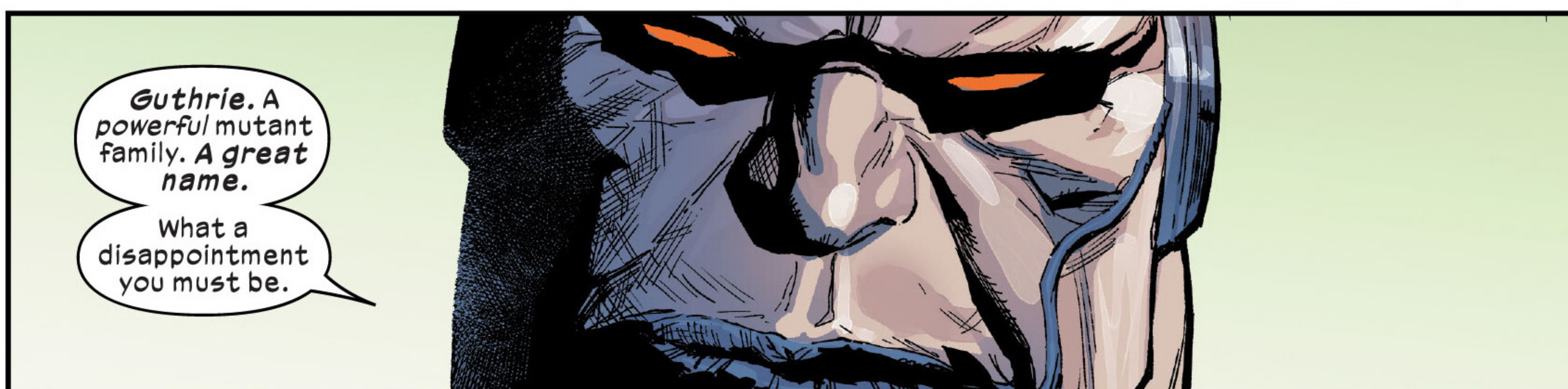
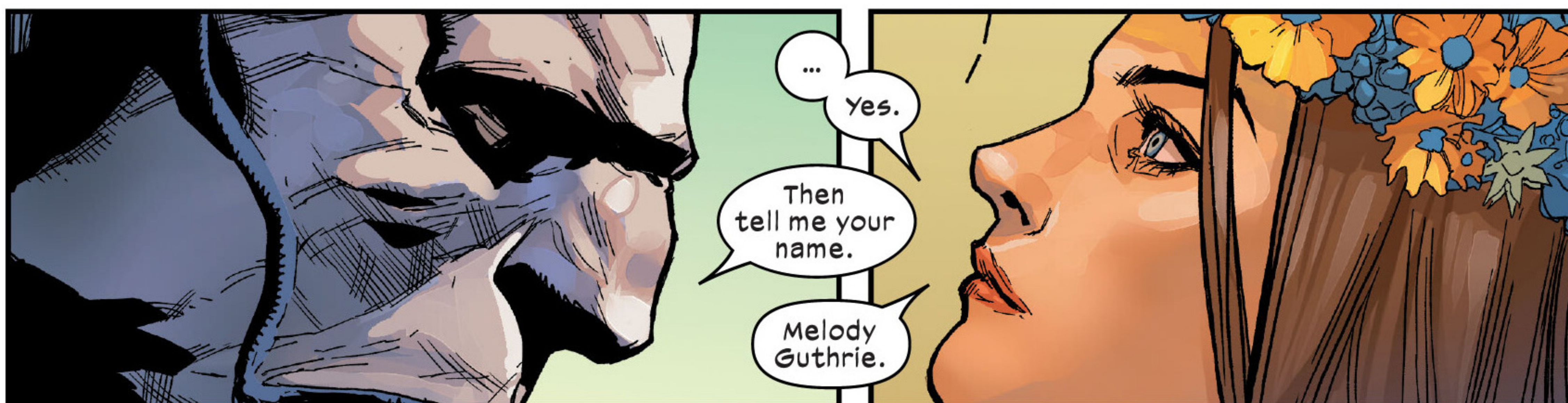
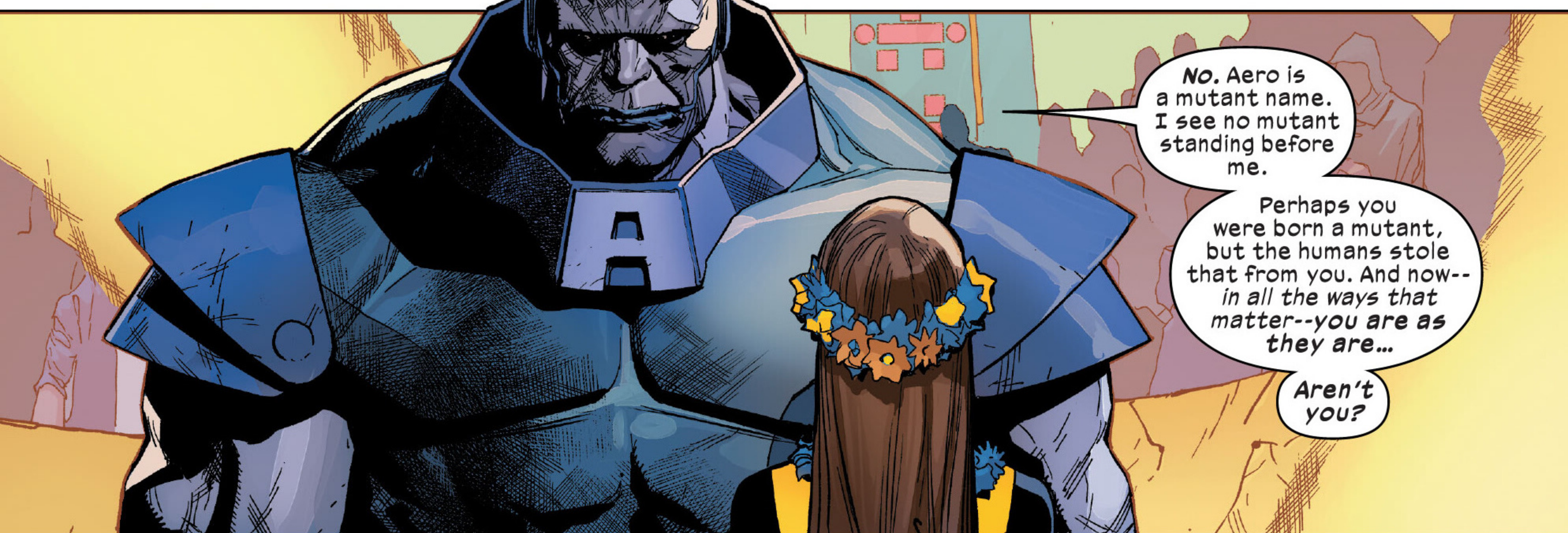


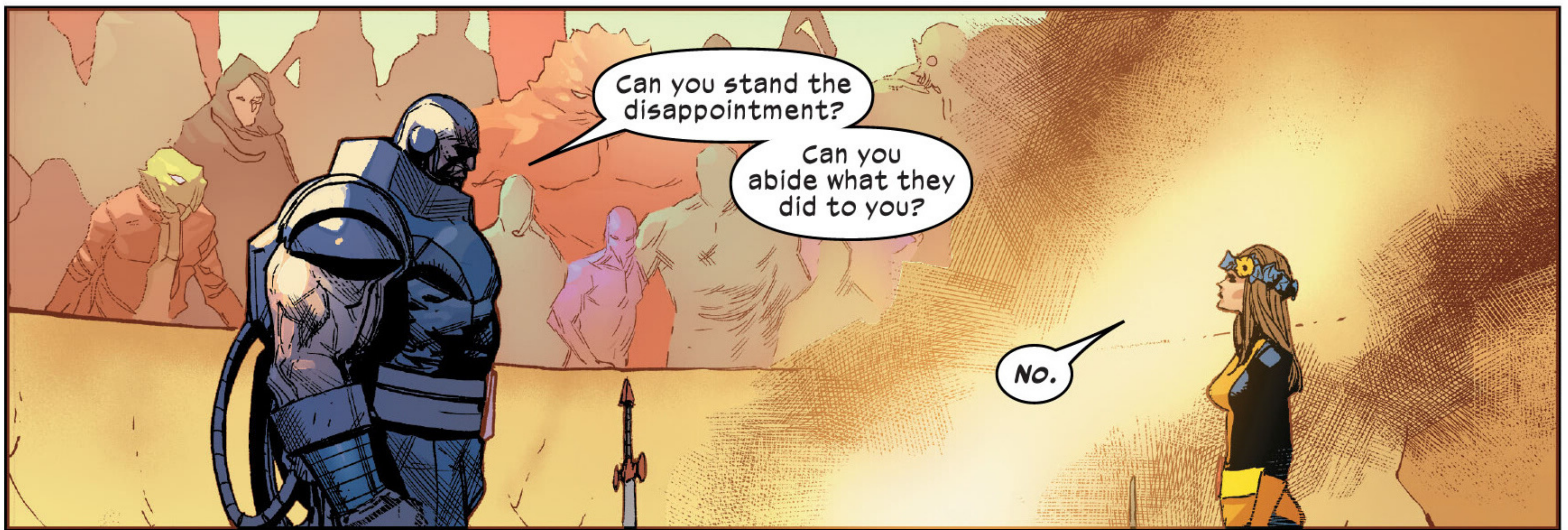
Look around you, child.

Are you filled with envy?



...
Yes.





Can you stand the disappointment?

Can you abide what they did to you?

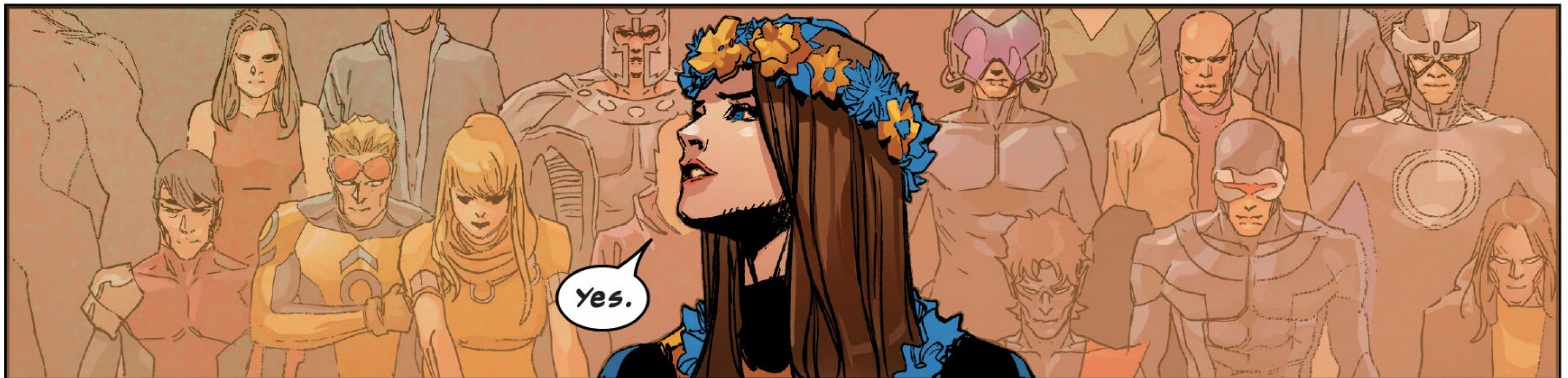
No.



Look around you. Look closely. These are a people willing to fight to the very last one to preserve our way of life.

To fight and die for one another. And this is why we do not accept those like you simply killing yourself to be reborn as something better.

It's a *surrender*. And those days are beyond our people. Do you understand?

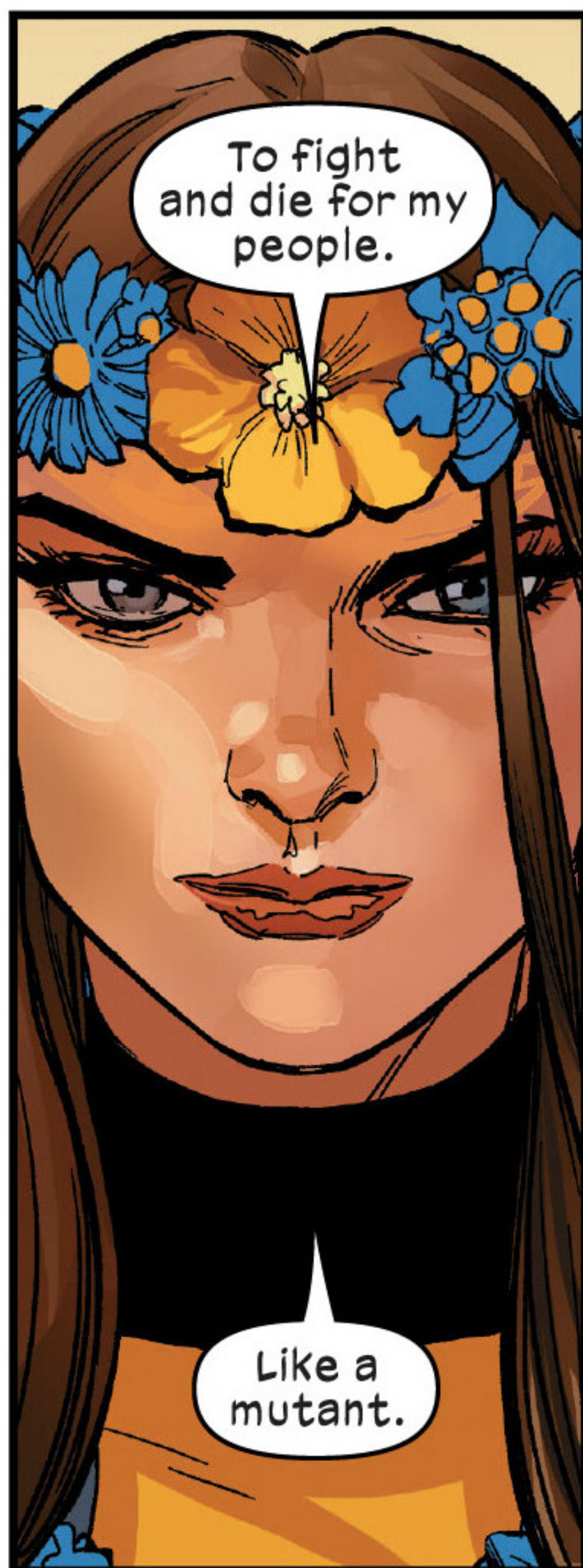


Yes.



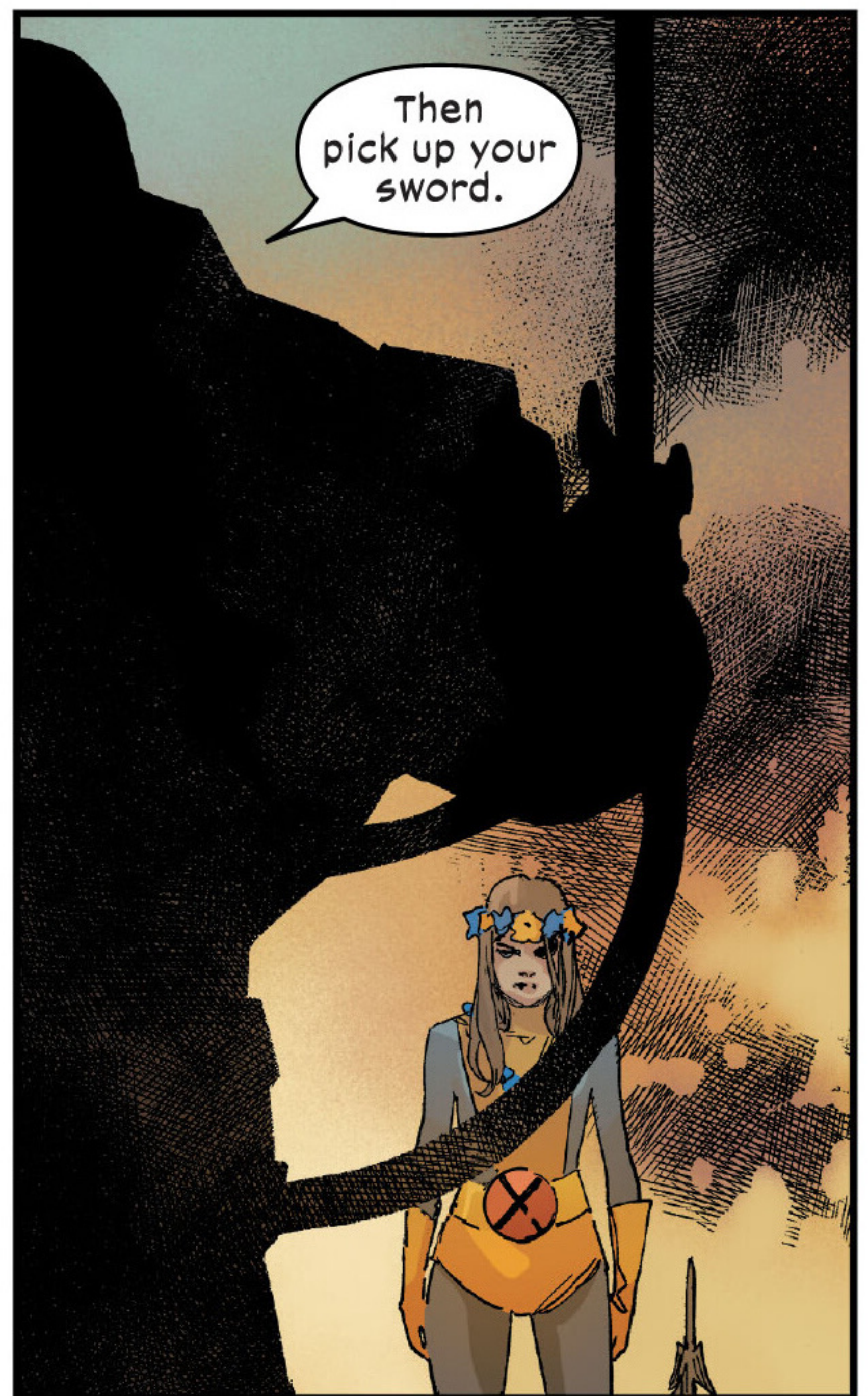
So what do you want, Melody Guthrie?

Why are you here?

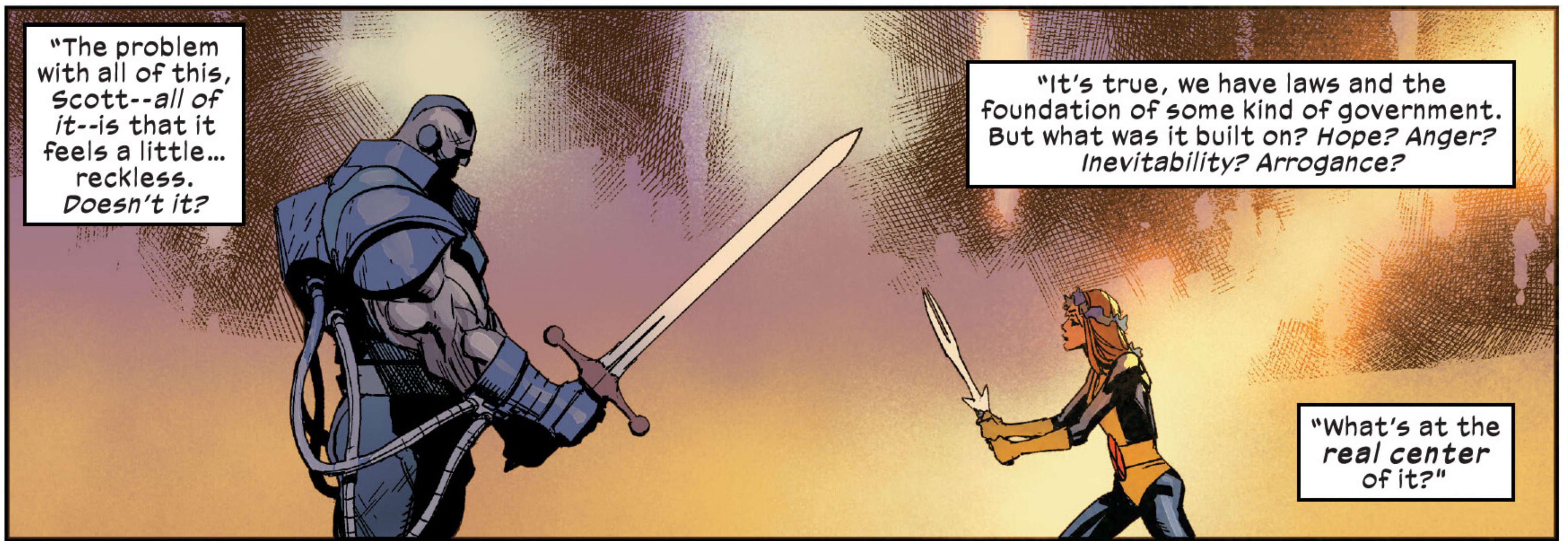


To fight and die for my people.

Like a mutant.



Then pick up your sword.





"Do they linger waiting for eternity, or do they return to their mortal vessel when that vessel is reborn, as you and I recently were?"



Am I really me?
Are you really you?

Gotta be honest. This is the first time I've felt like myself in years, Kurt.

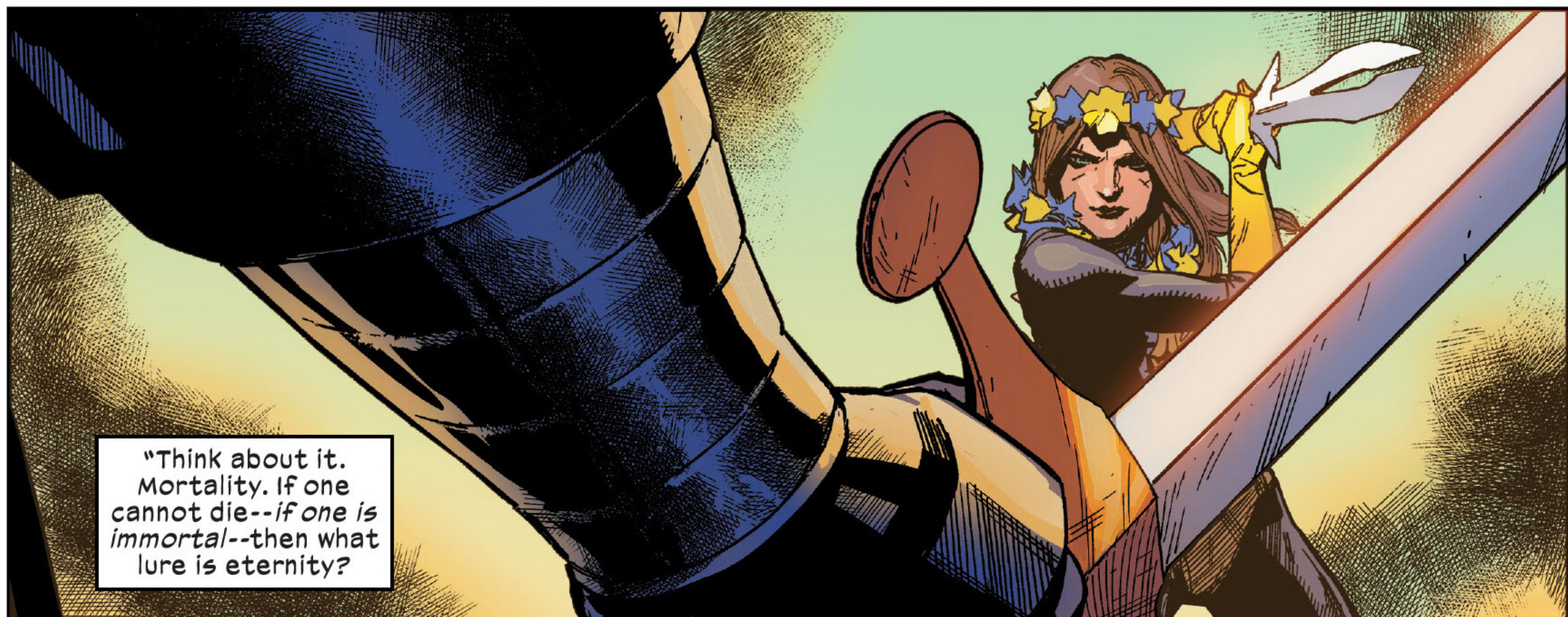
If this is wrong, I don't wanna be right.

I understand that.

Still...

Questions.

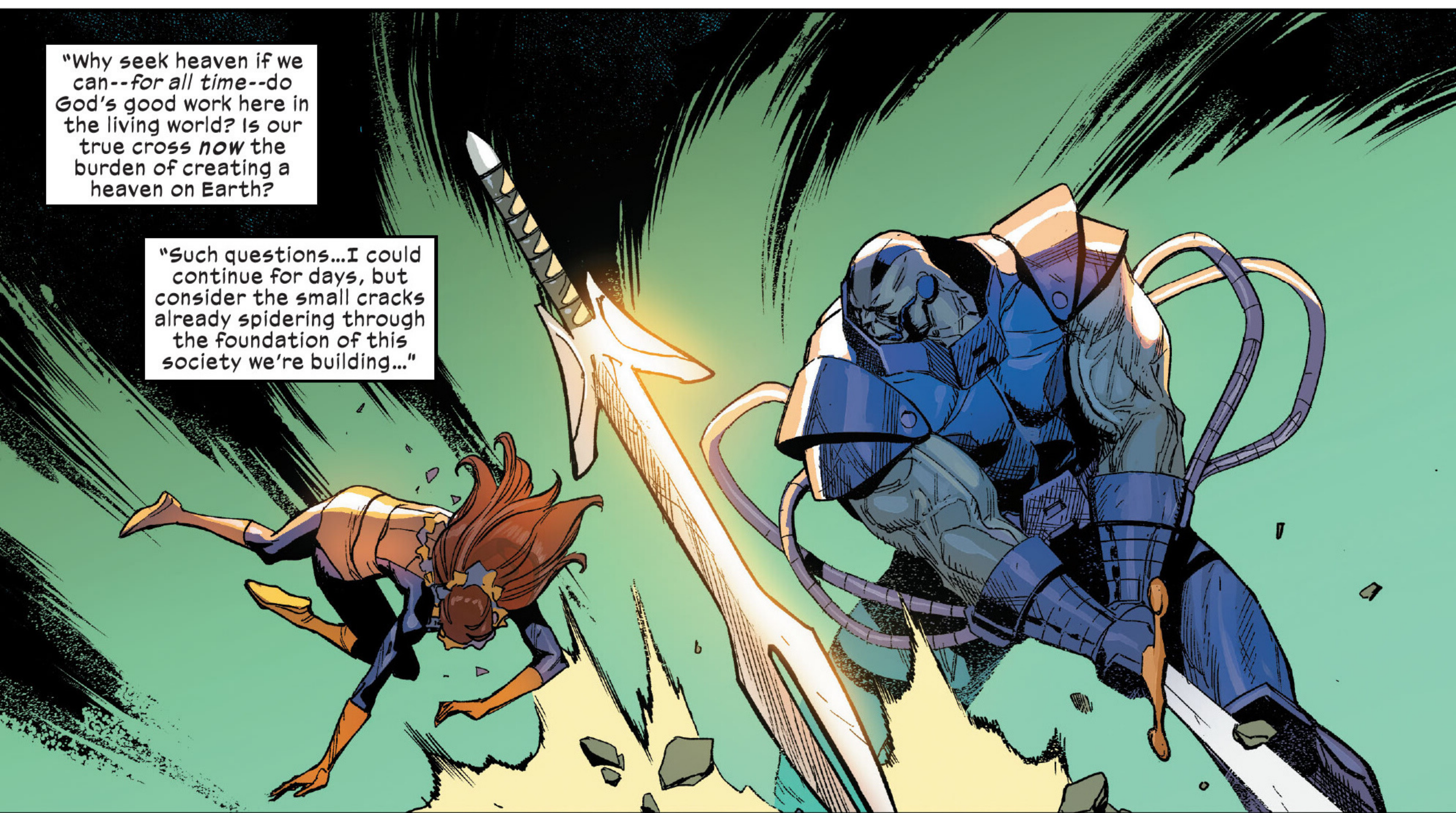
Yes.



"Think about it. Mortality. If one cannot die--if one is immortal--then what lure is eternity?"

"Why seek heaven if we can--for all time--do God's good work here in the living world? Is our true cross *now* the burden of creating a heaven on Earth?"

"Such questions...I could continue for days, but consider the small cracks already spidering through the foundation of this society we're building..."





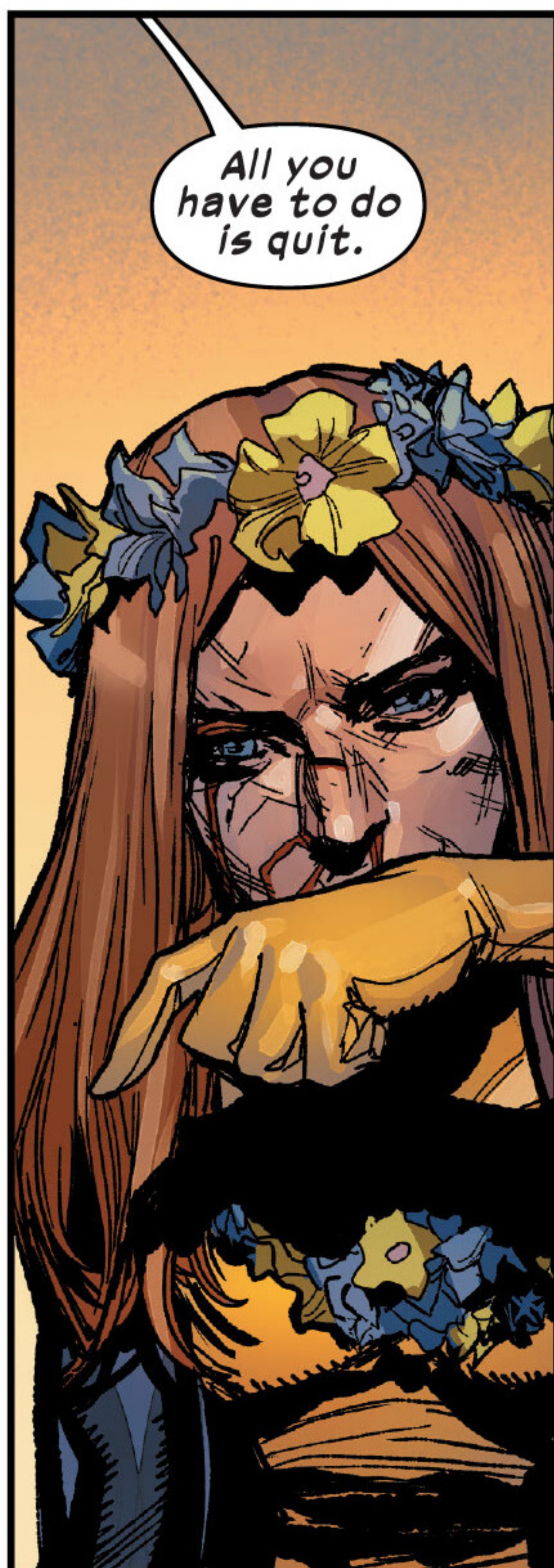
You *can*
live like this. Like
a human.

It's an
existence of
a sort. There's
nothing wrong
with it.



We can
make the
pain stop. Your
wounds can
be healed.

We have
mutants that
can make you
whole...



All you
have to do
is quit.



Just lie
there.

And
don't get
up.



Go to
hell.



Good.



"If one is changed--made whole--in being reborn, then why shouldn't *other mutants* have the same opportunity in death?"

"Why shouldn't they be able to be the very best version of themselves--or perhaps even a better version?"

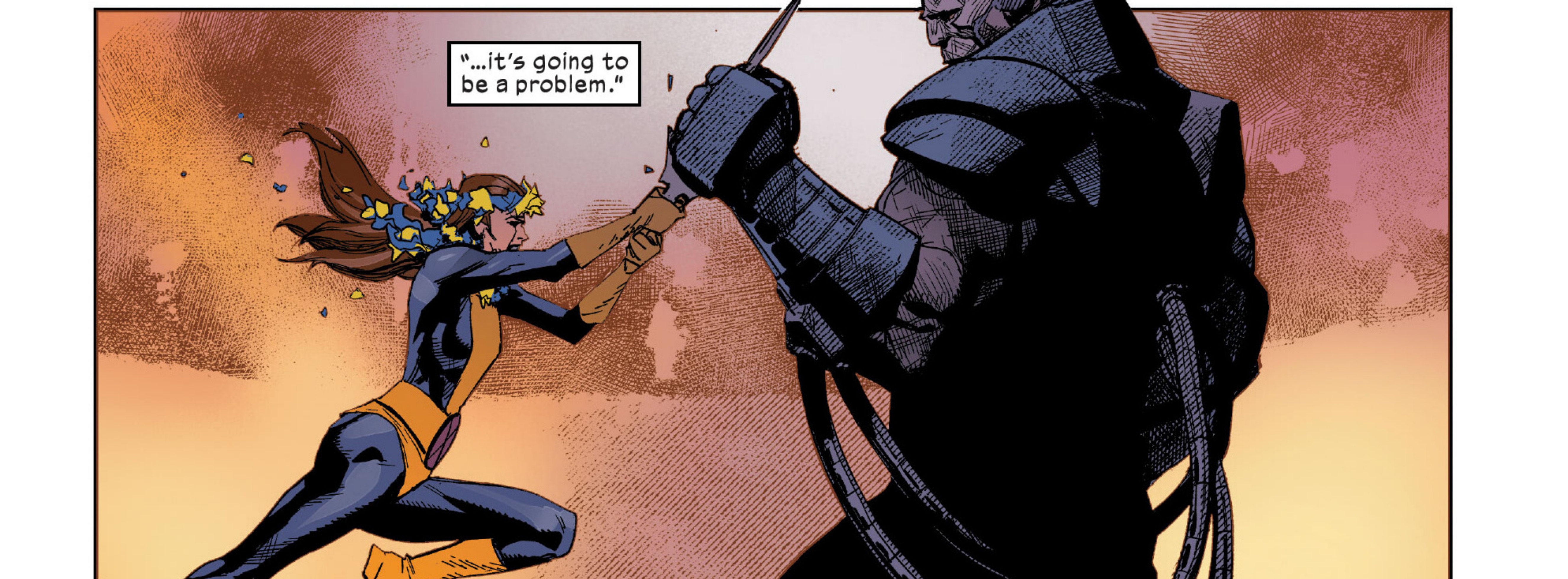


They should, *I think*. The problem is that some are arguing that the best version of themselves would be being reborn in a copy of Magneto's body with his powers.

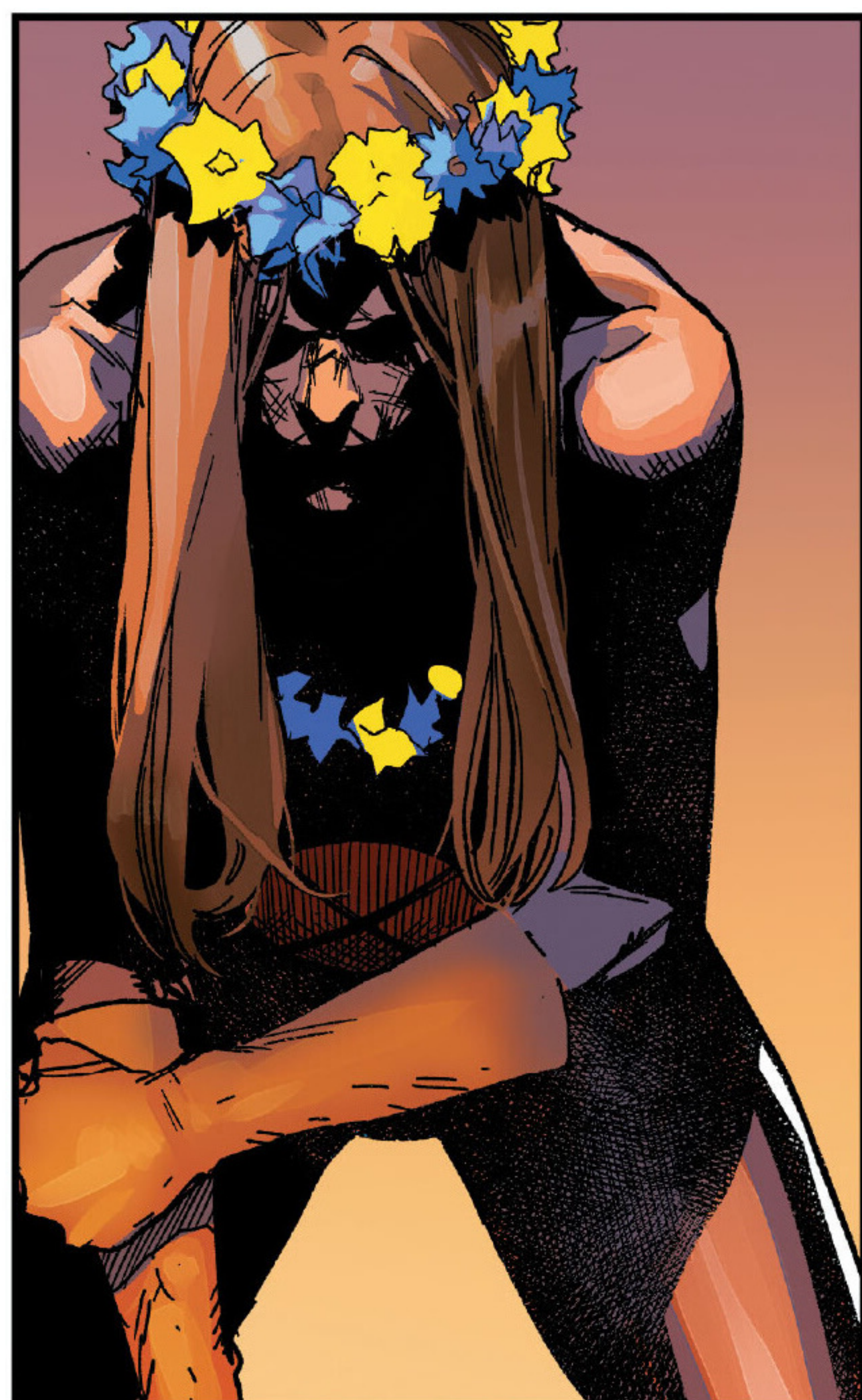
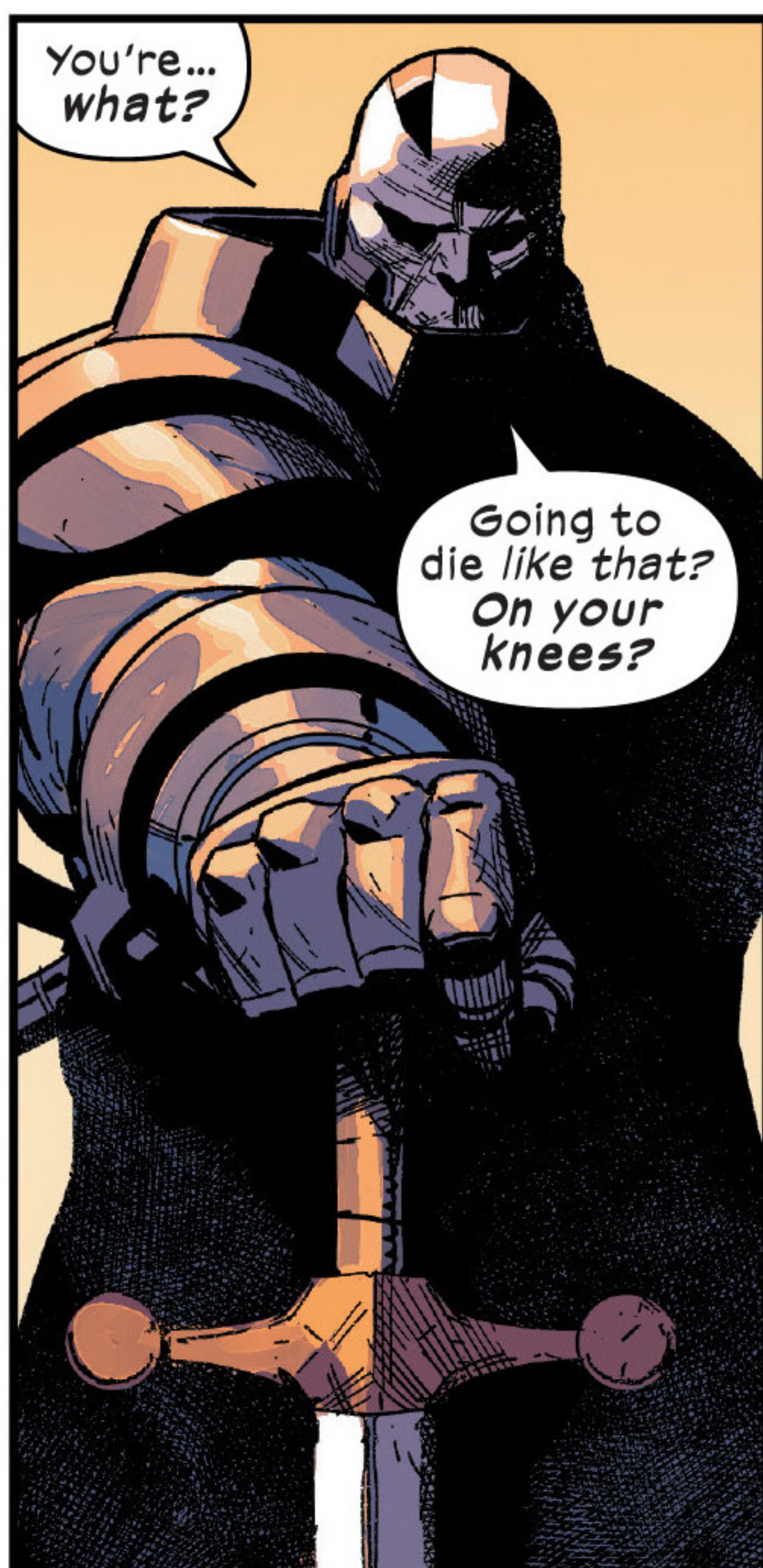
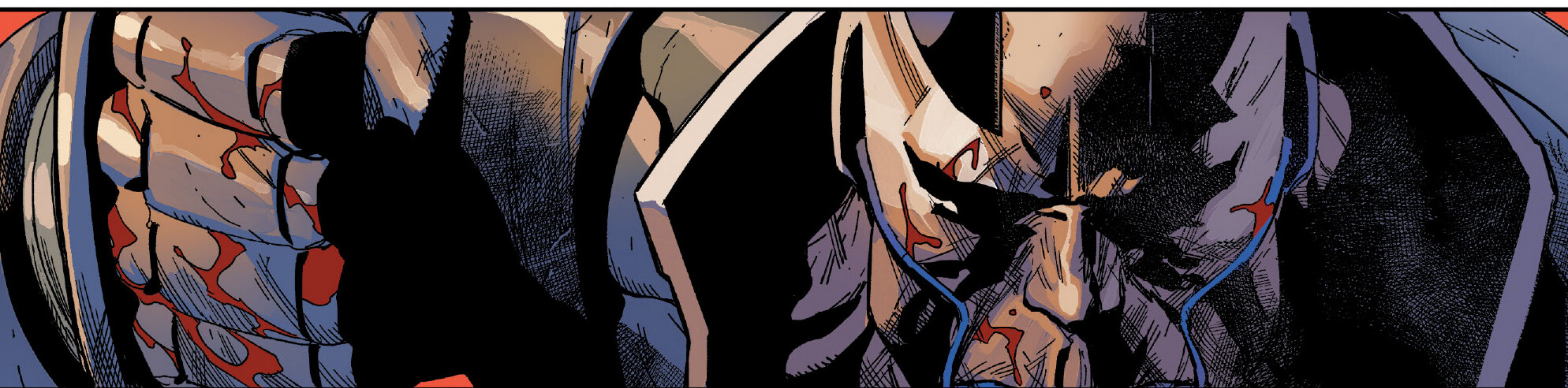
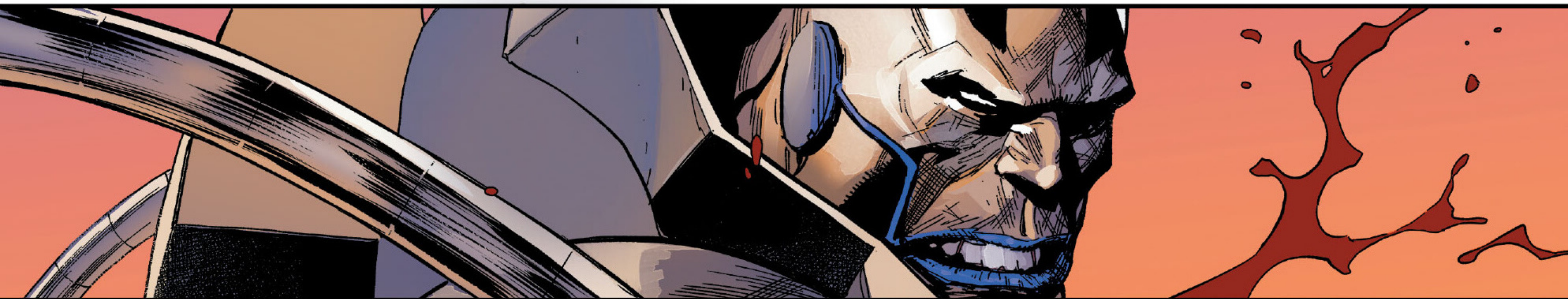
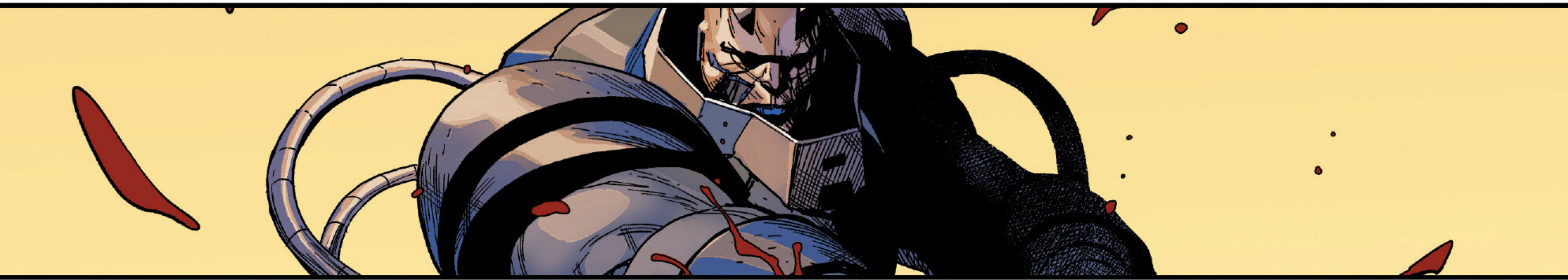
I've already seen that written in someone's will.

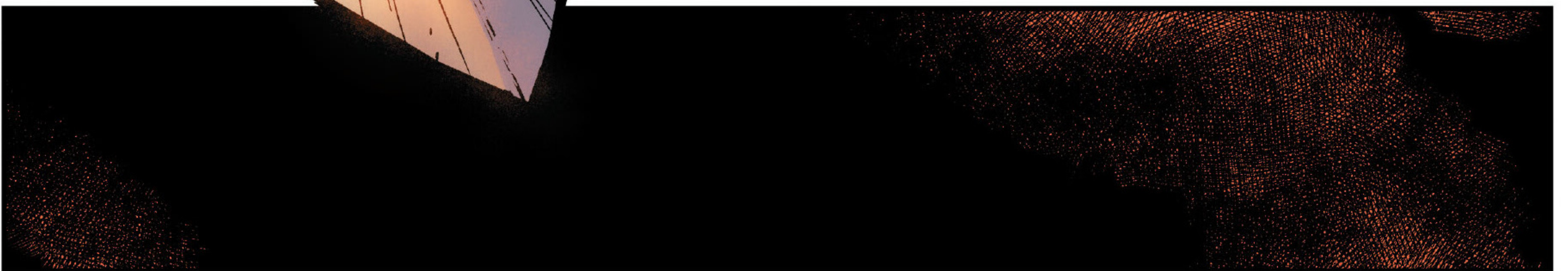
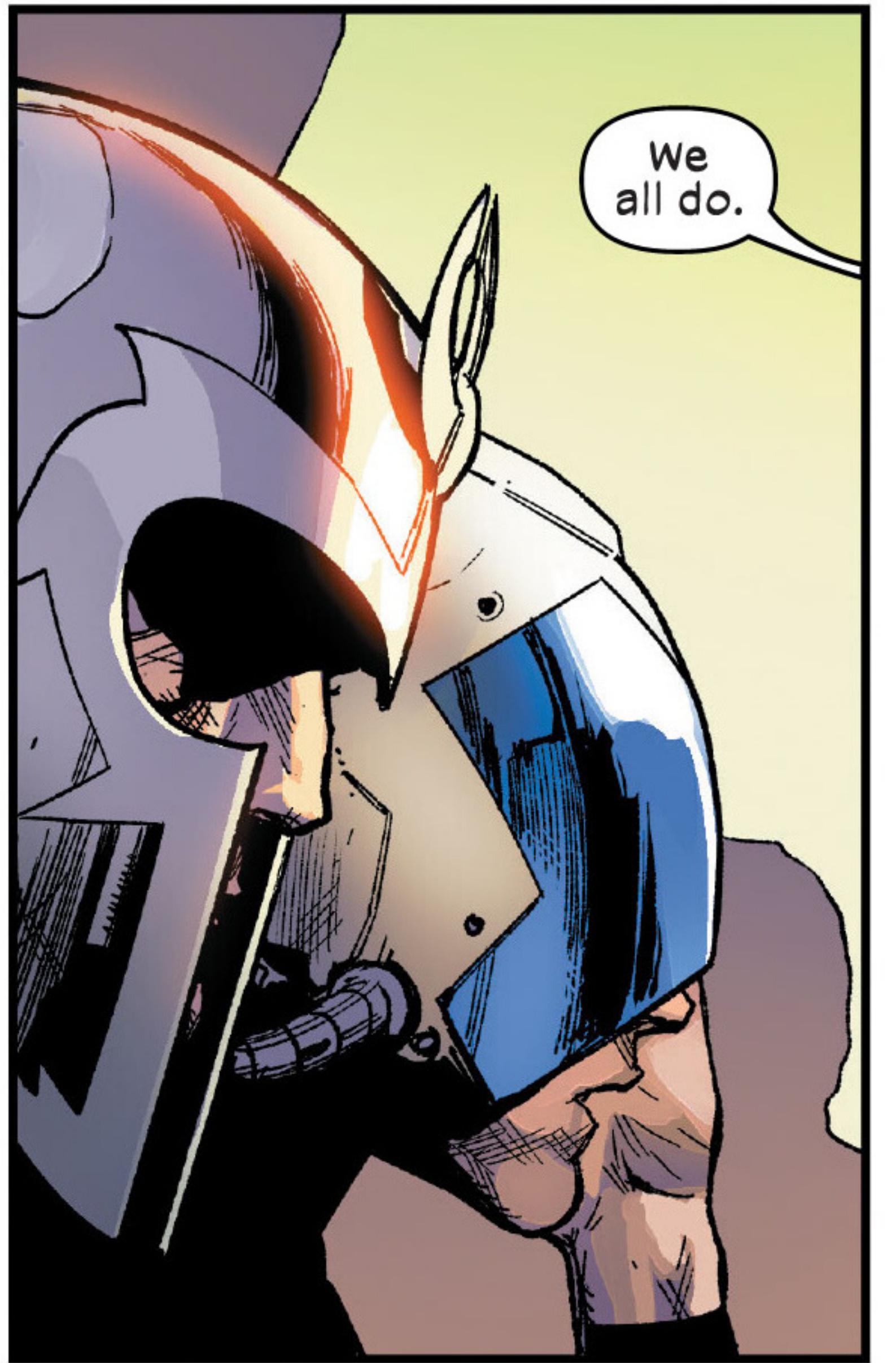
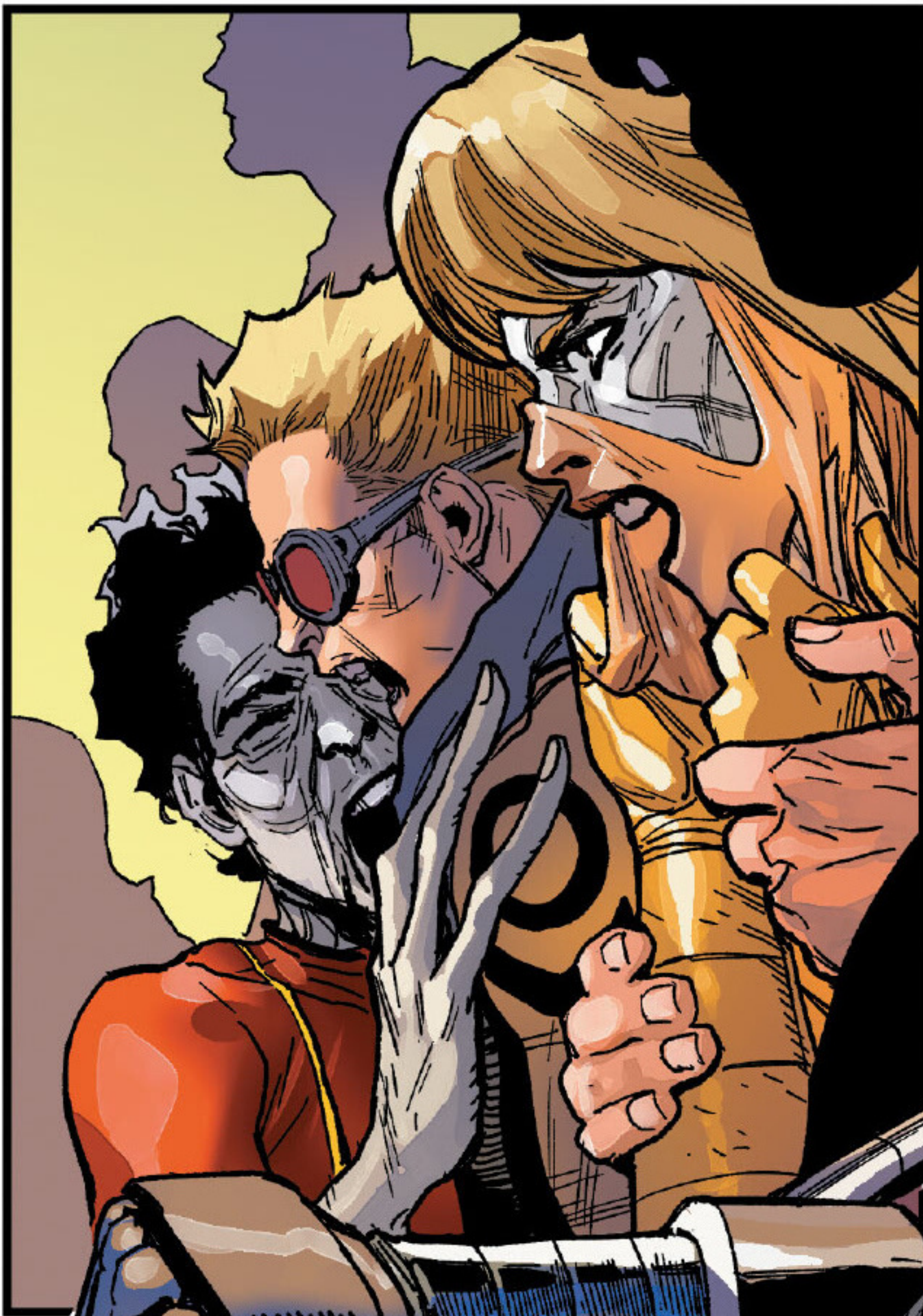
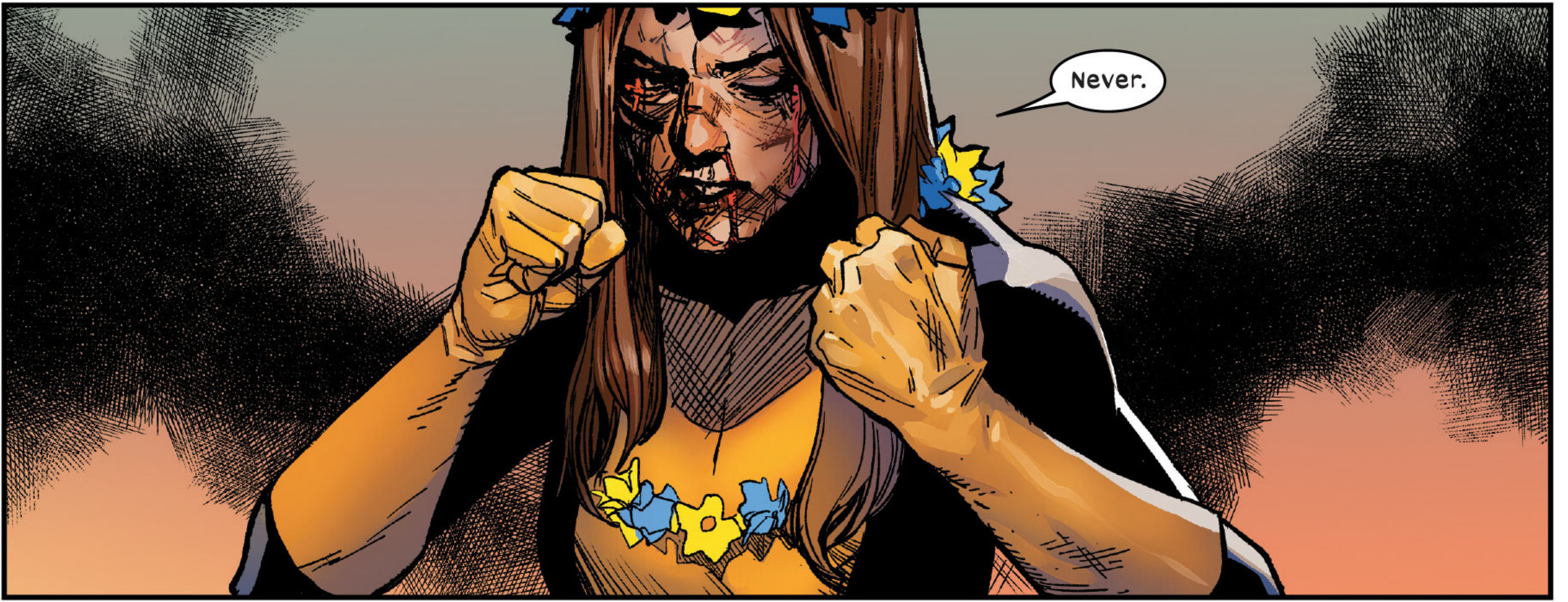
But why stop there? Why not combine two? Why not add a third into the mix?

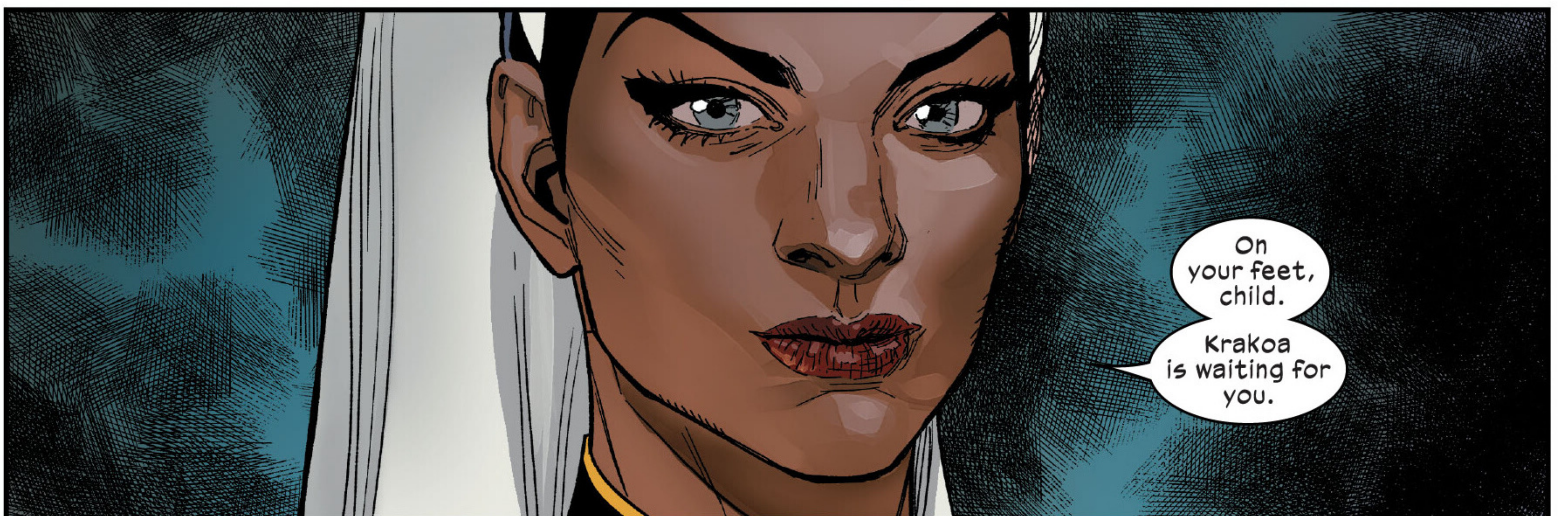
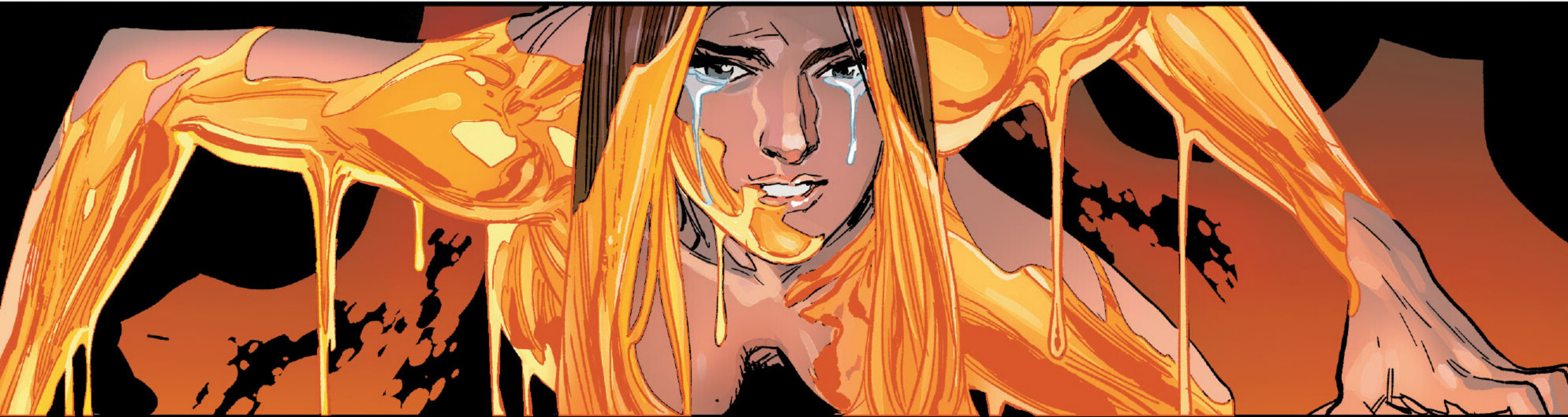
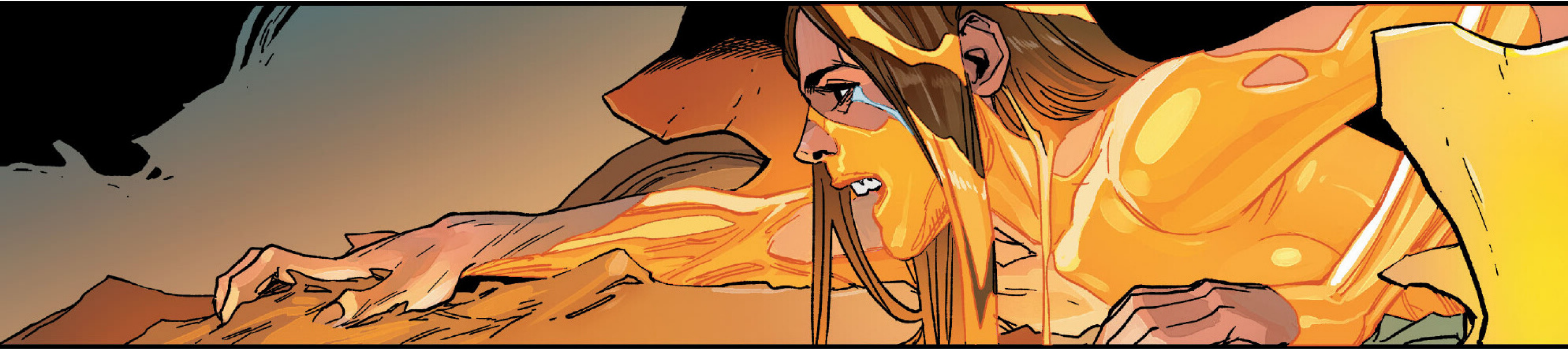
Yeah. Like I said...



"...it's going to be a problem."

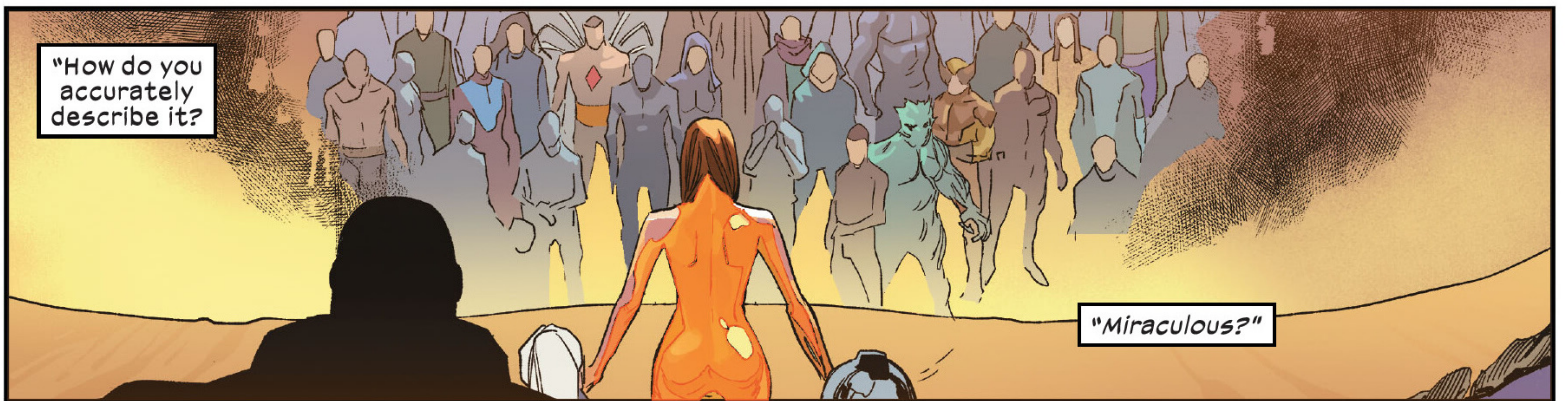








"How do you explain something like this?"



"How do you accurately describe it?"

"Miraculous?"



Glorious?

Wrong?

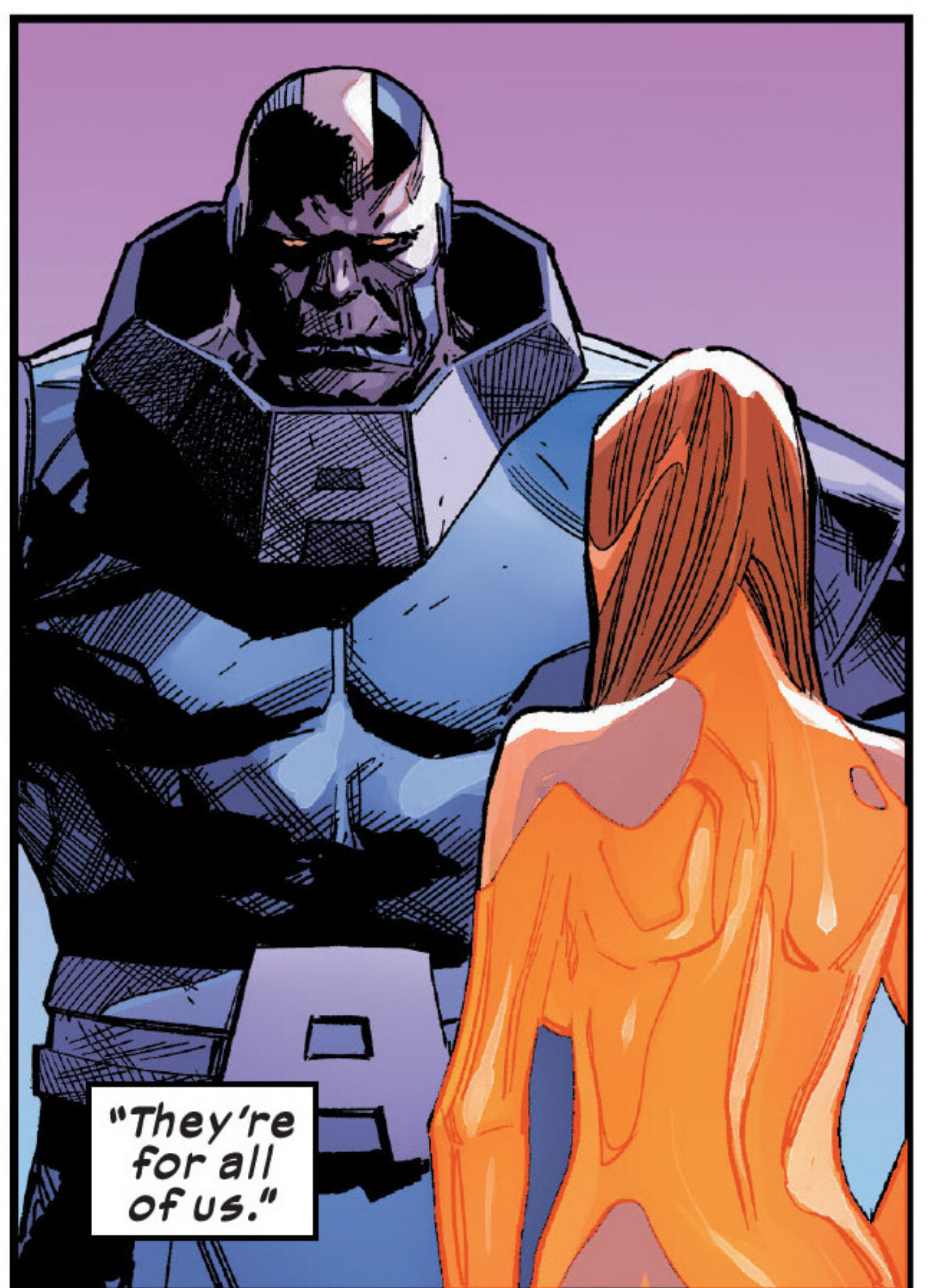
All I know is you've convinced me. You're right...



...you do have questions.

Yes. And the only thing I'm sure of is this:

Any answers I find...I do not think they are for me alone.



"They're for all of us."



I...
I'm back. I'm
whole.

Thank
you.



I deserve
no credit for
revealing what
was always
there.

What victory
there *is* yours and
yours alone.

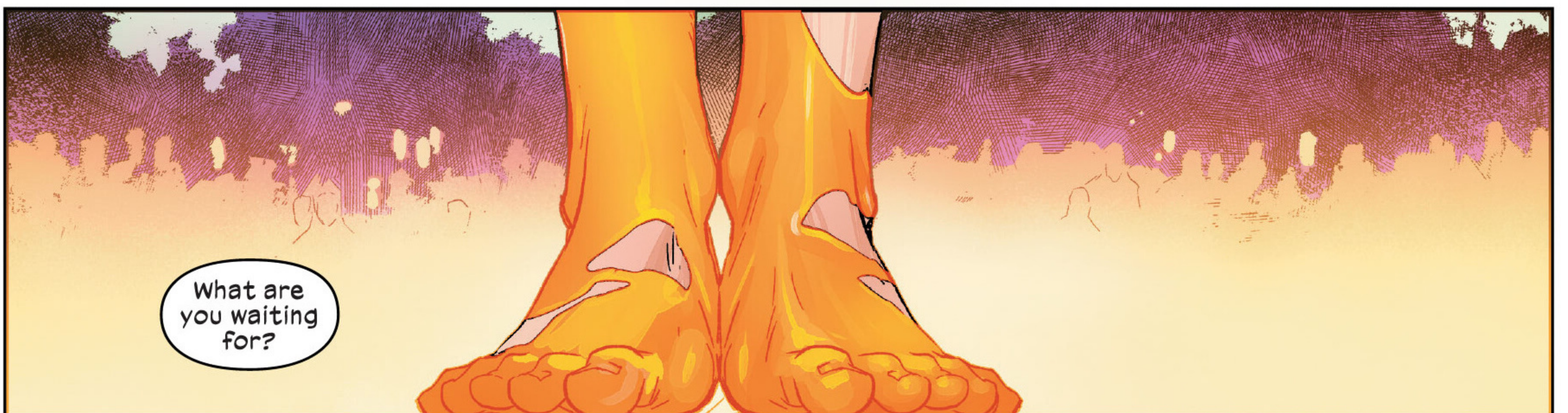
All that's
left for you to do
is claim it.



Still...*thank*
you.

You're
welcome,
child.

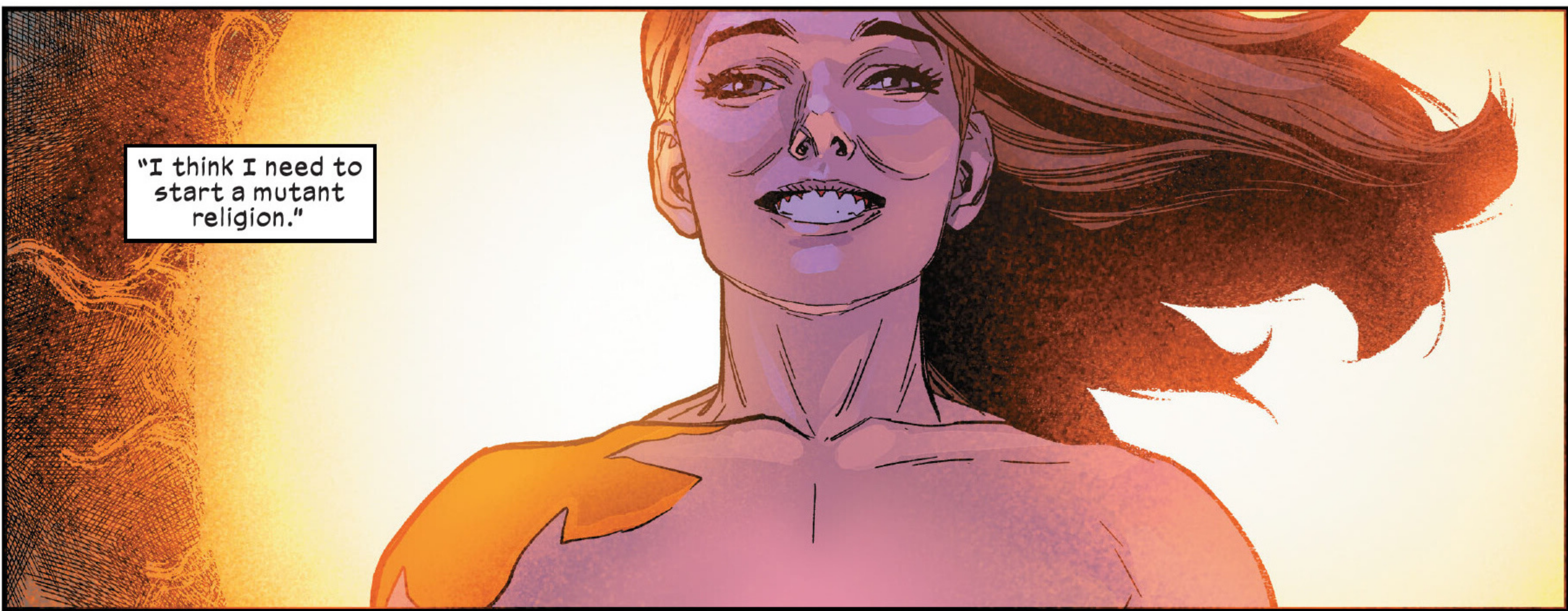
NOW...



What are
you waiting
for?



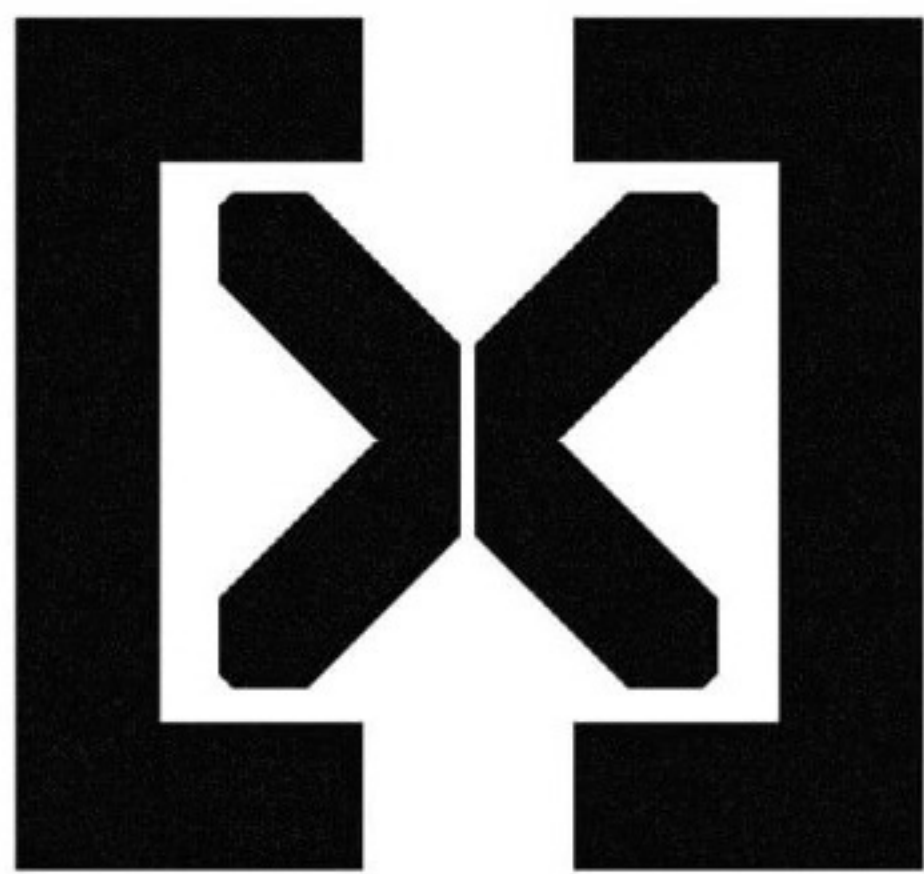
Show
them who you
really are.





Into the Storm

8



[kra_[0.1]
[koa_[0.1]

[kra_[0.X]
[koa_[0.X]



PSYCHIC RESCUE

The island-nation of Krakoa requires defense -- and one of its greatest protectors is a mutant named Storm. A longtime defender of mutantkind, Storm recently fought Orchis and the Children of the Vault with the X-Men.



Jean Grey



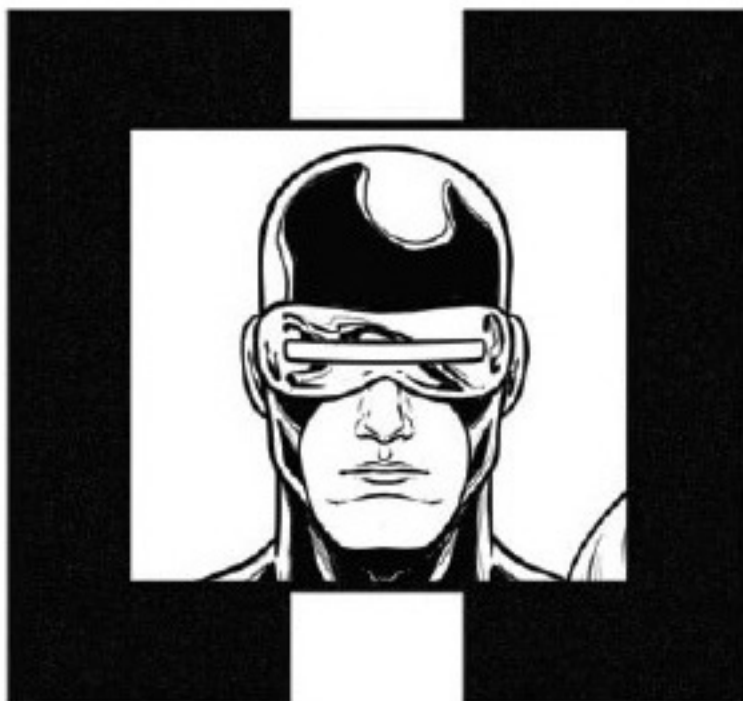
Emma Frost



Storm



Wolverine



Cyclops



[kra_[0.1]...]
[koa_[0.1]...]

[A._New_World]





Haha!
Catch
me if you
can!

I'll give
you a *head*
start.

You're
gonna *need*
it!

Hey!
Did you see
that?

Yeah...



It came from over here.

Do you see anything?

No. I...

Wait. There's something over...

Yeah. I see something...

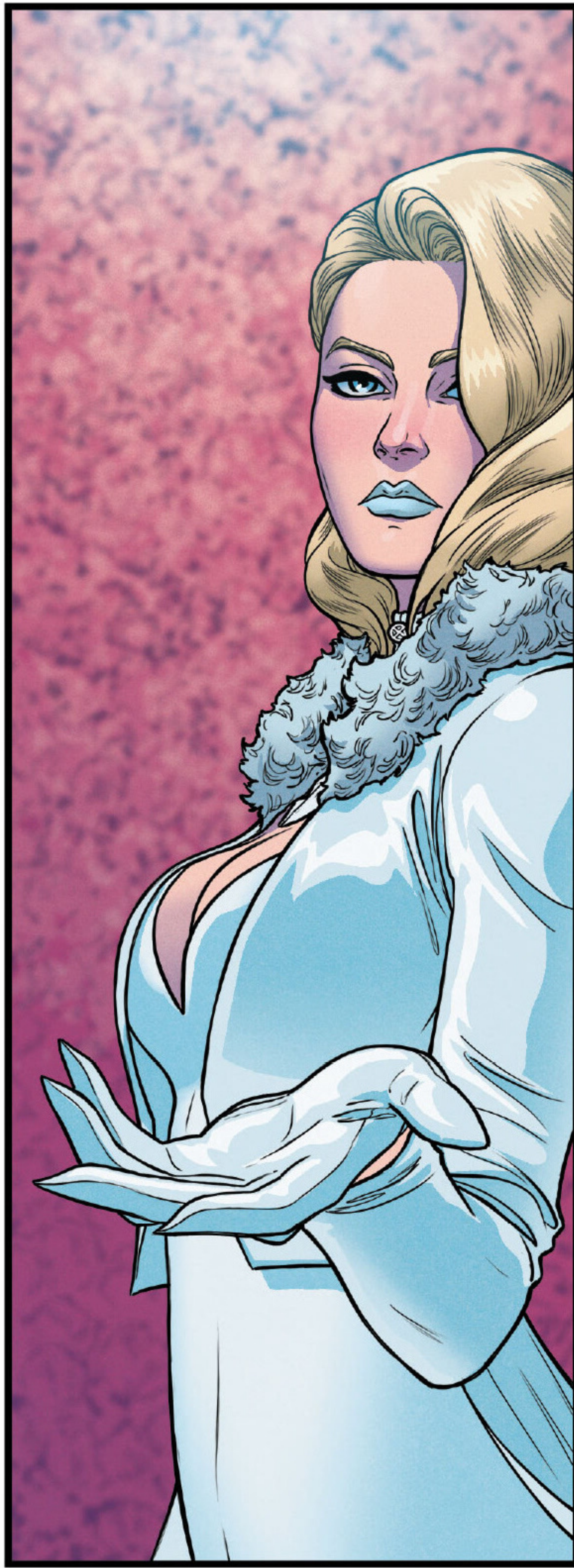
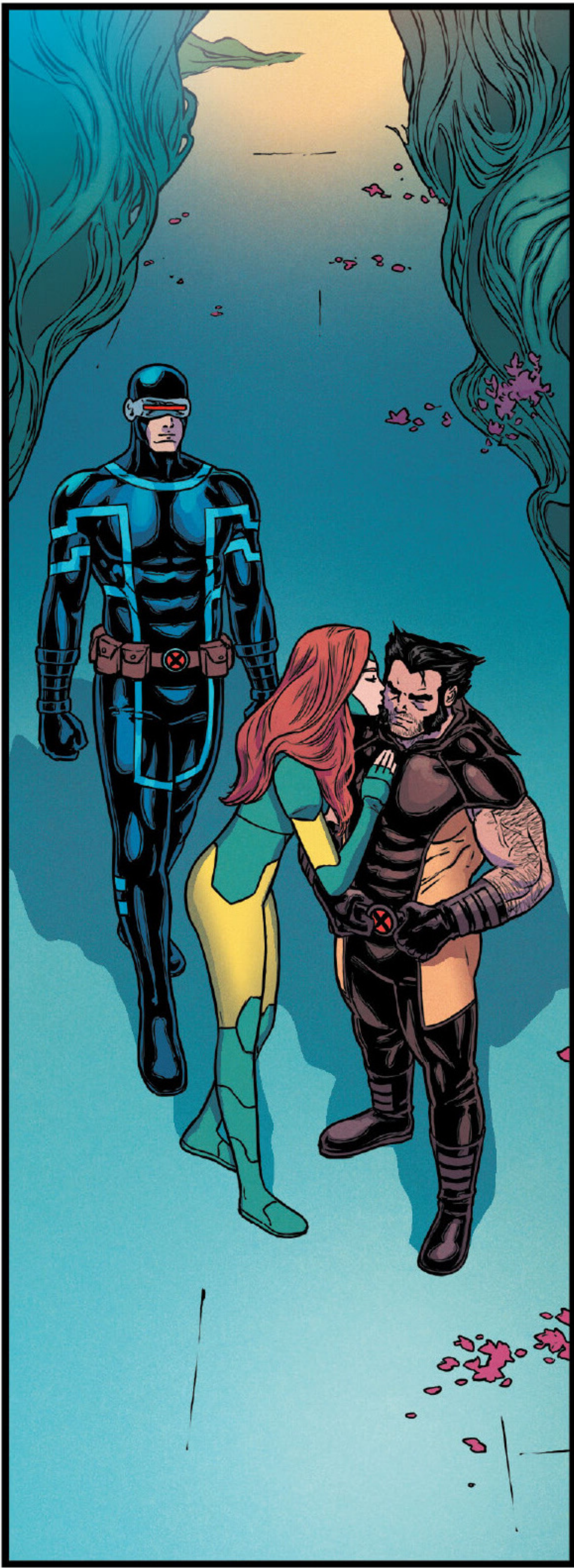
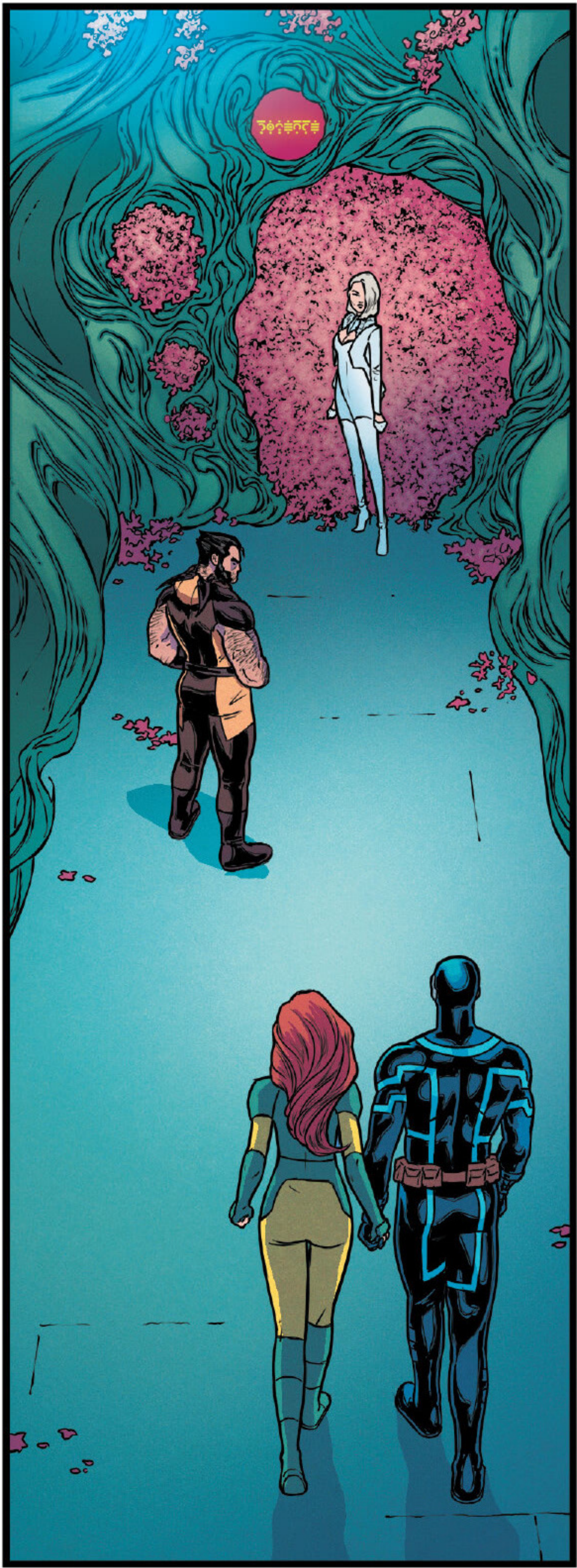
Someone.

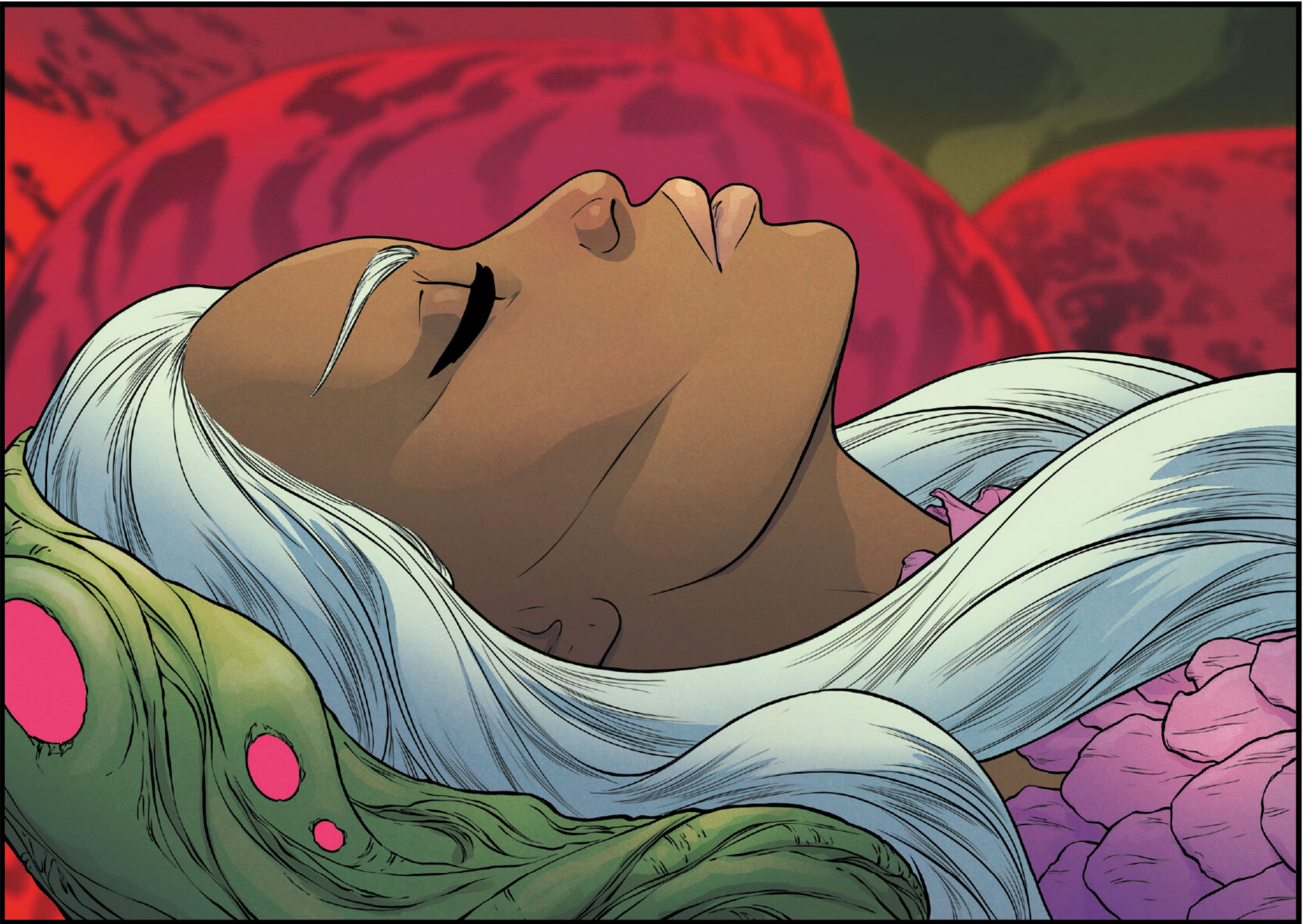
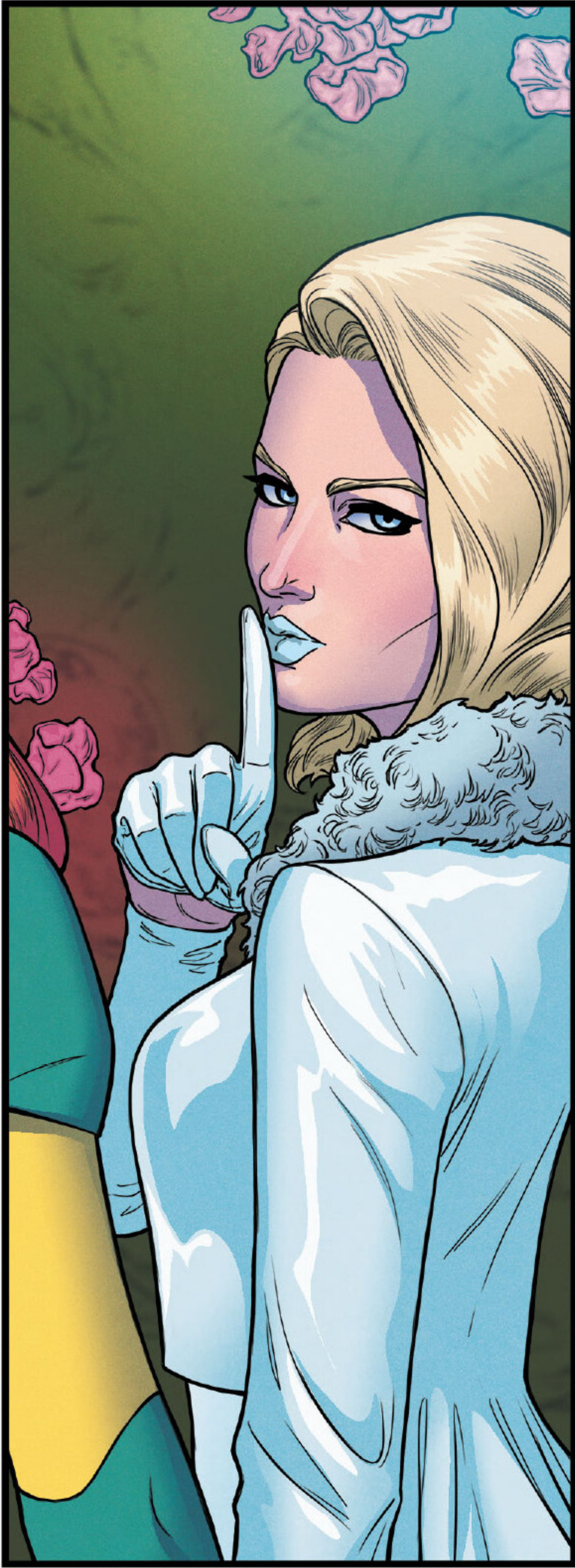
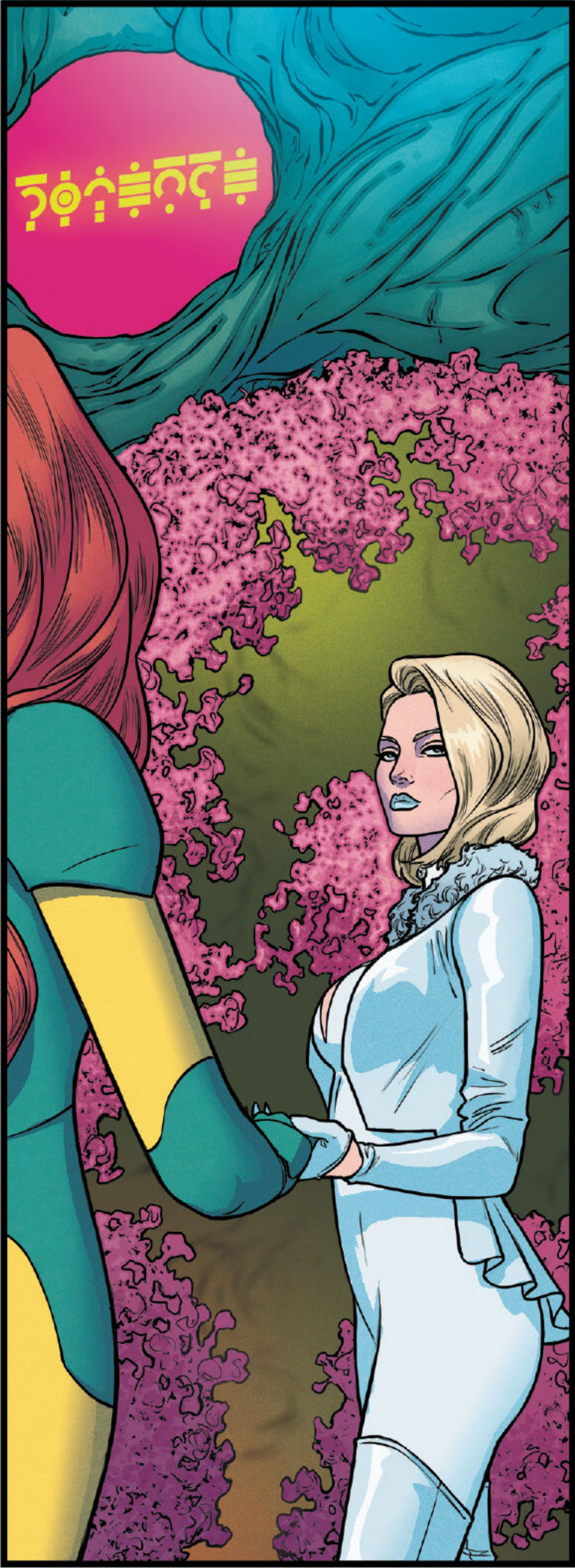
Oh no. It's...

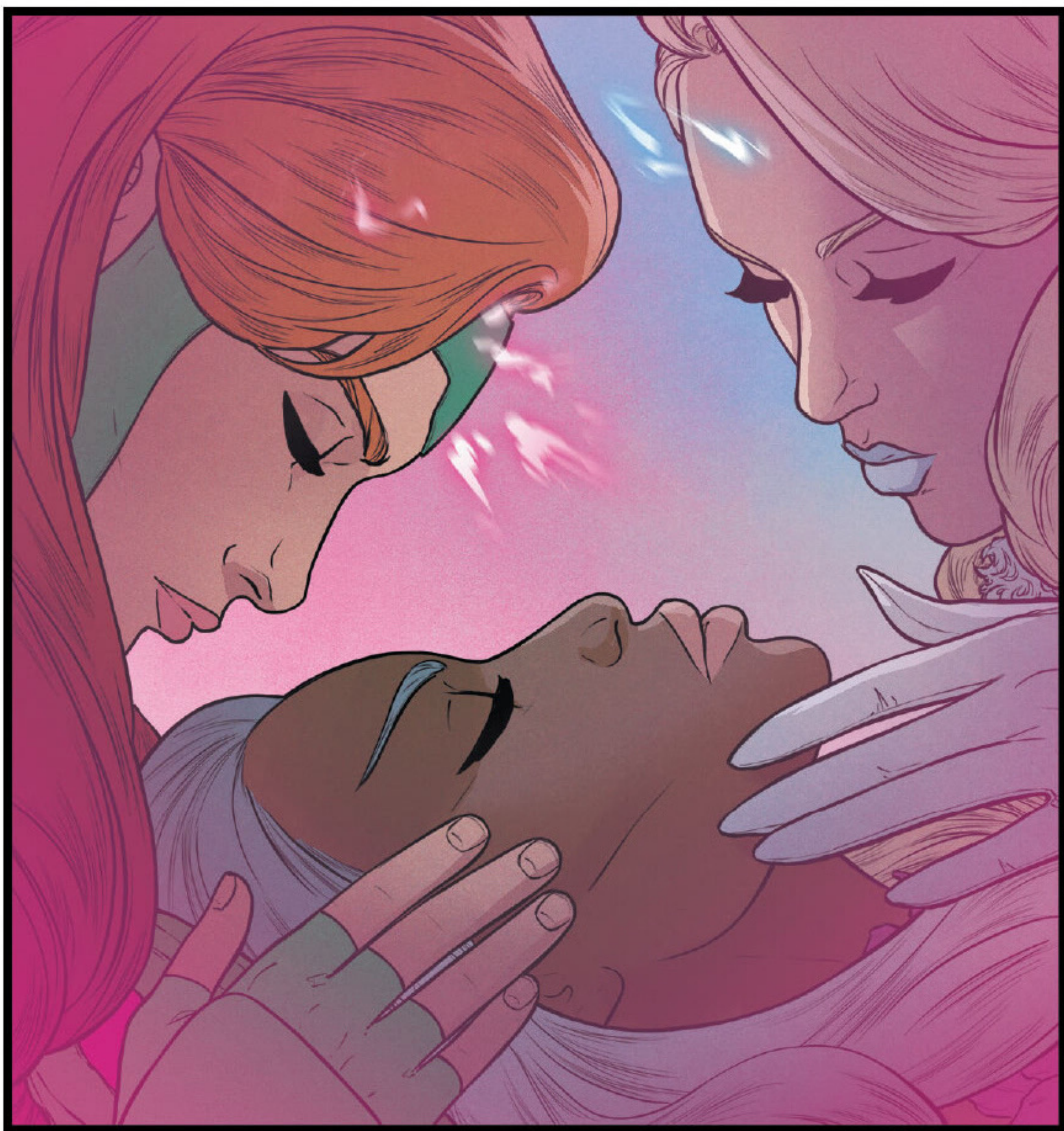
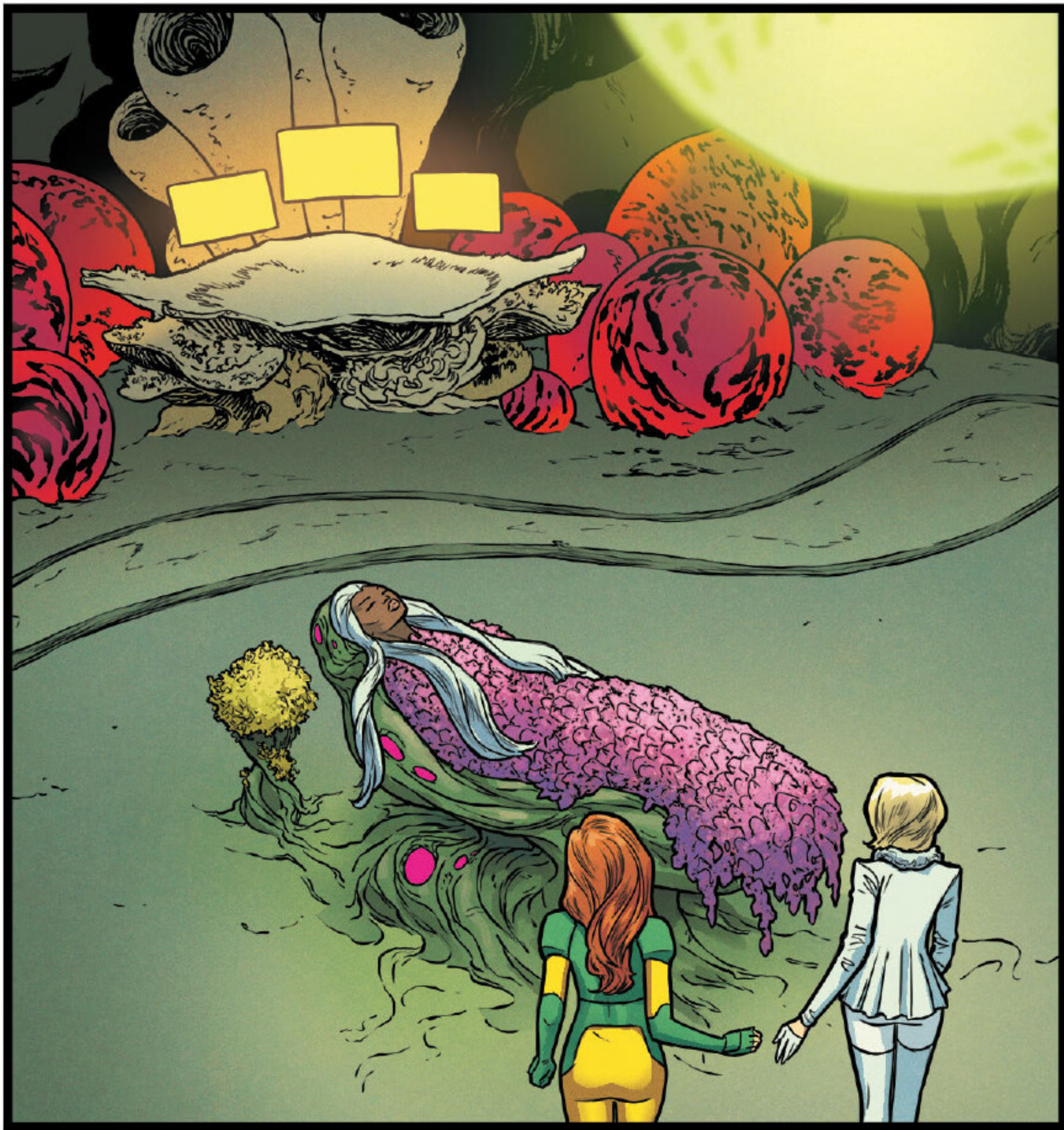
Storm!



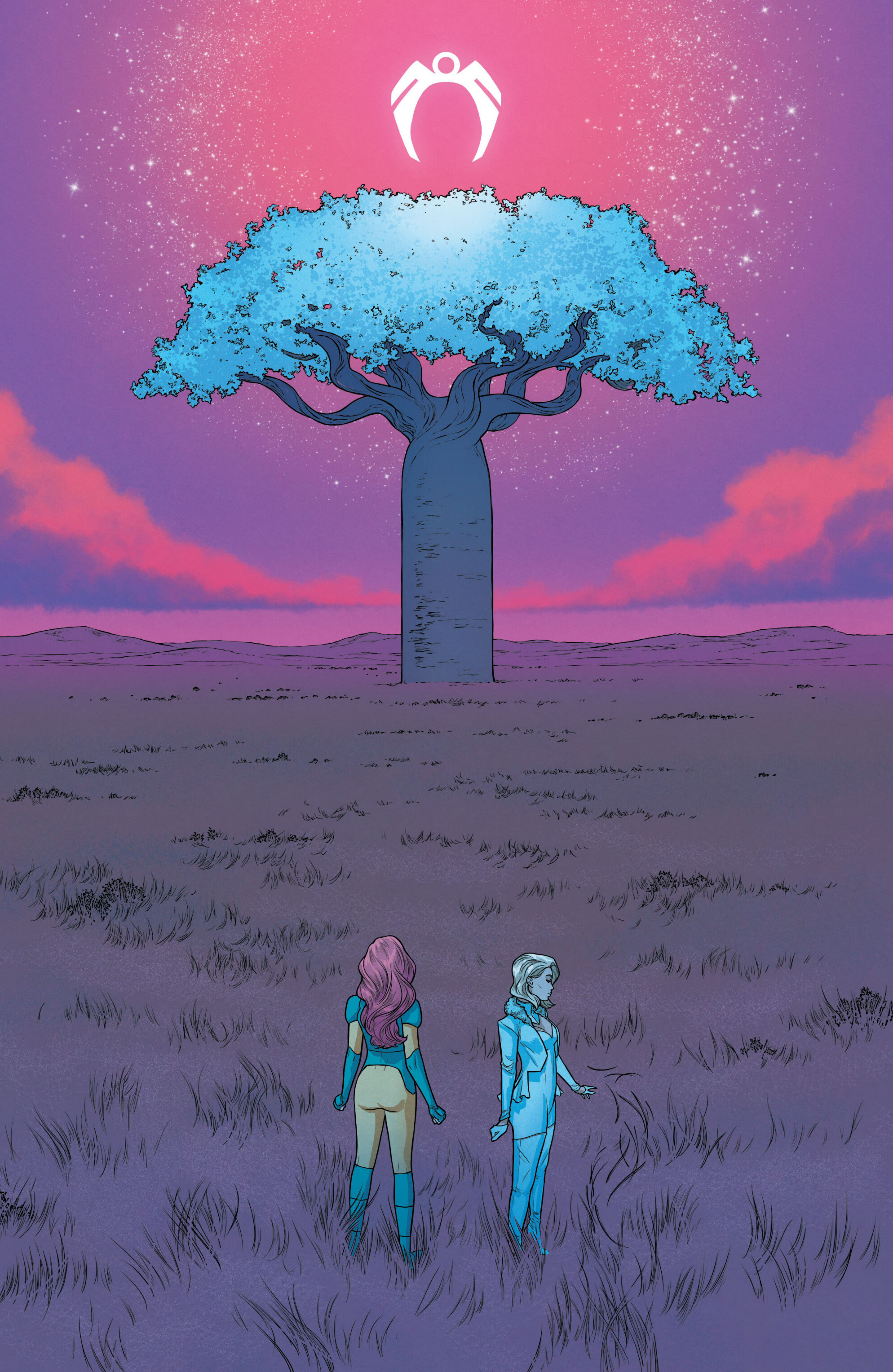


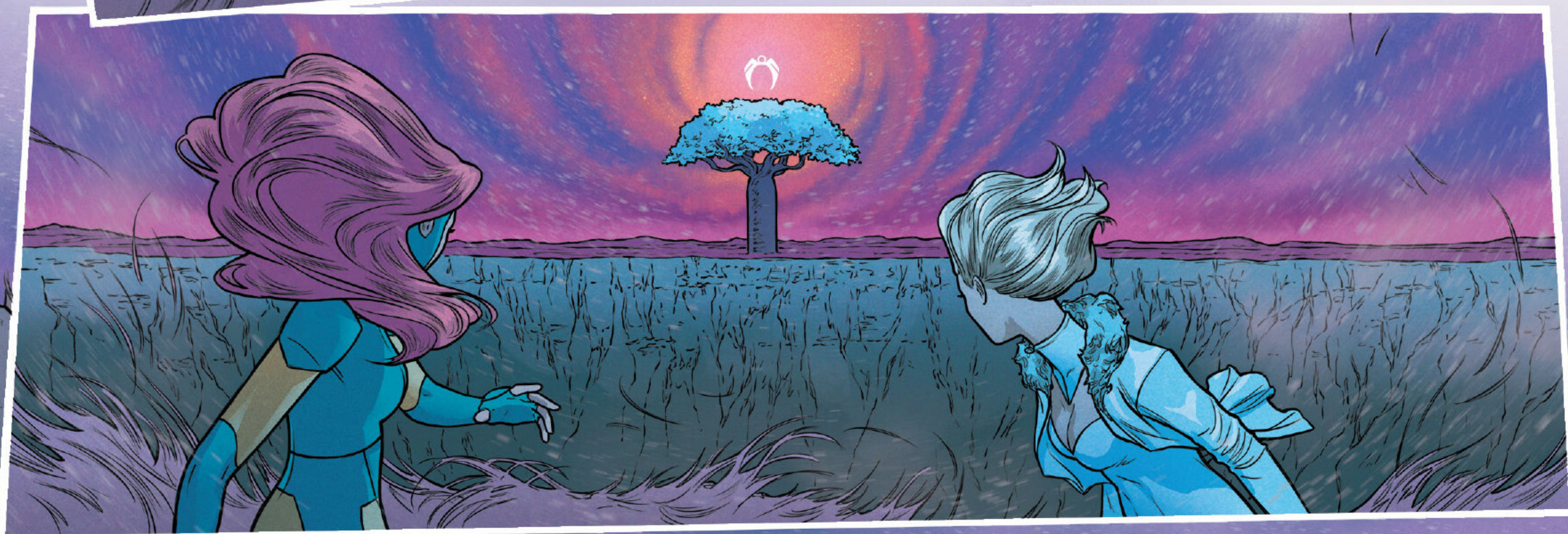
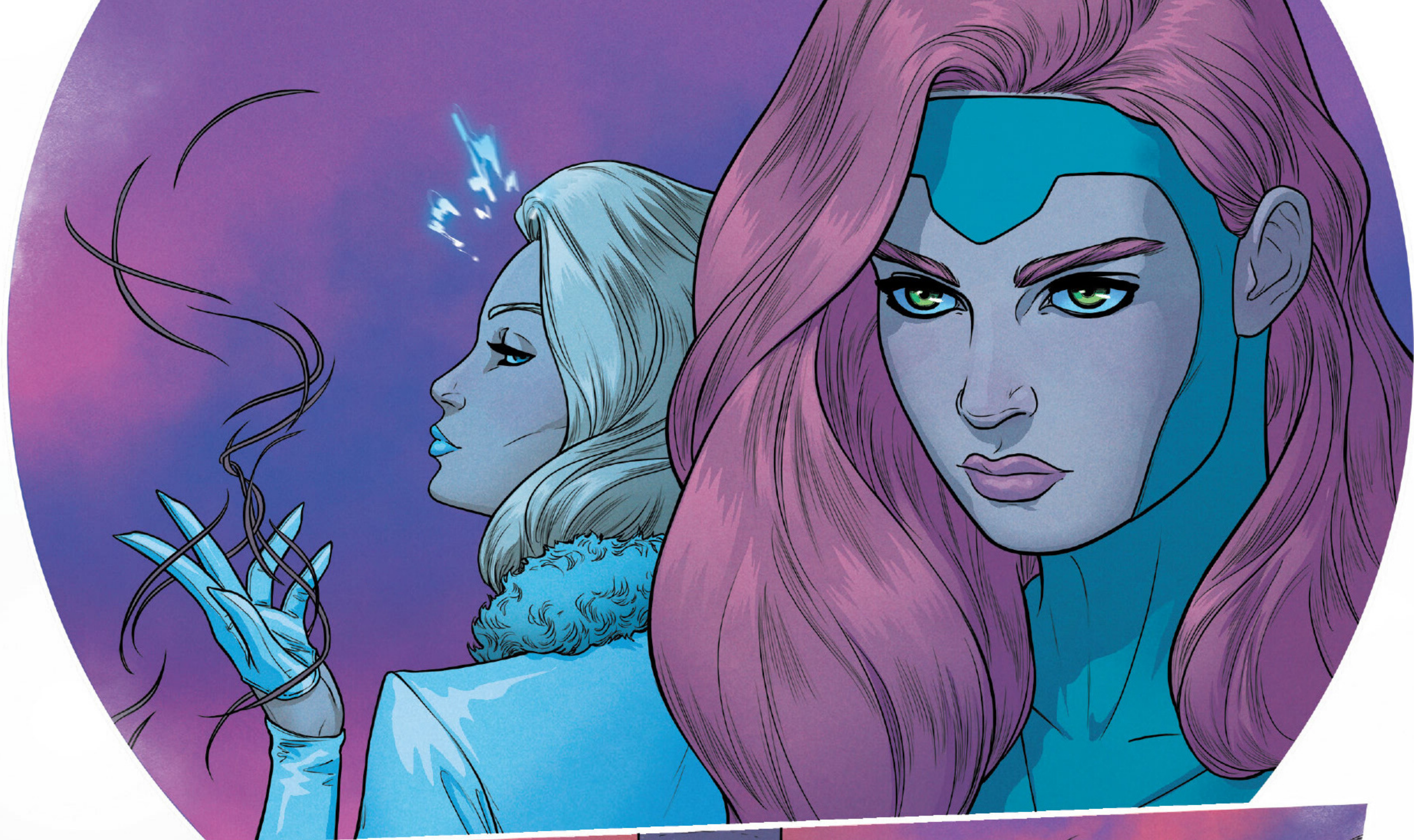




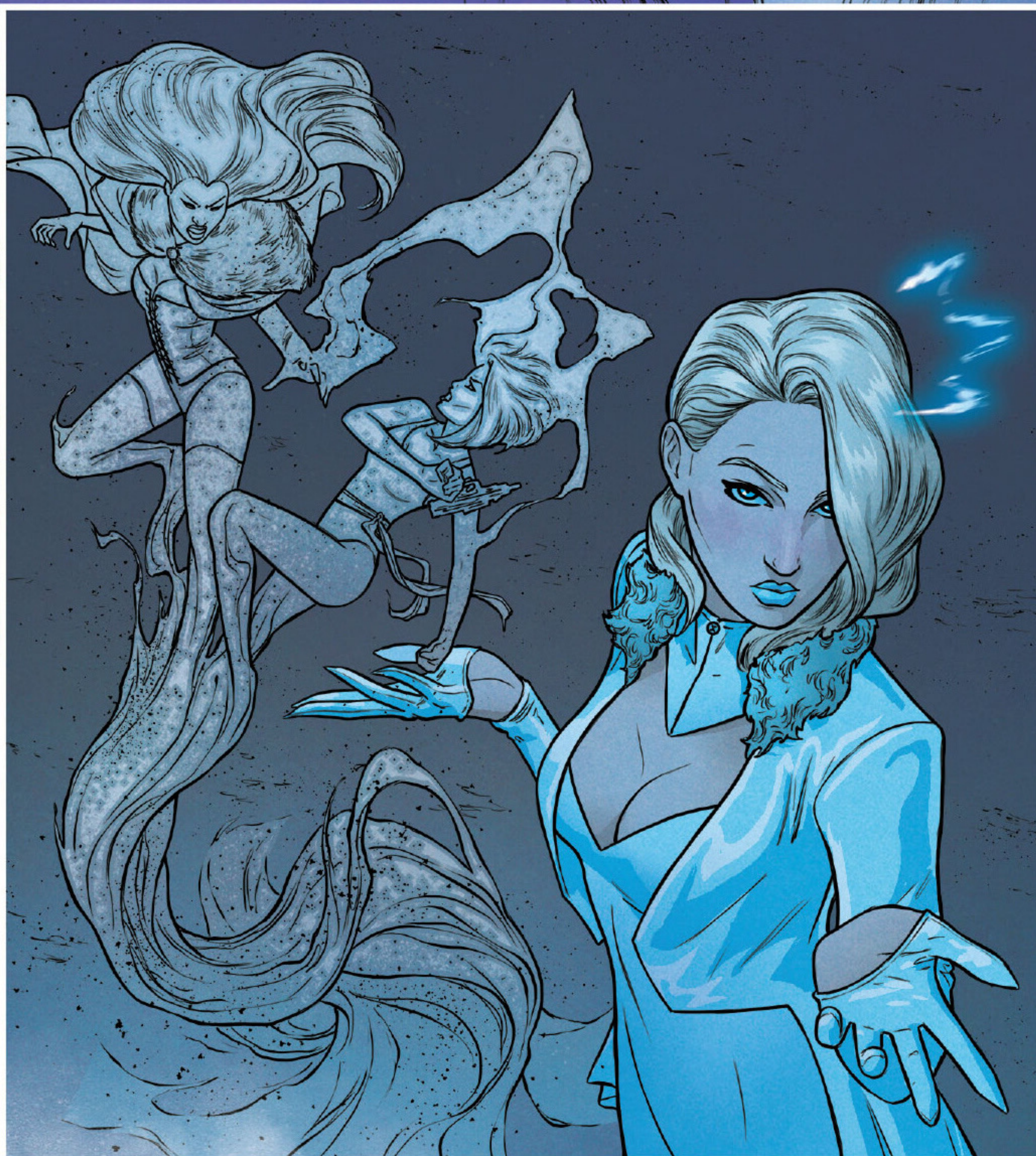
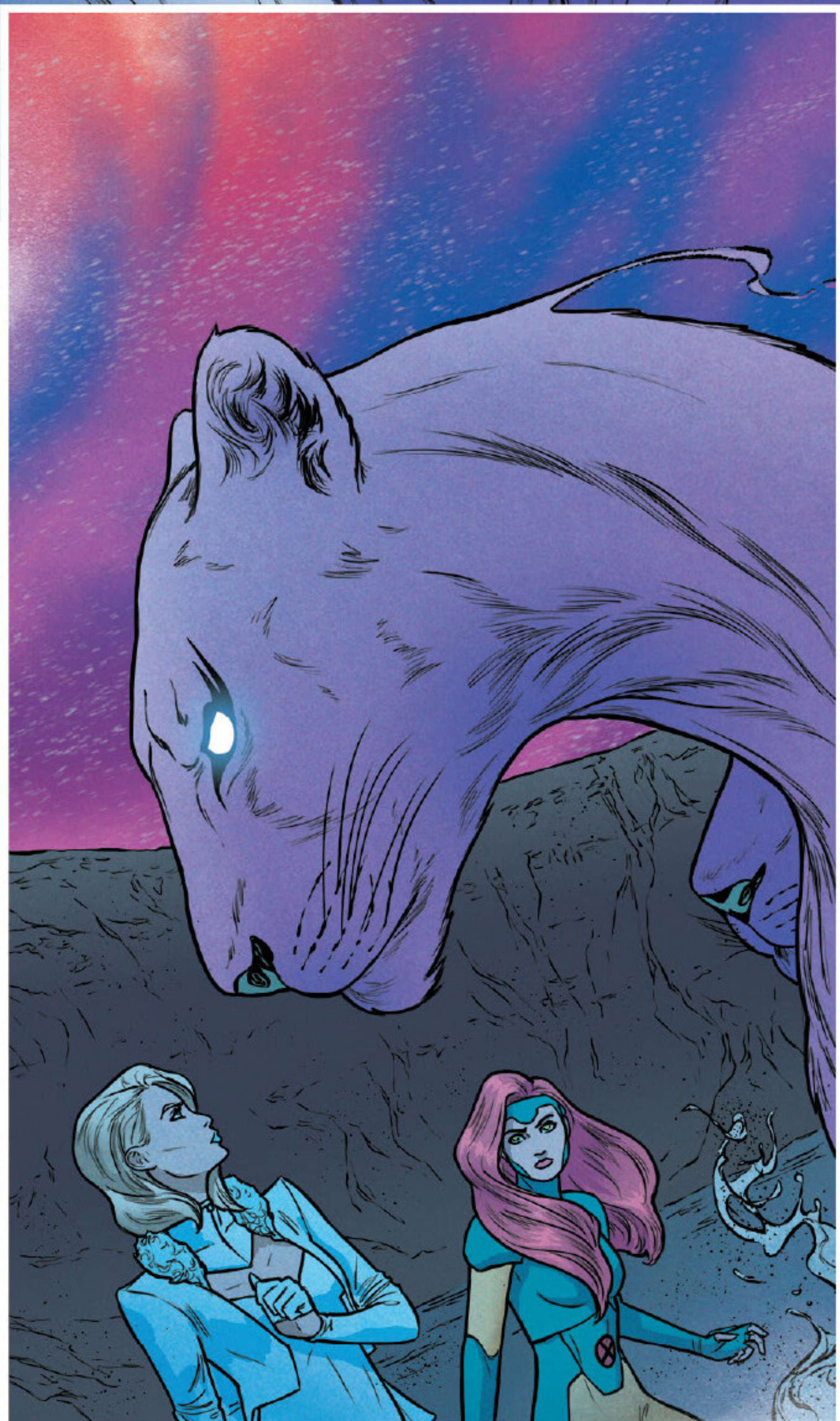
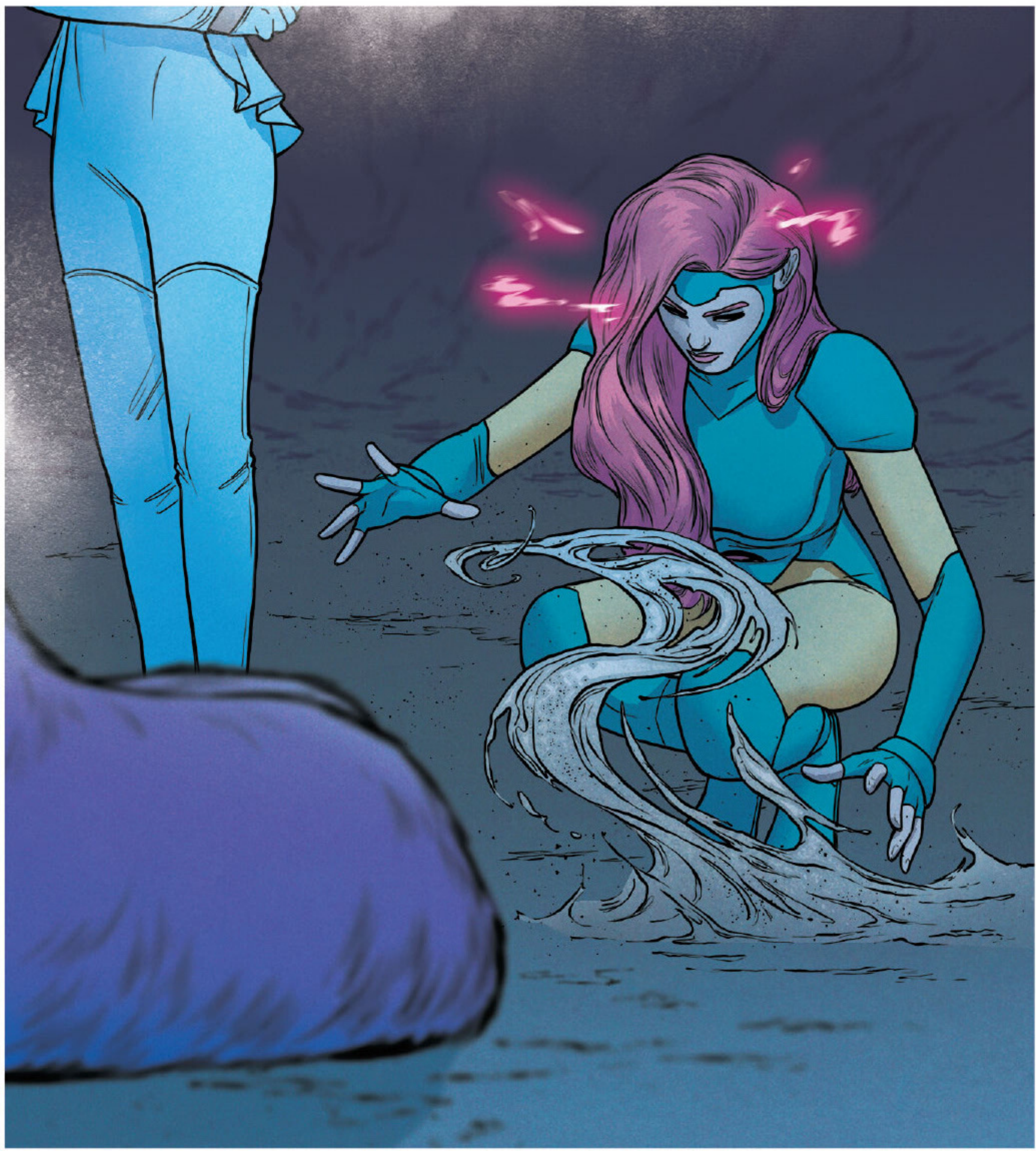


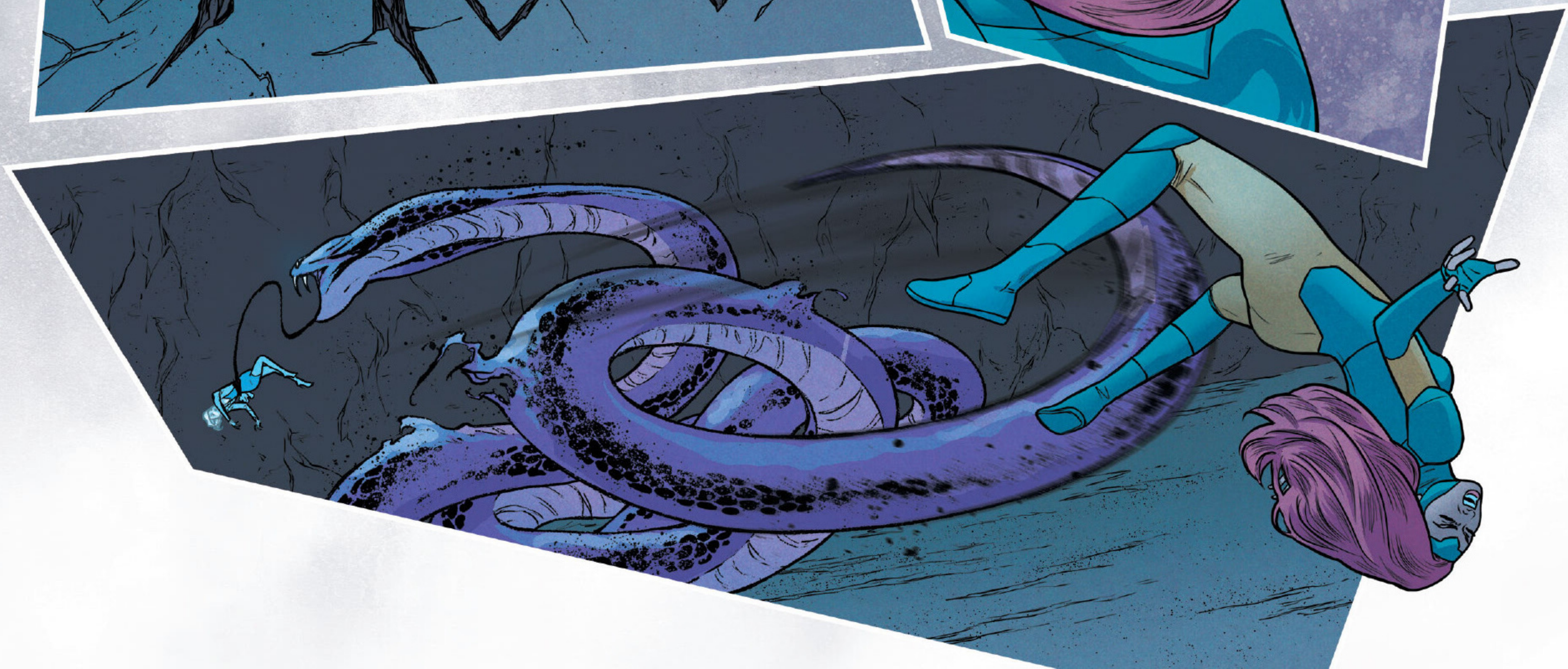
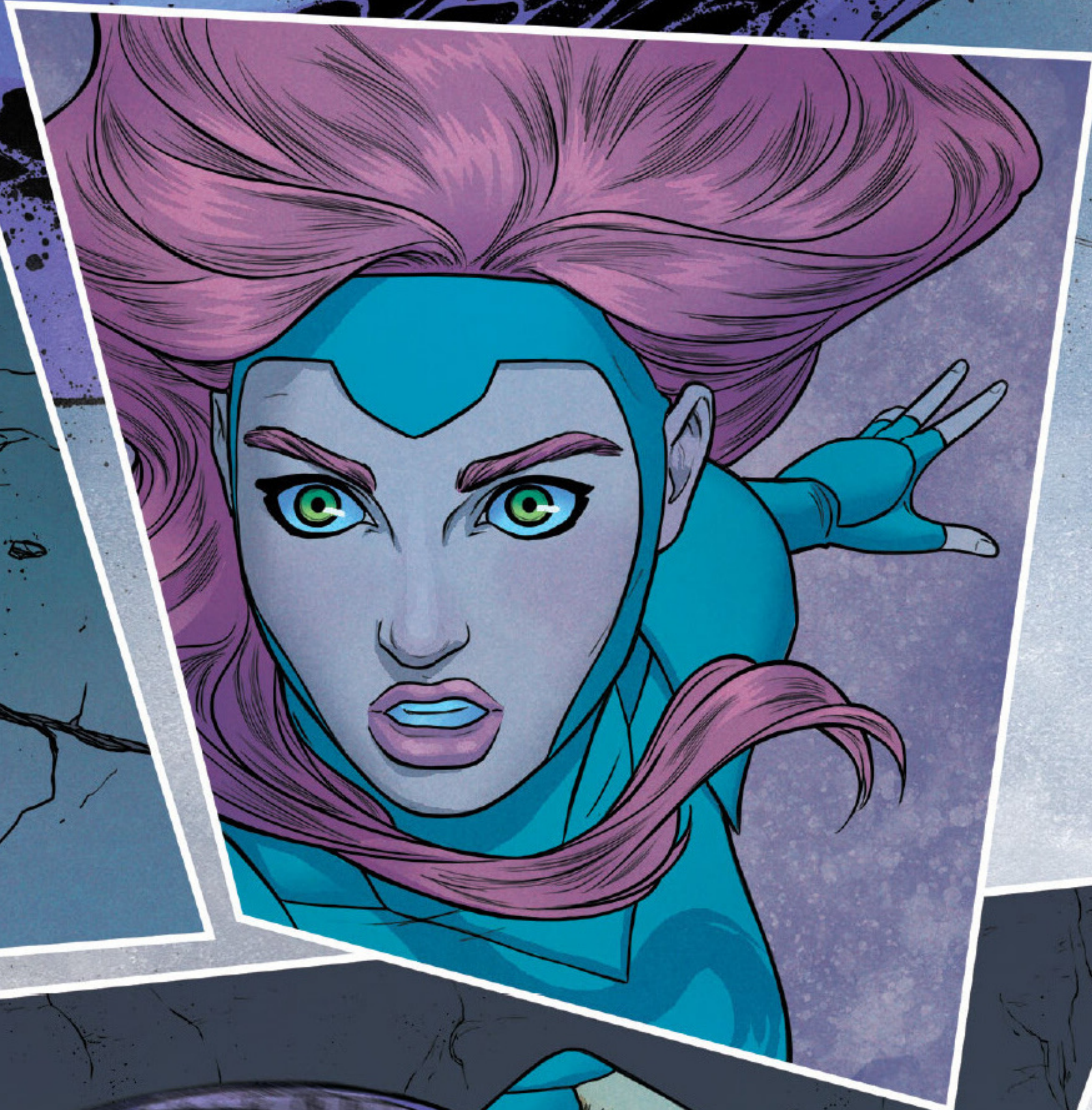
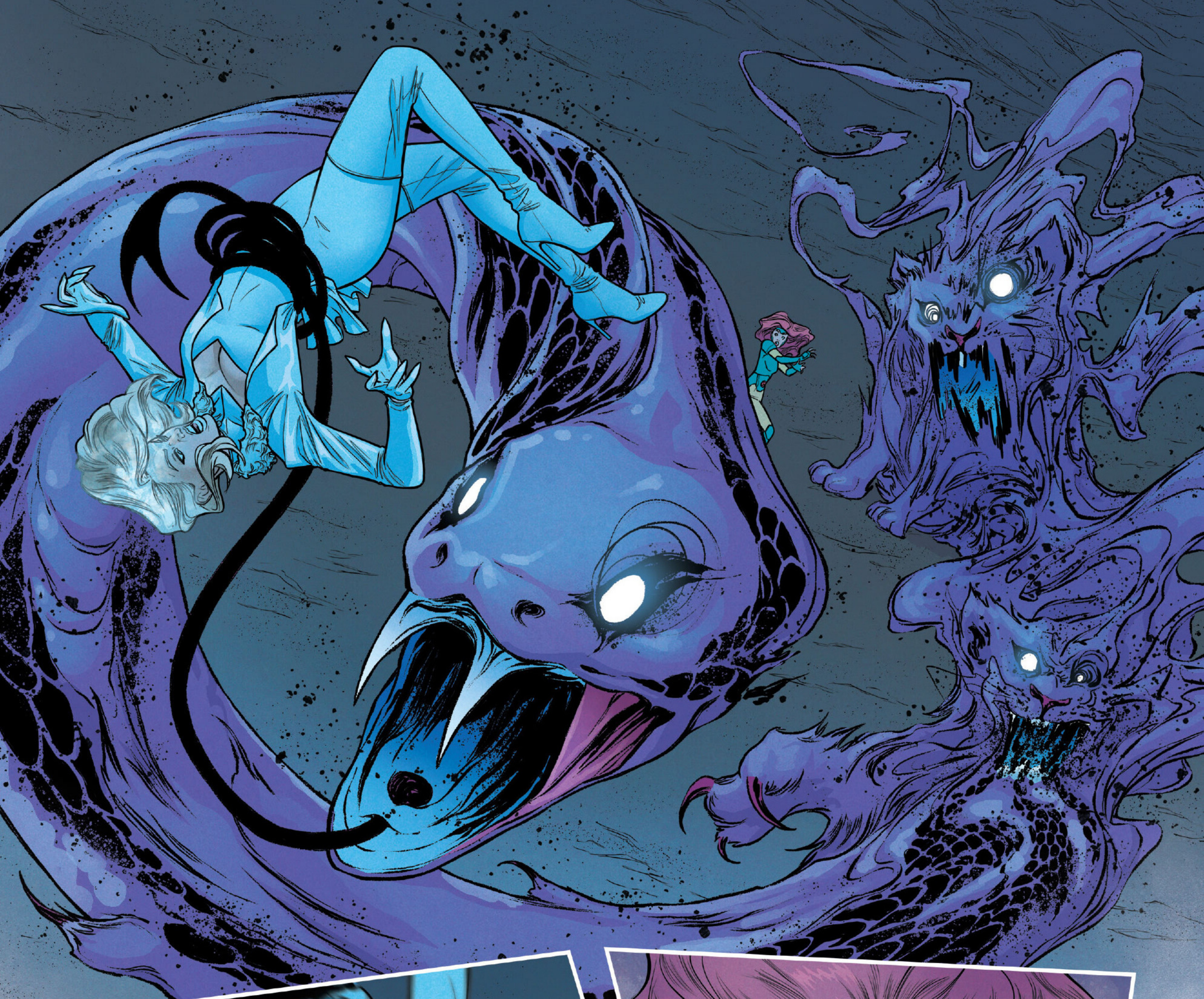






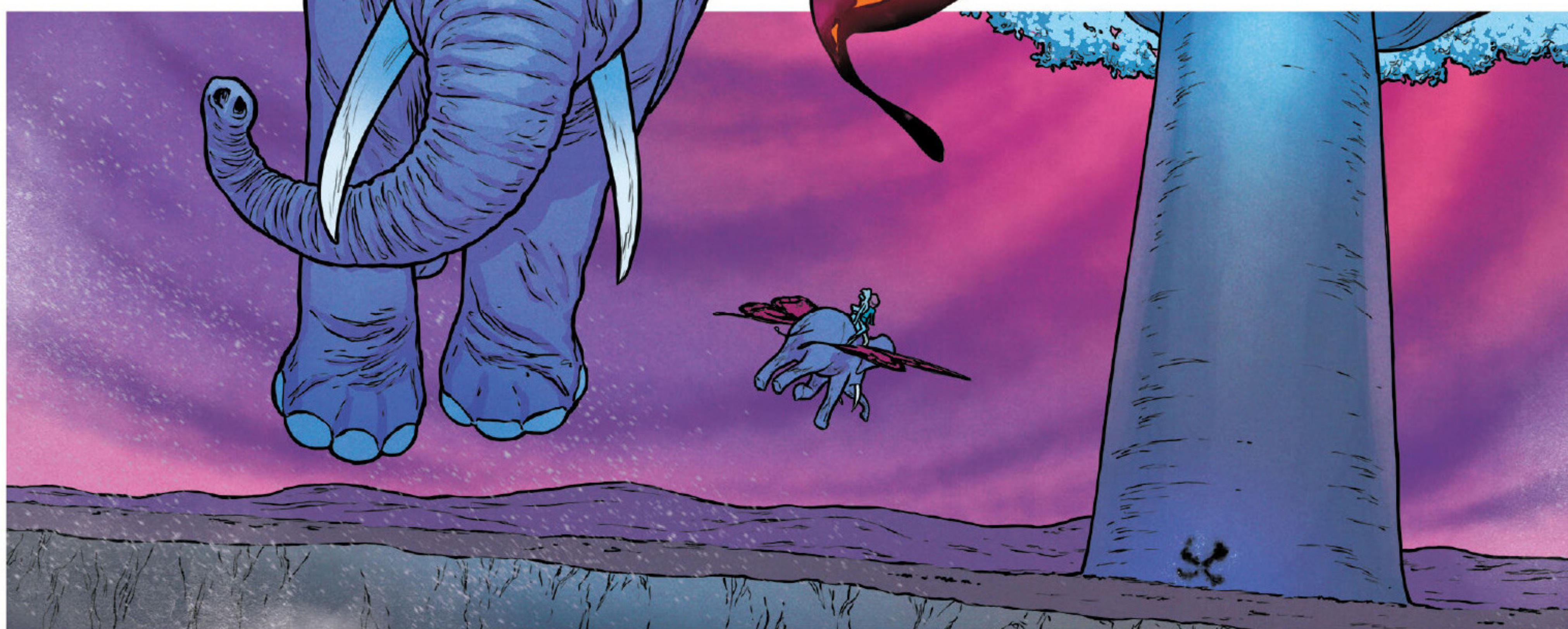
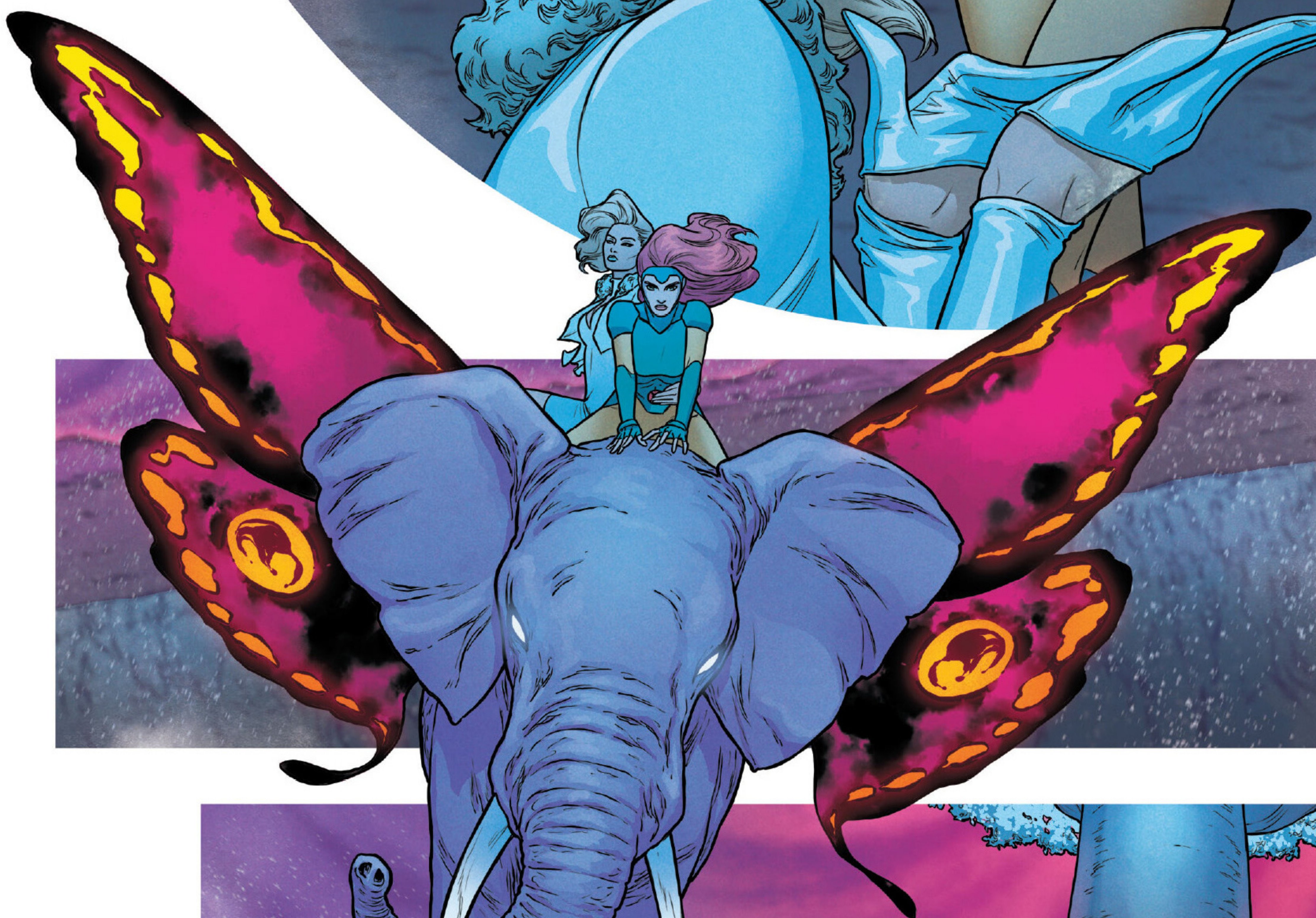
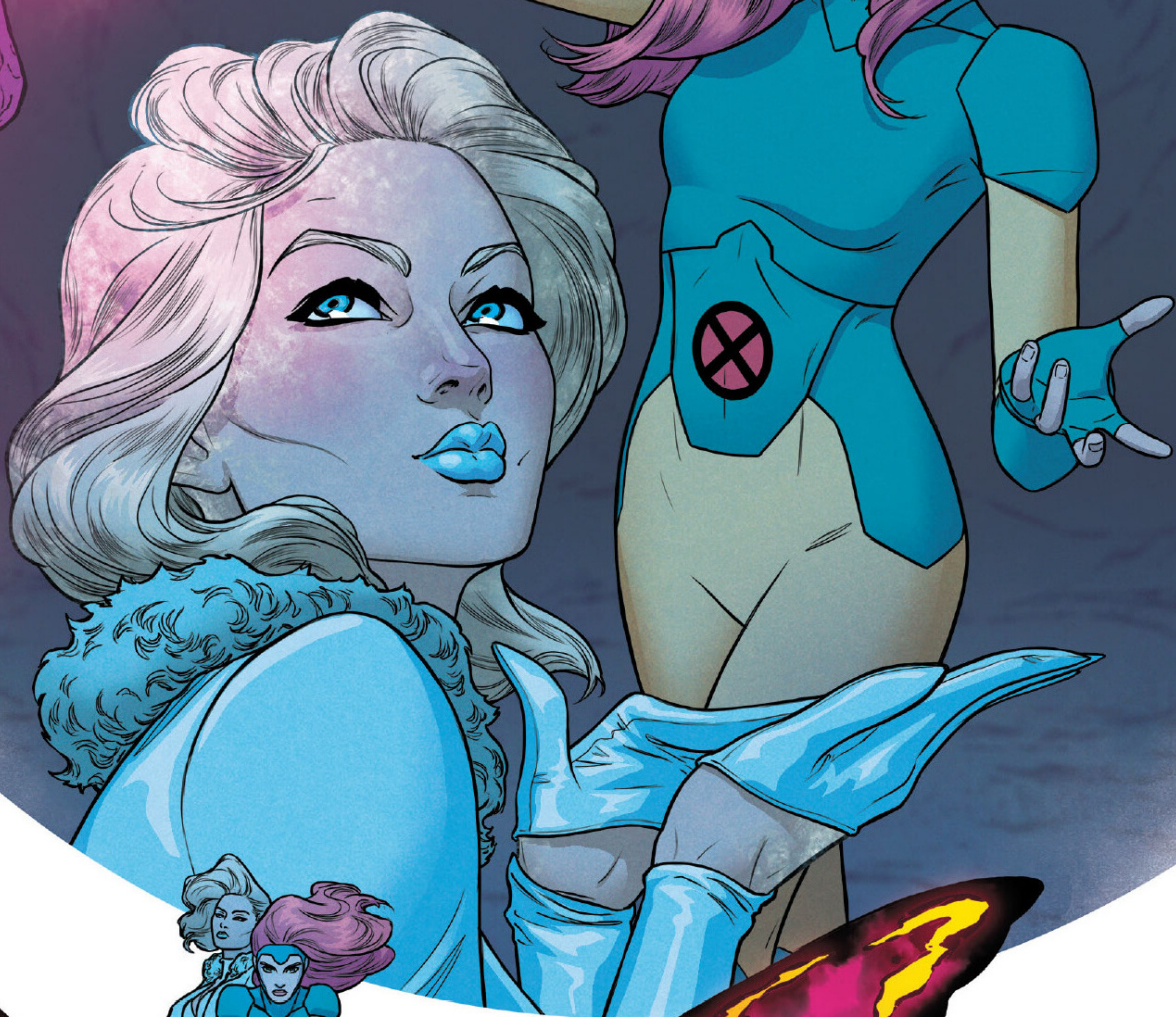


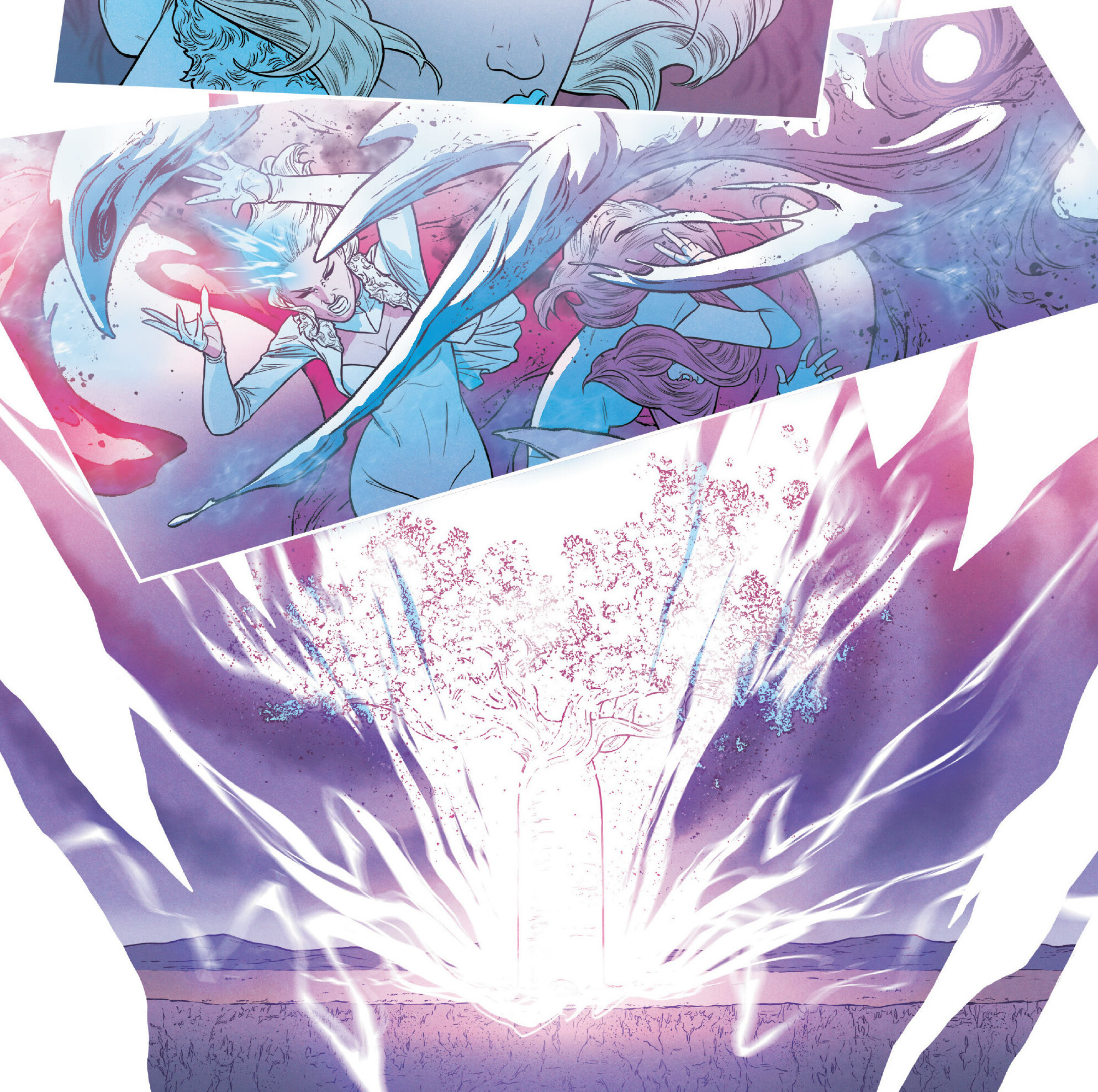
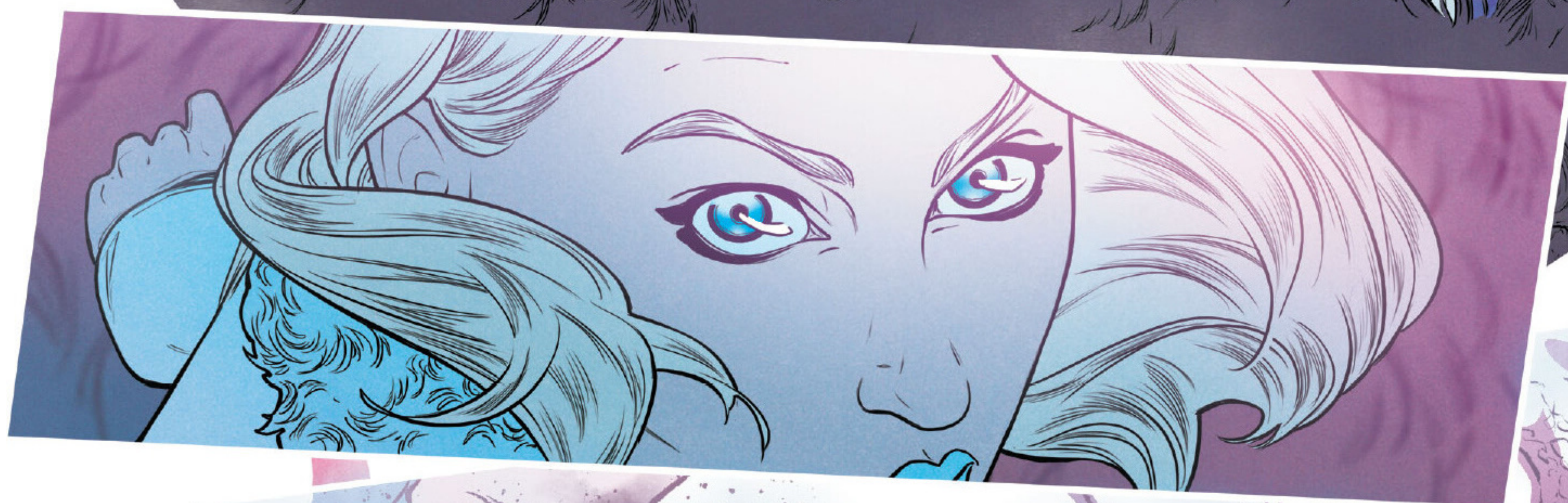
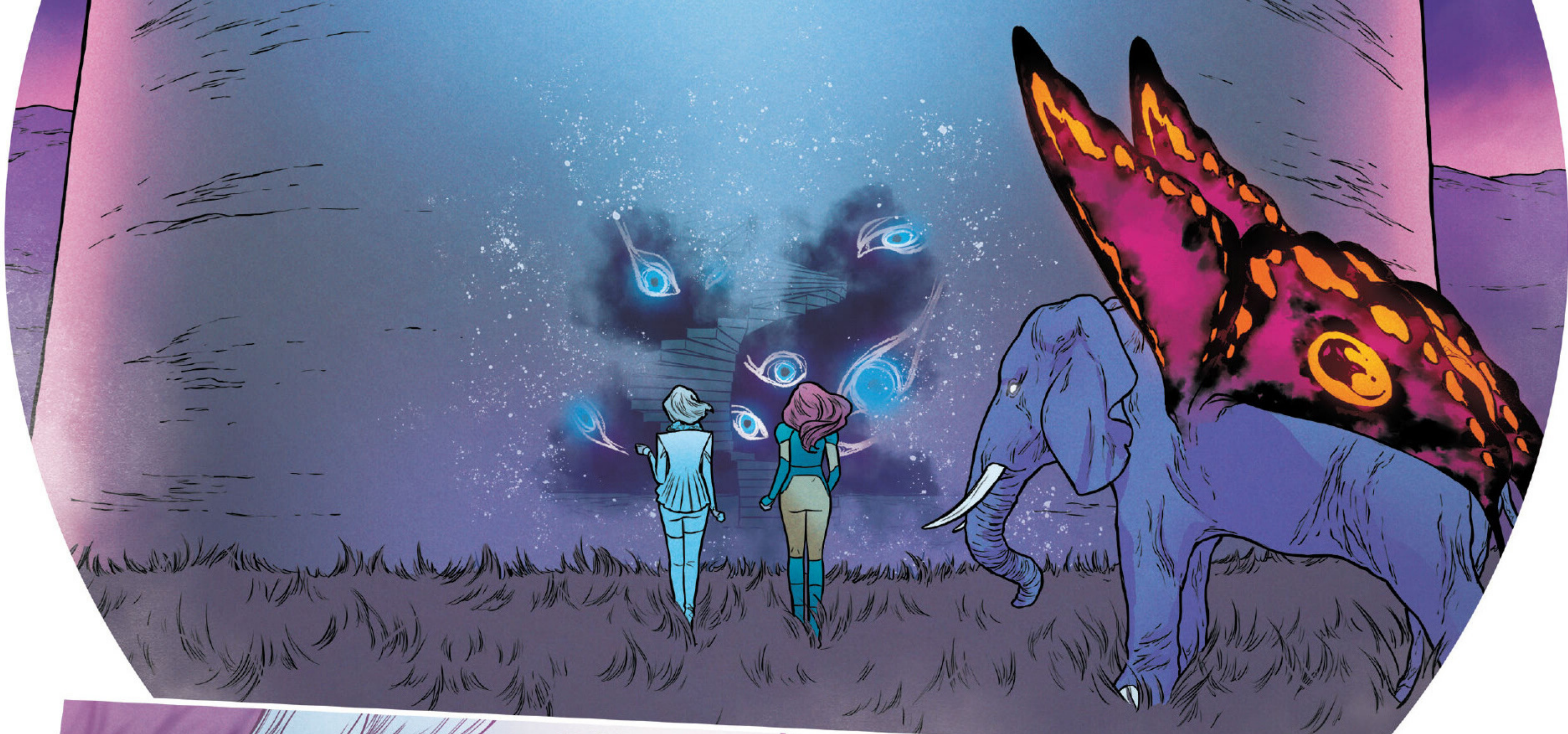


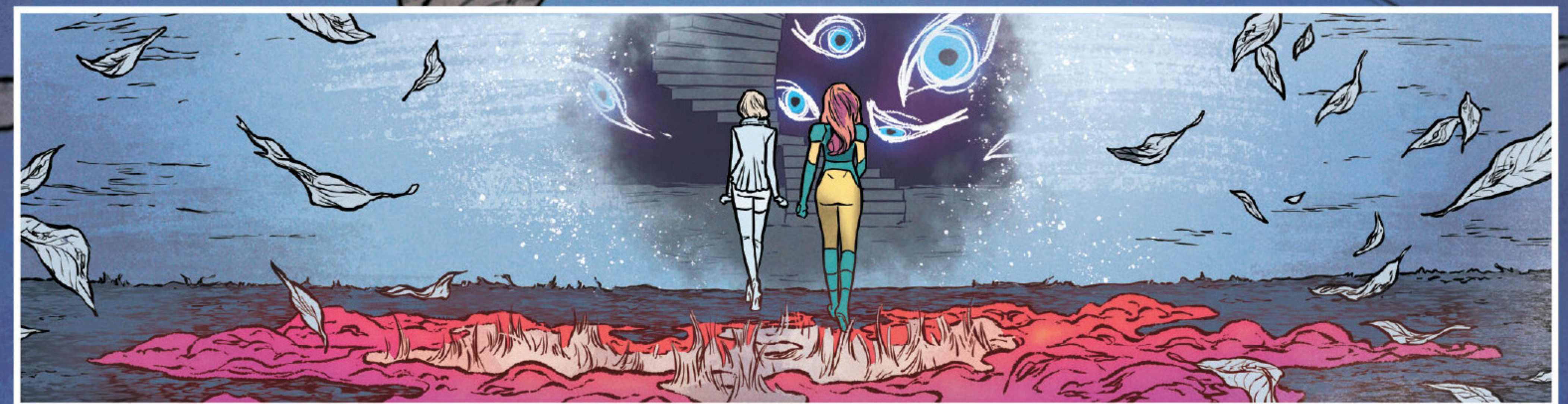
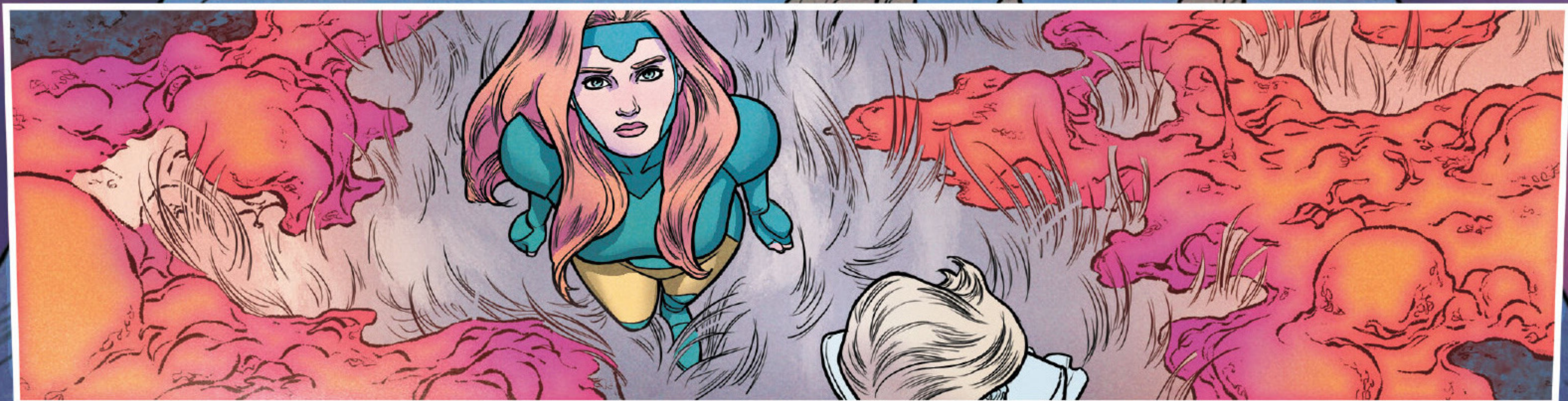
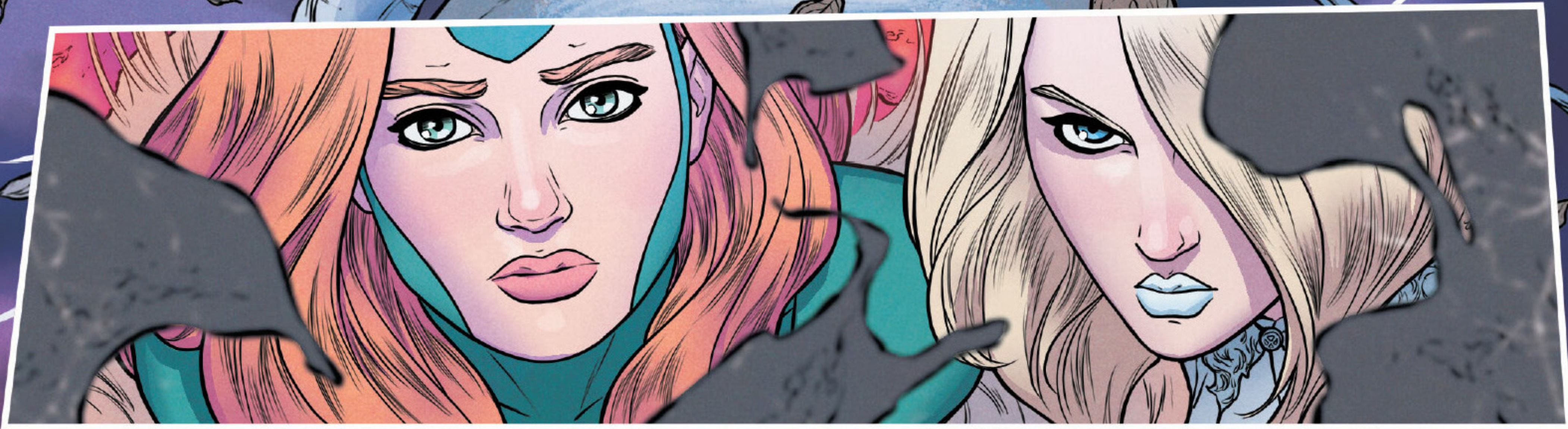
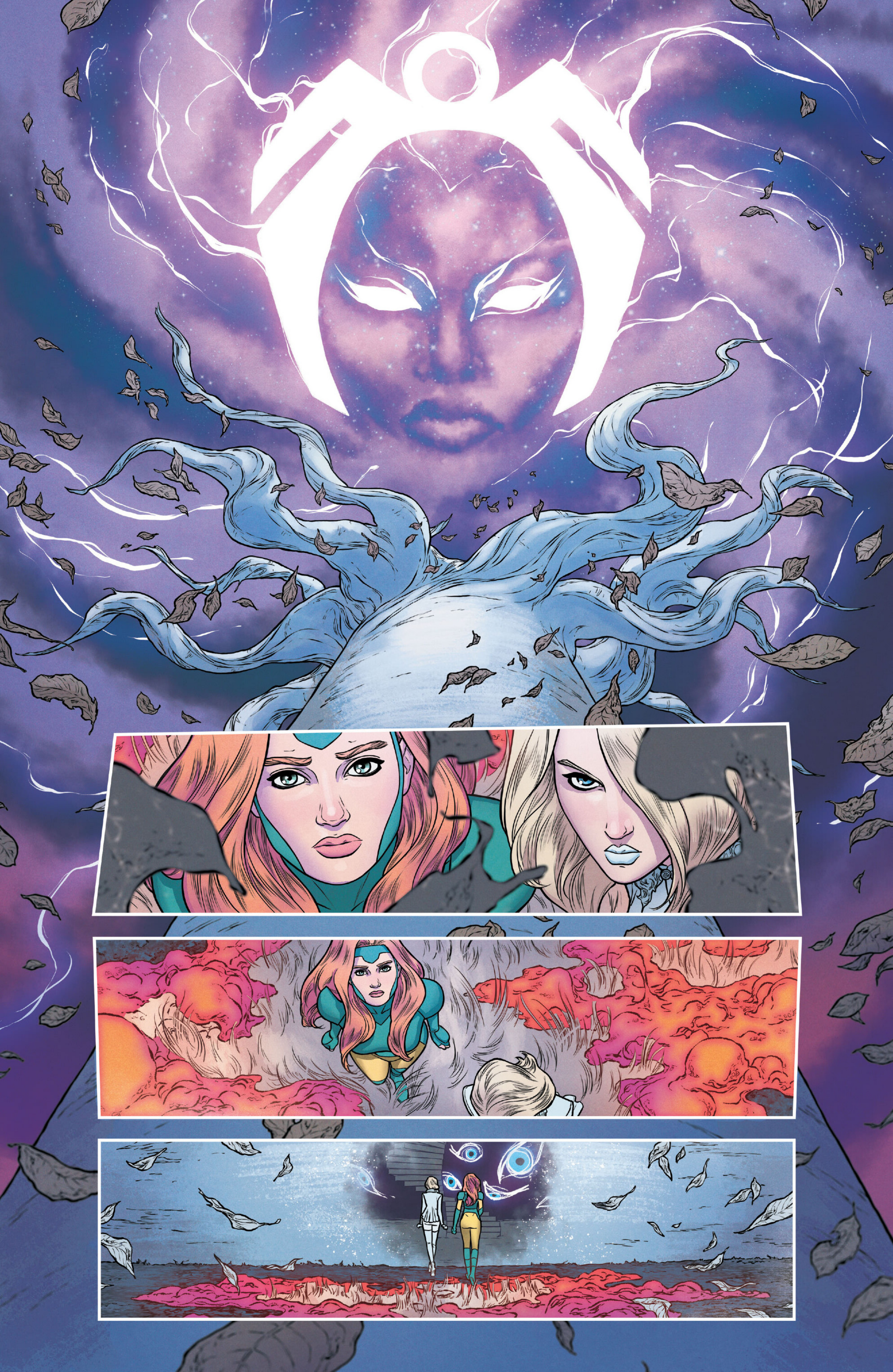


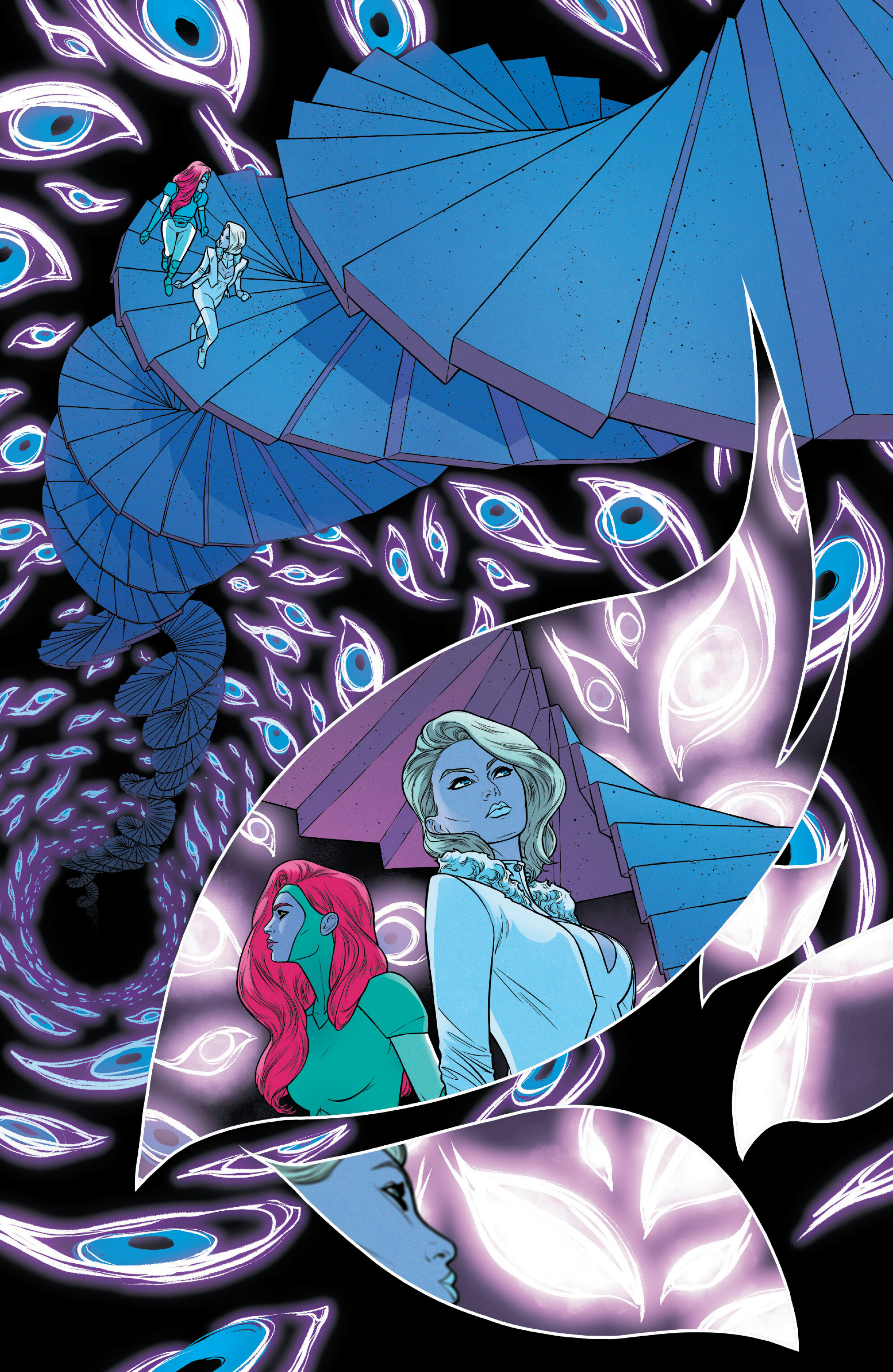


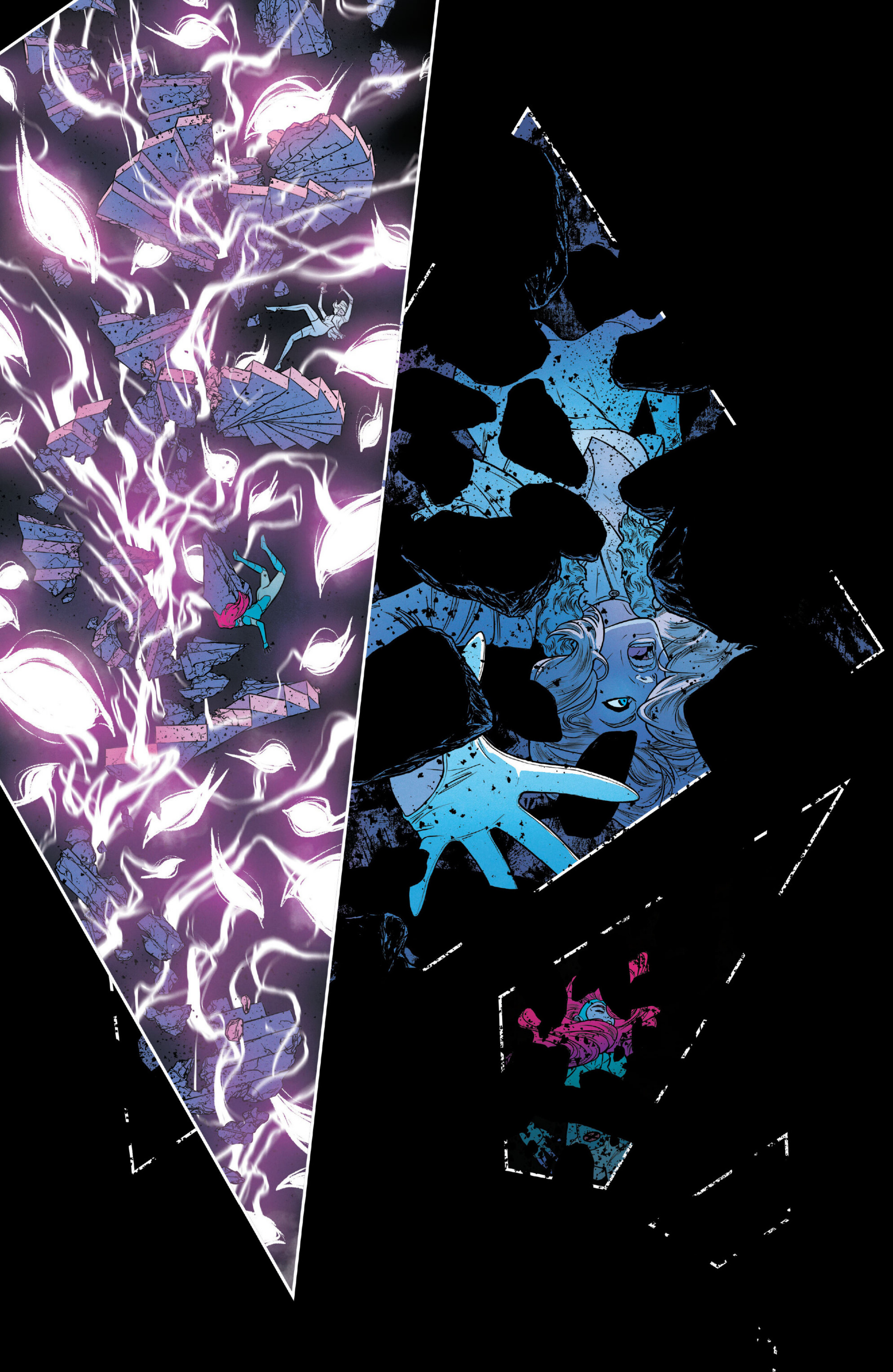




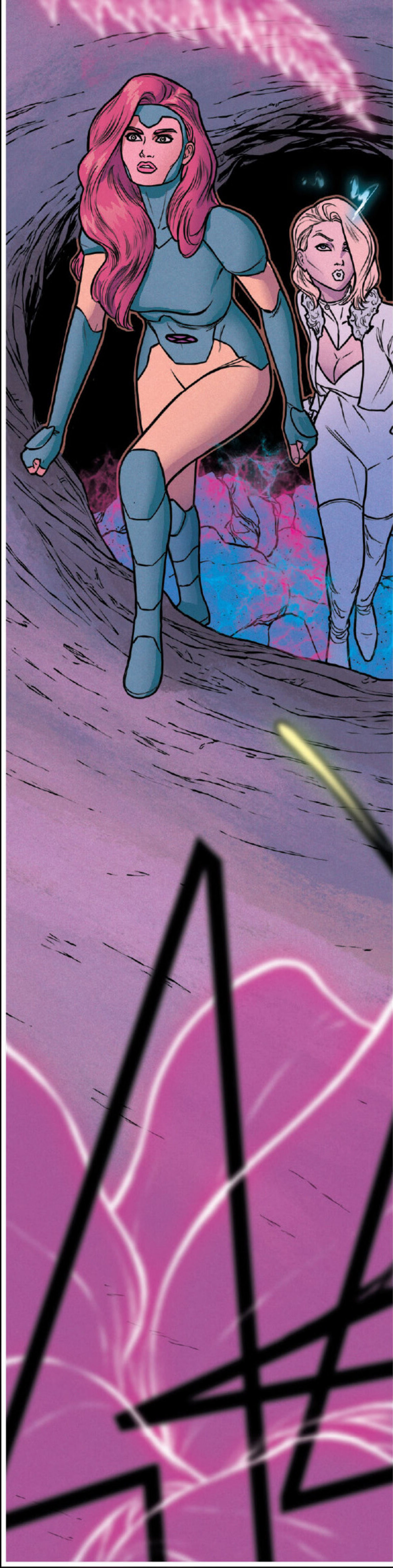
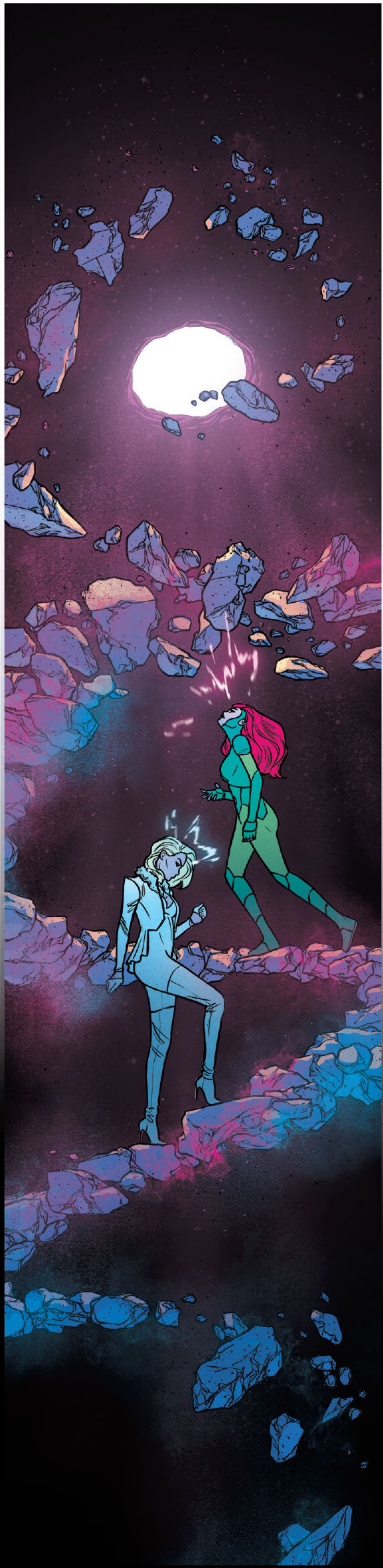




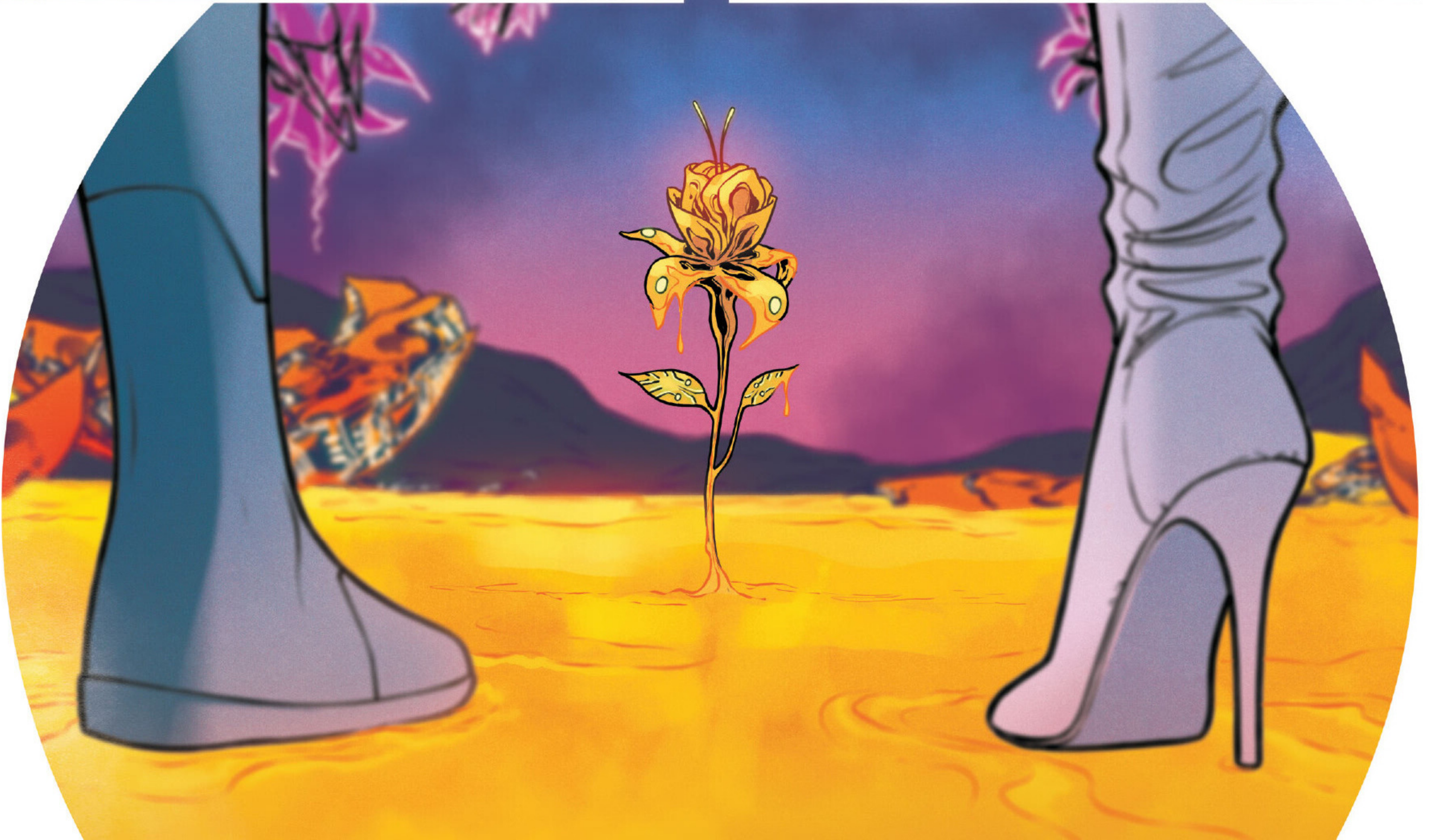
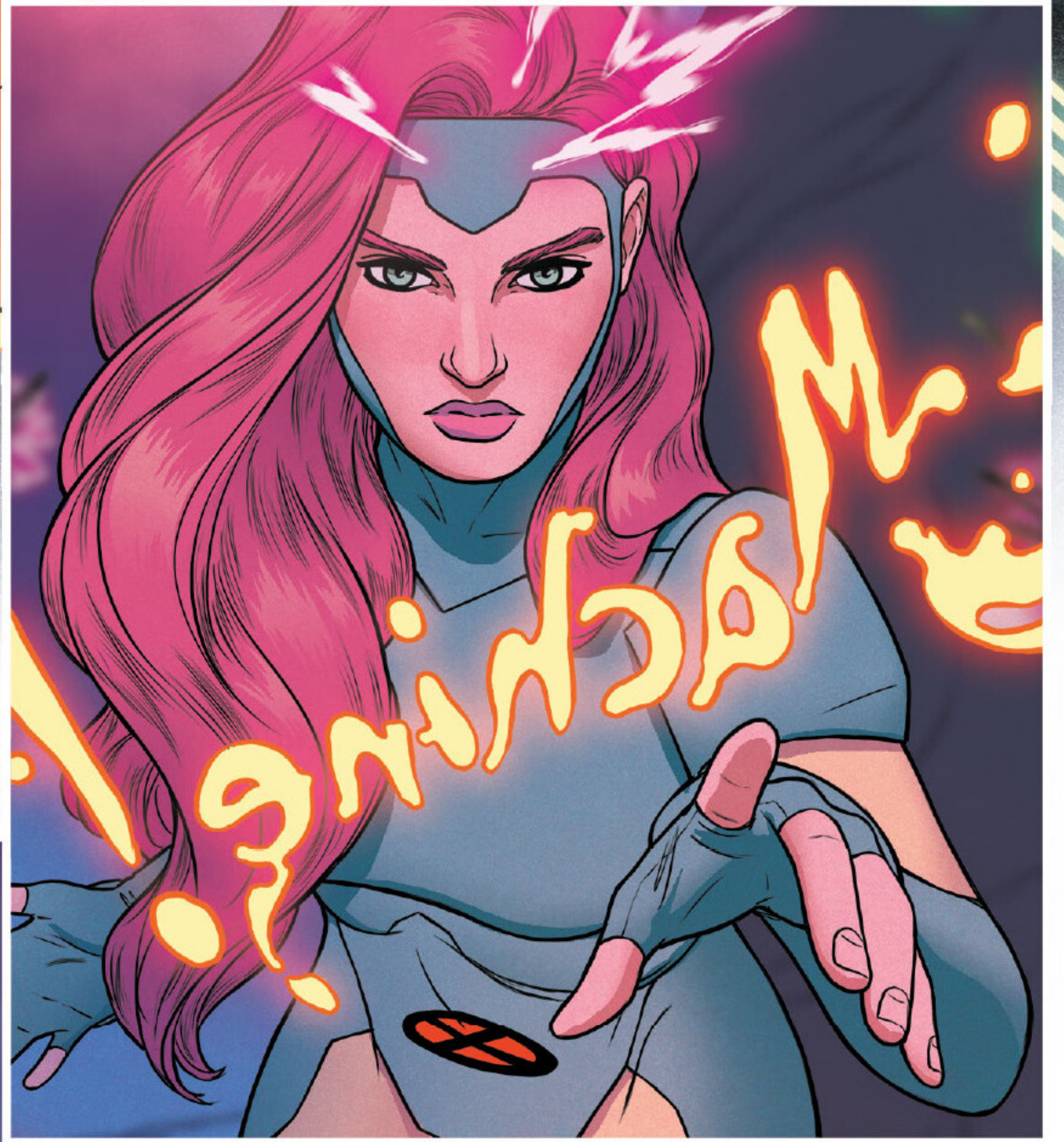
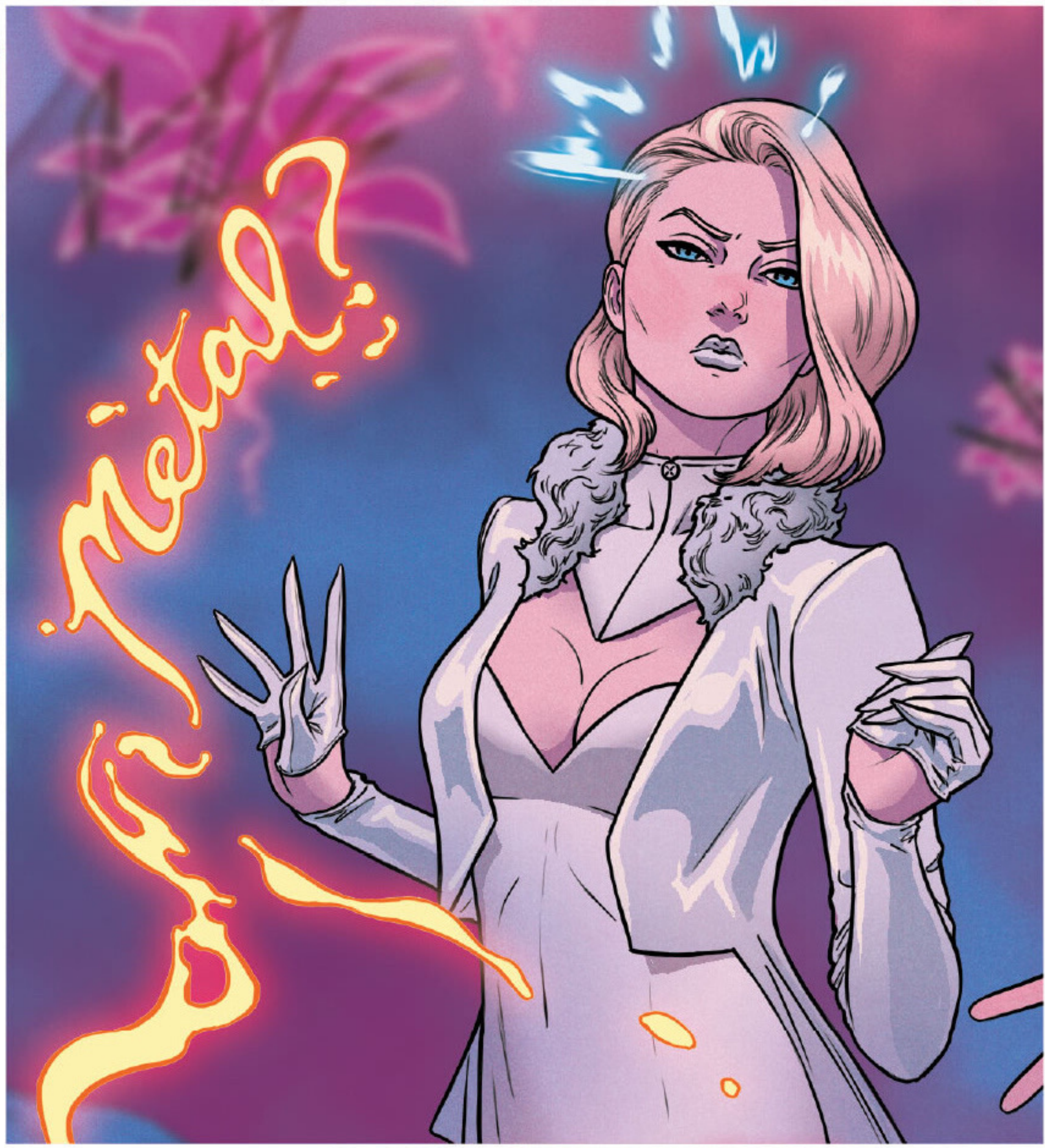
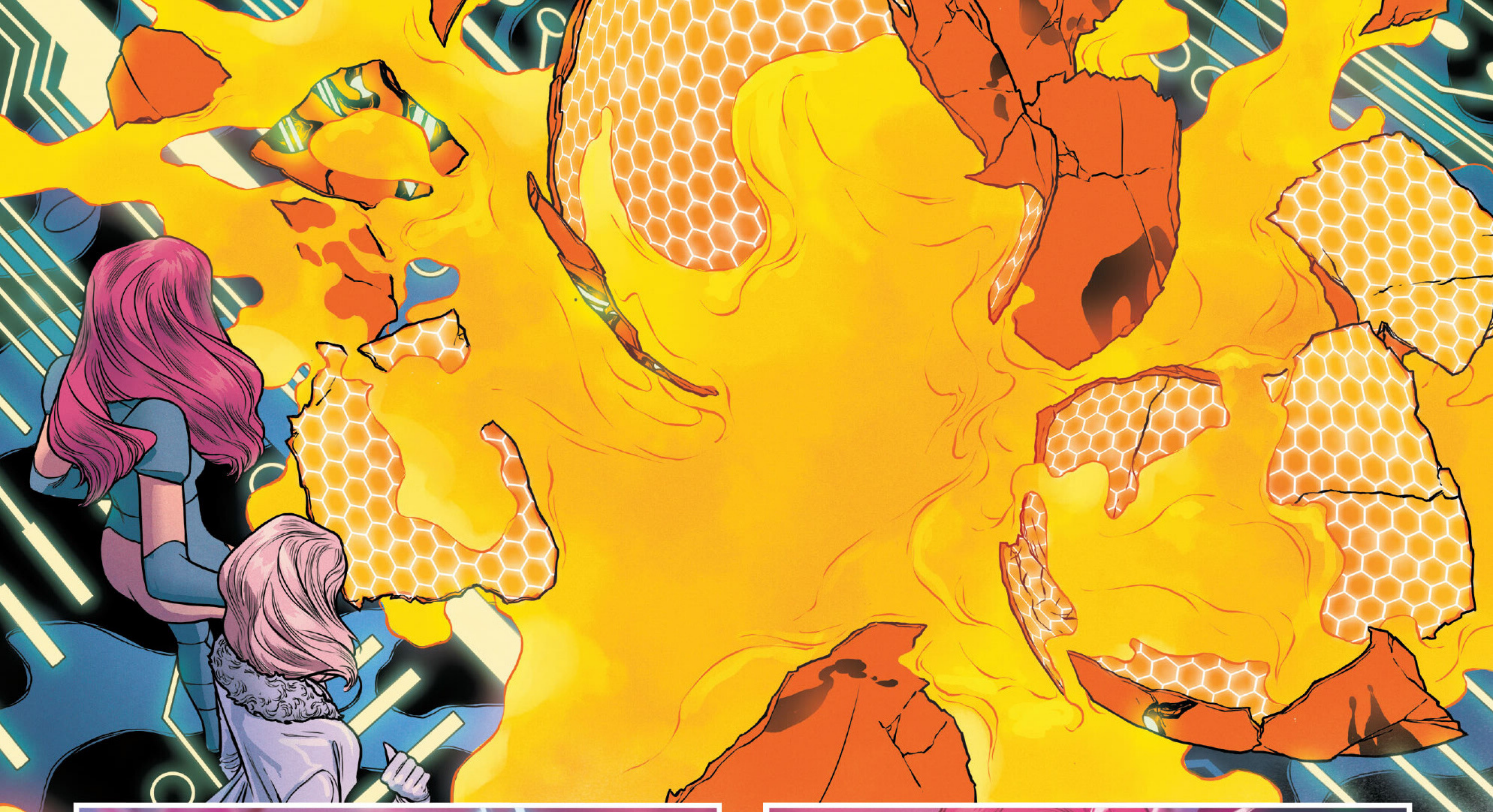


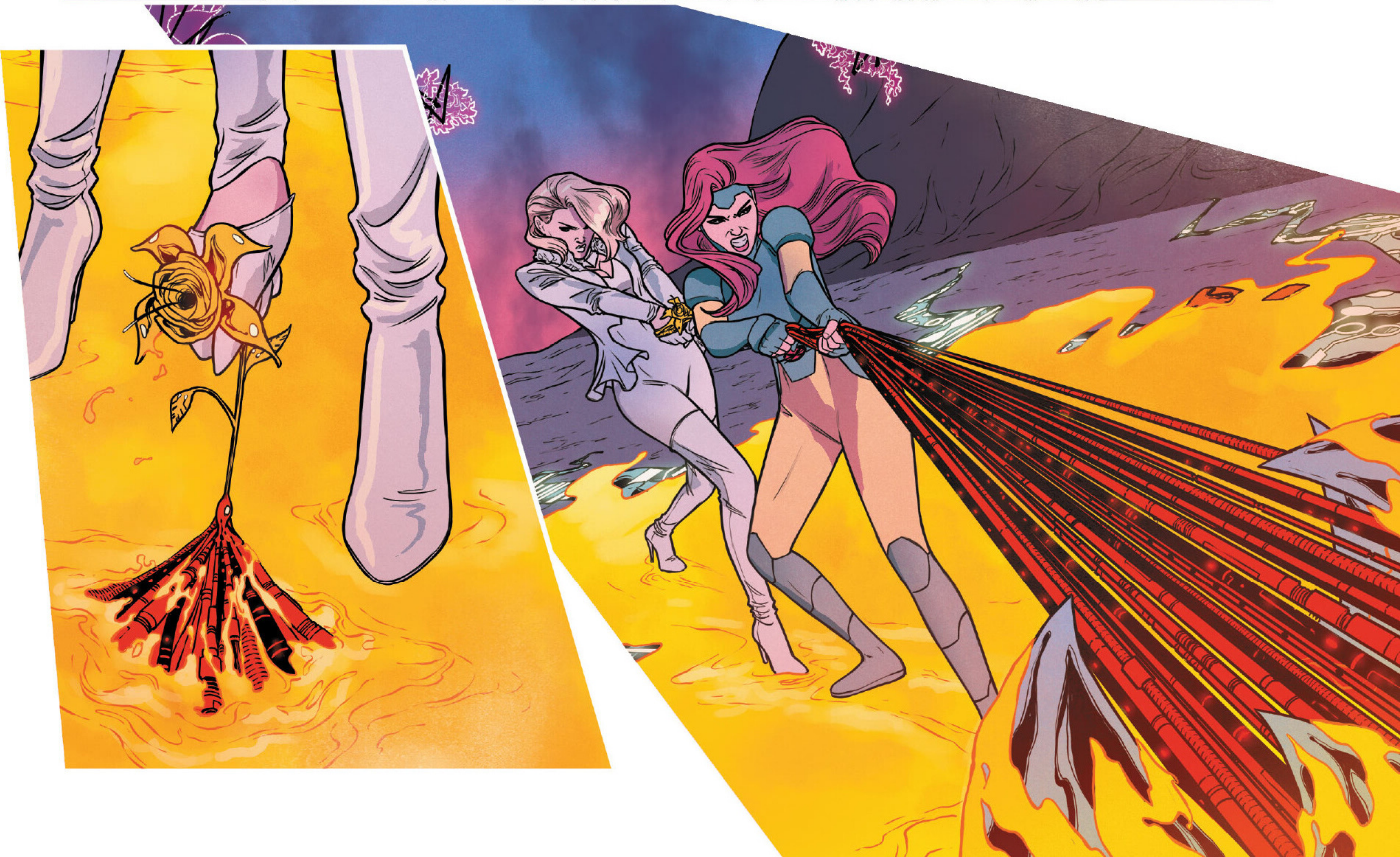
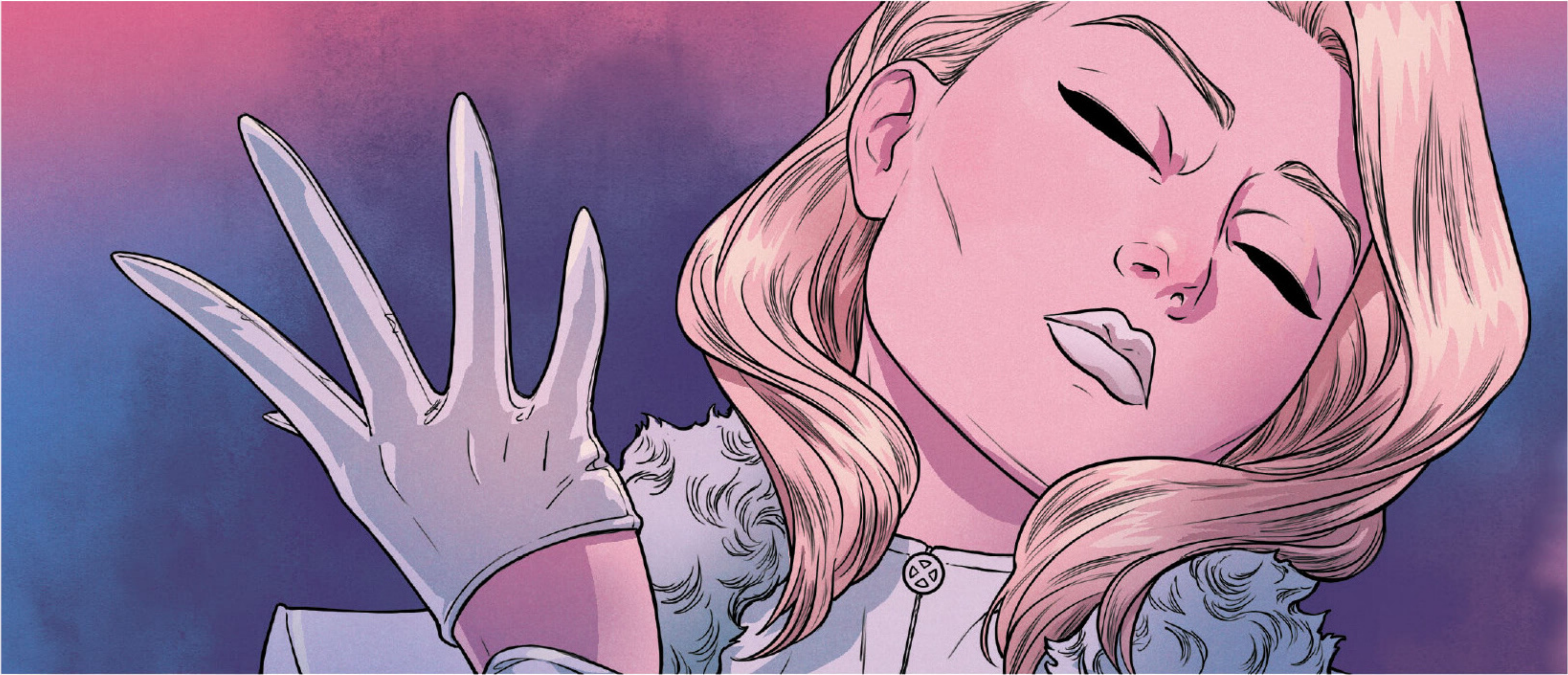
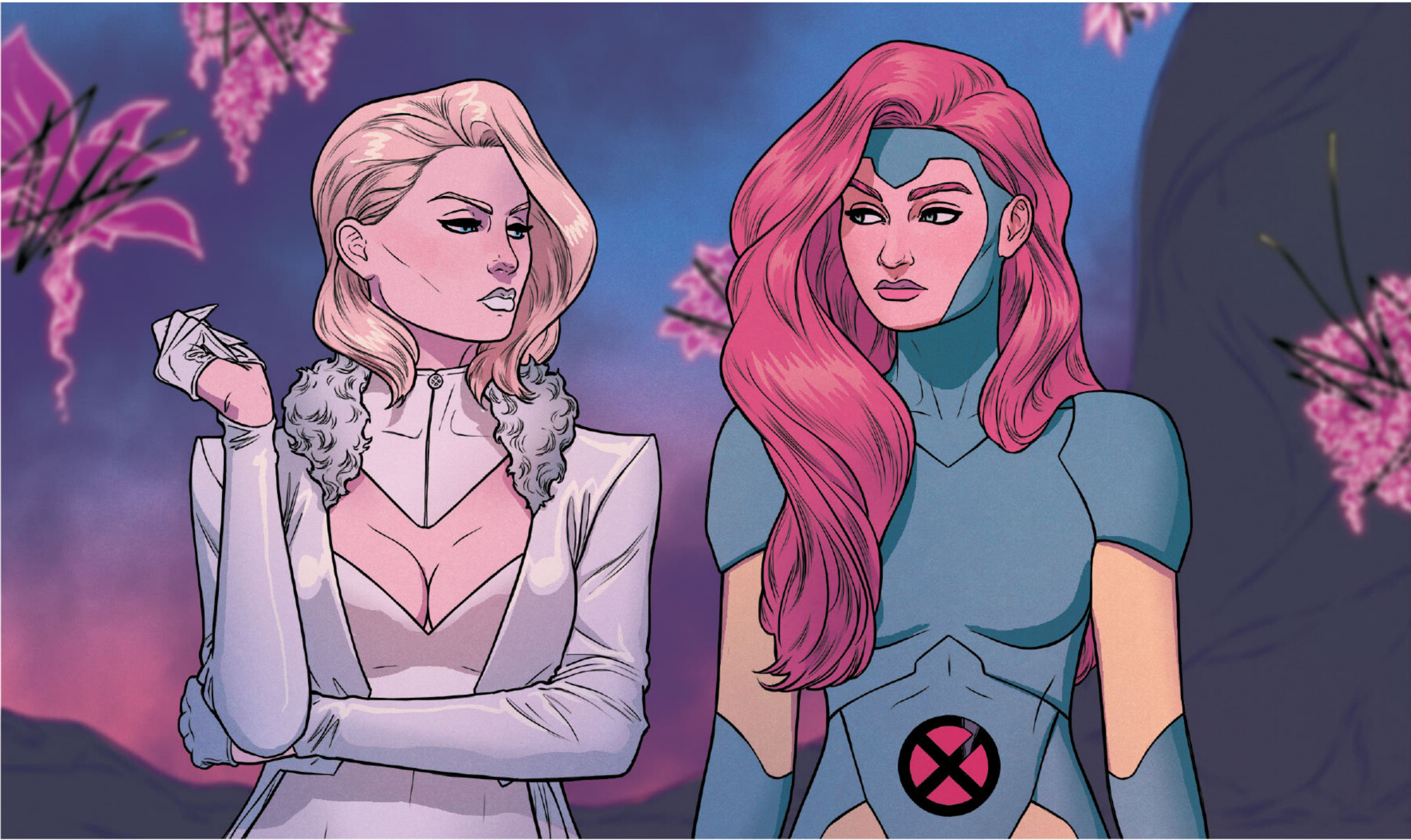


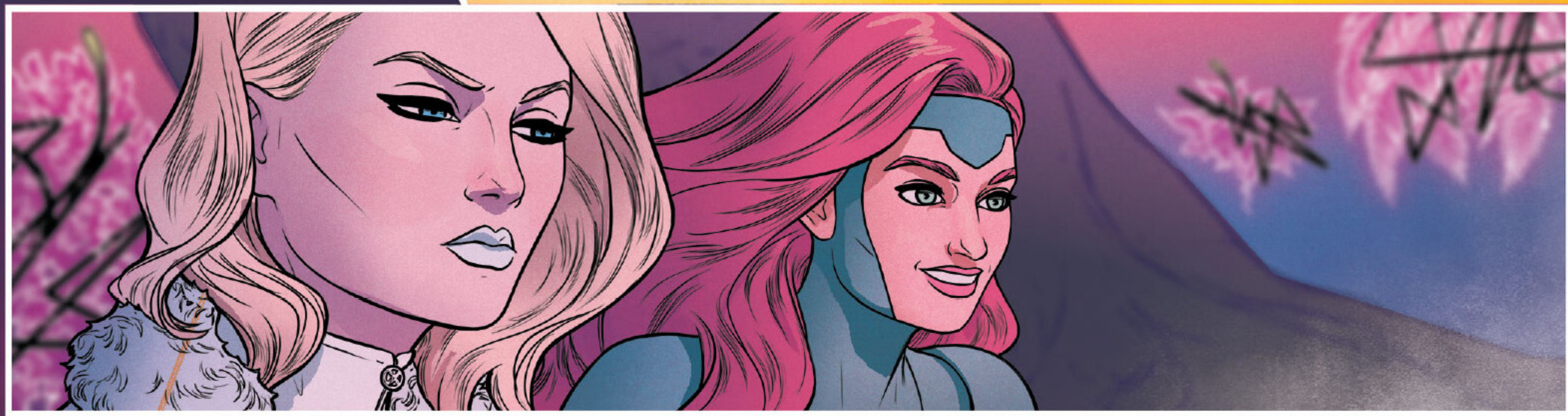


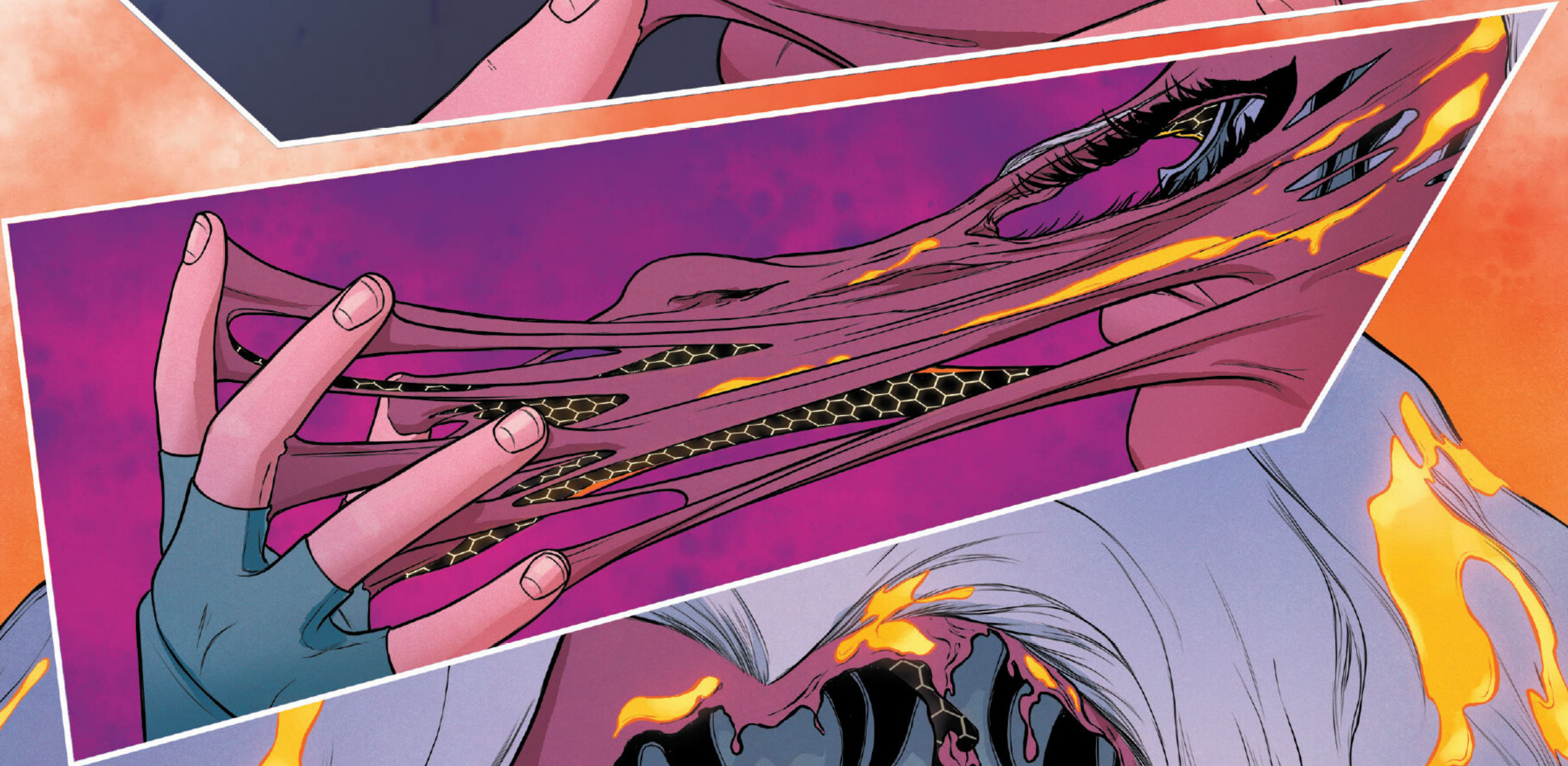
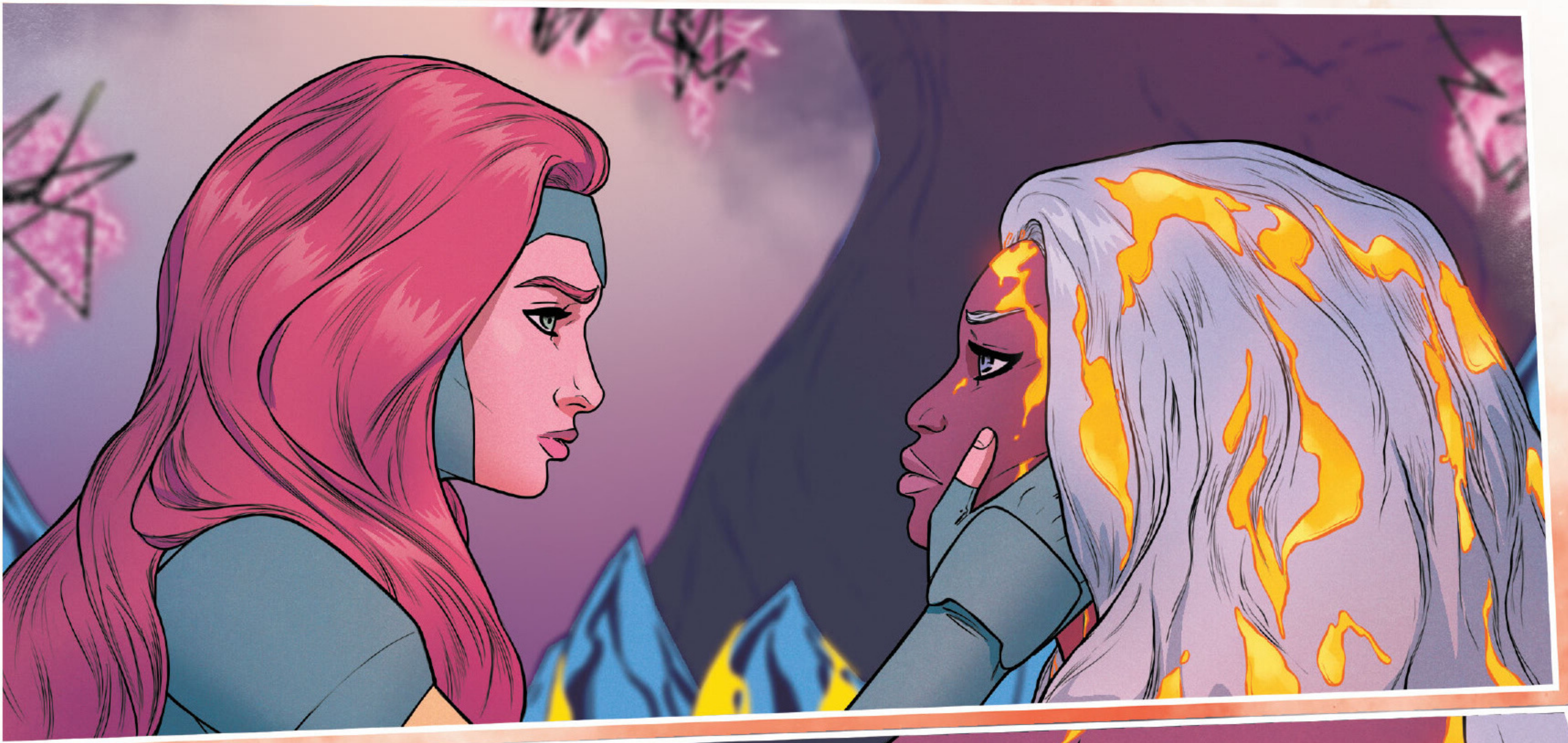


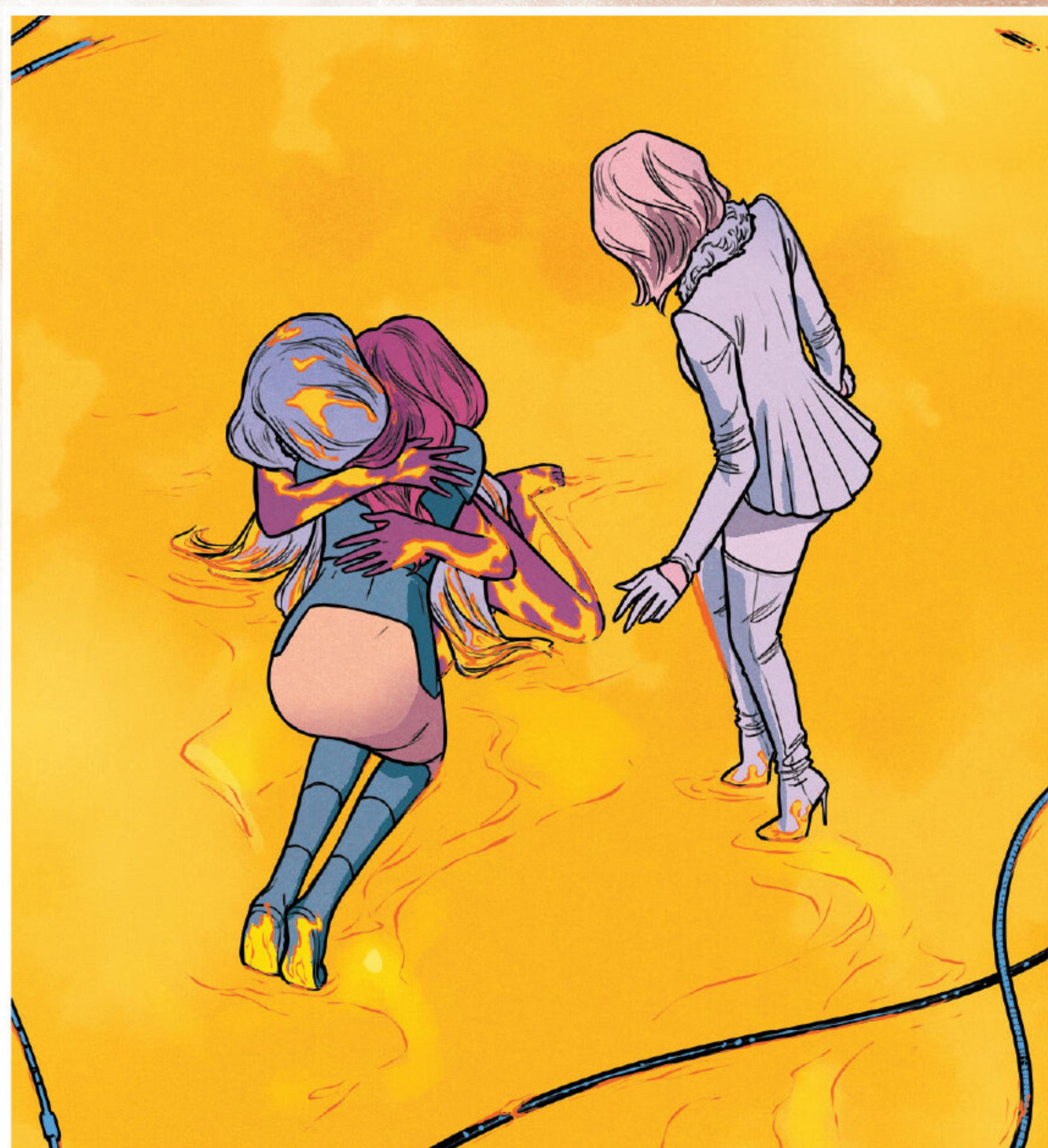
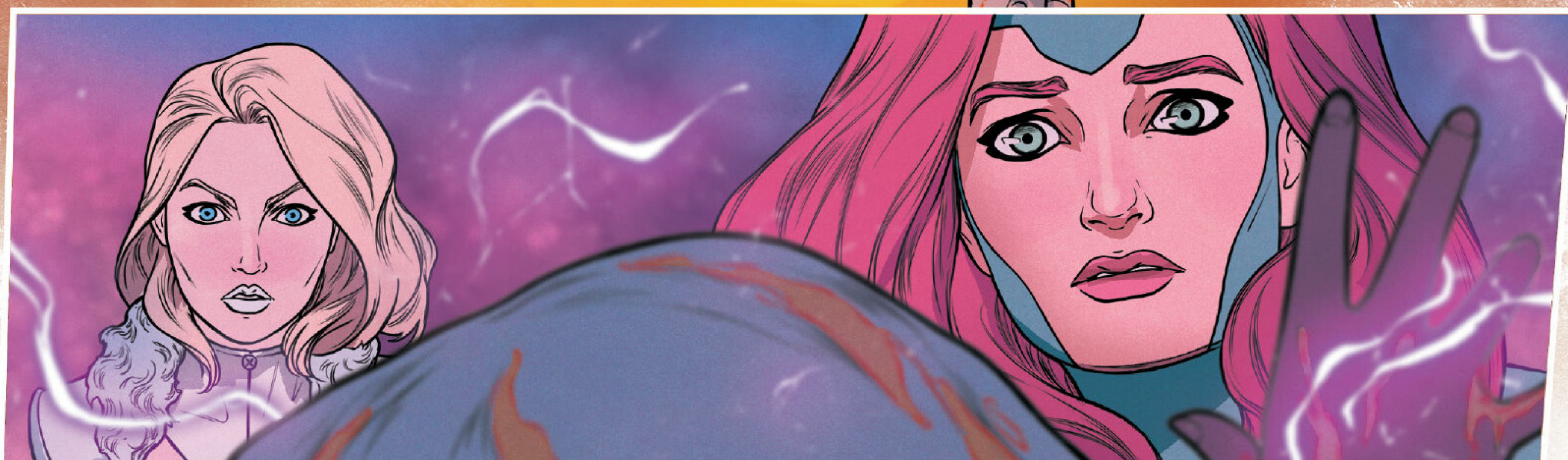


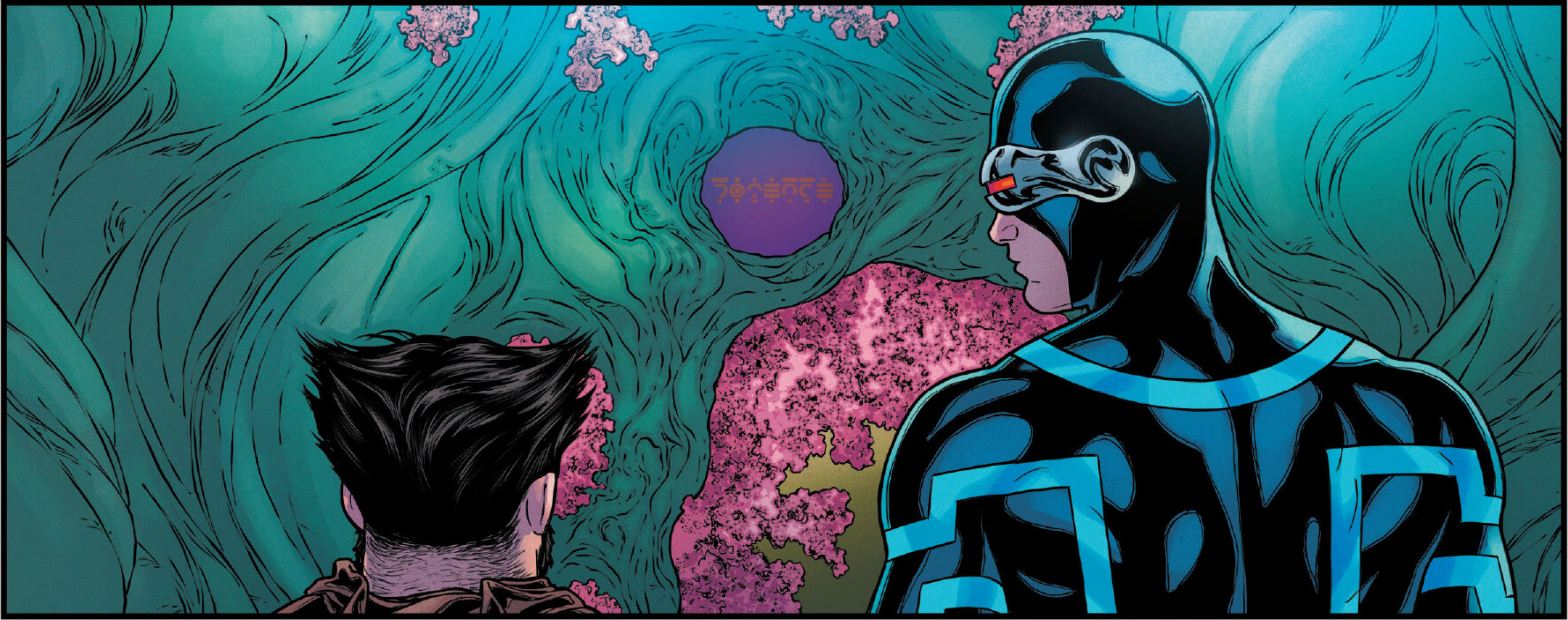
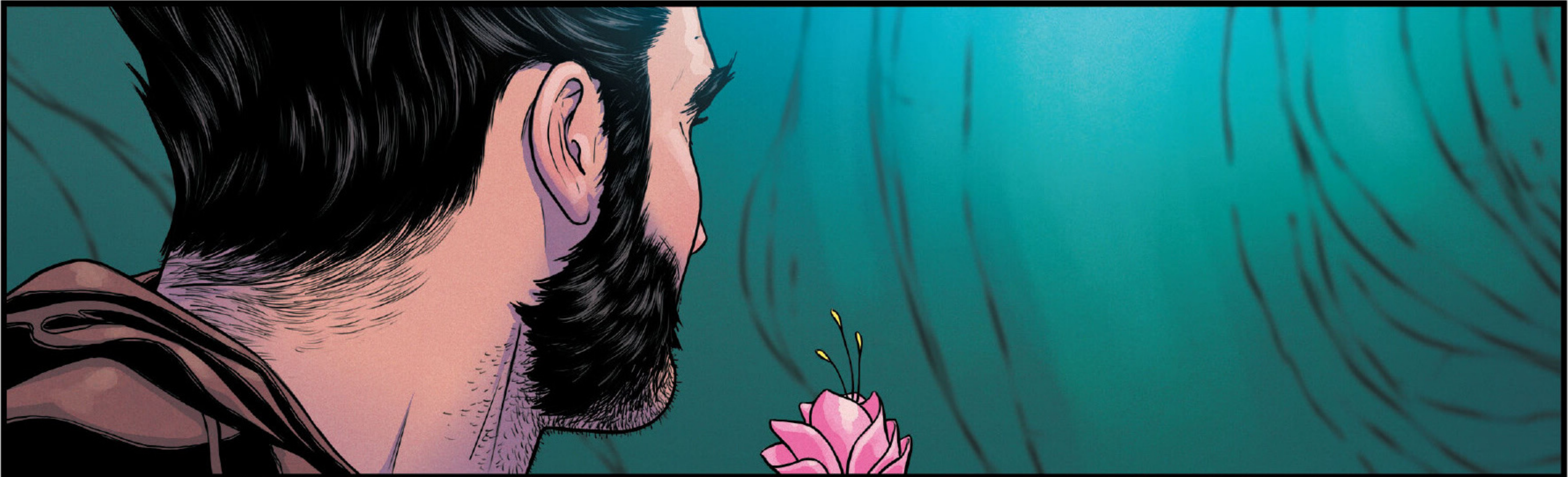
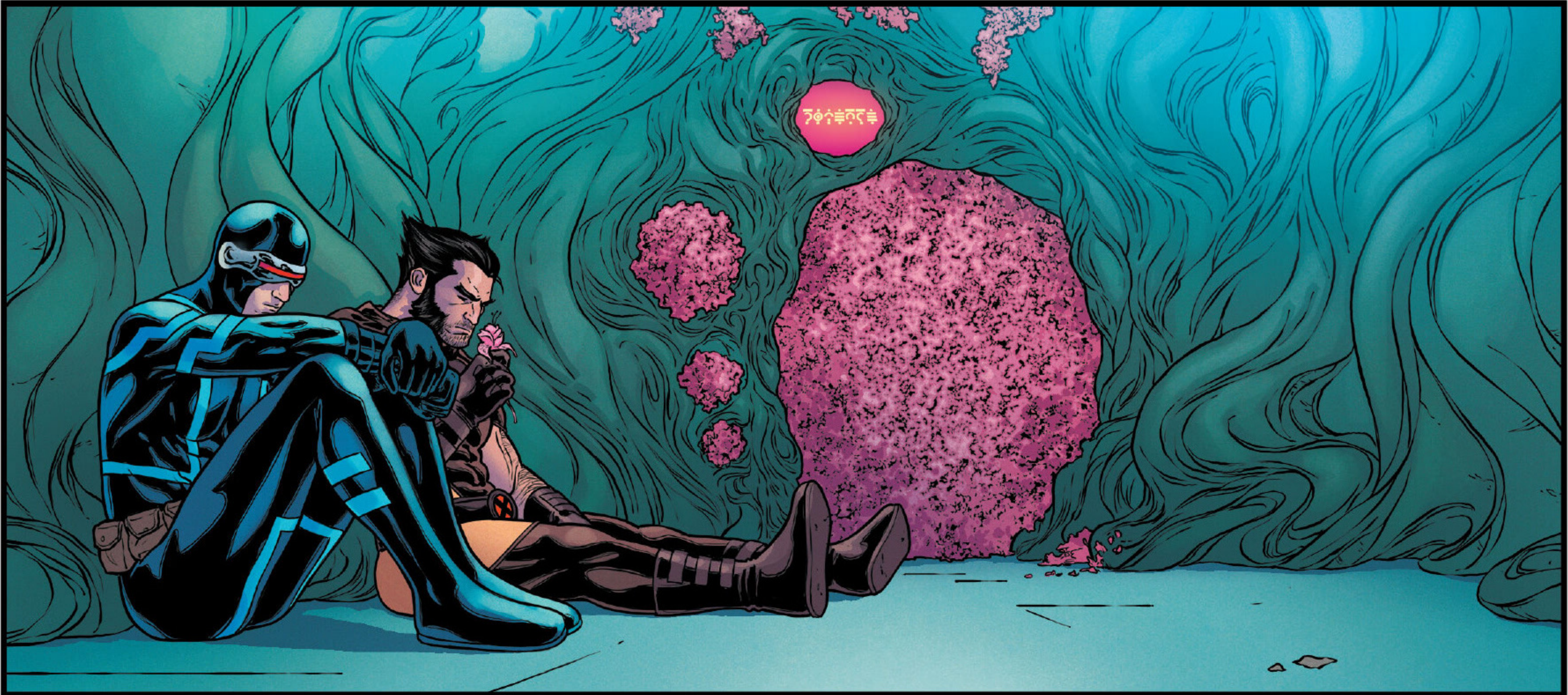












The Children
of the Vault gave
Storm a machine virus
that's going to kill
her in the next
30 days.

We
ought to
talk.





X-Men #1 Variant

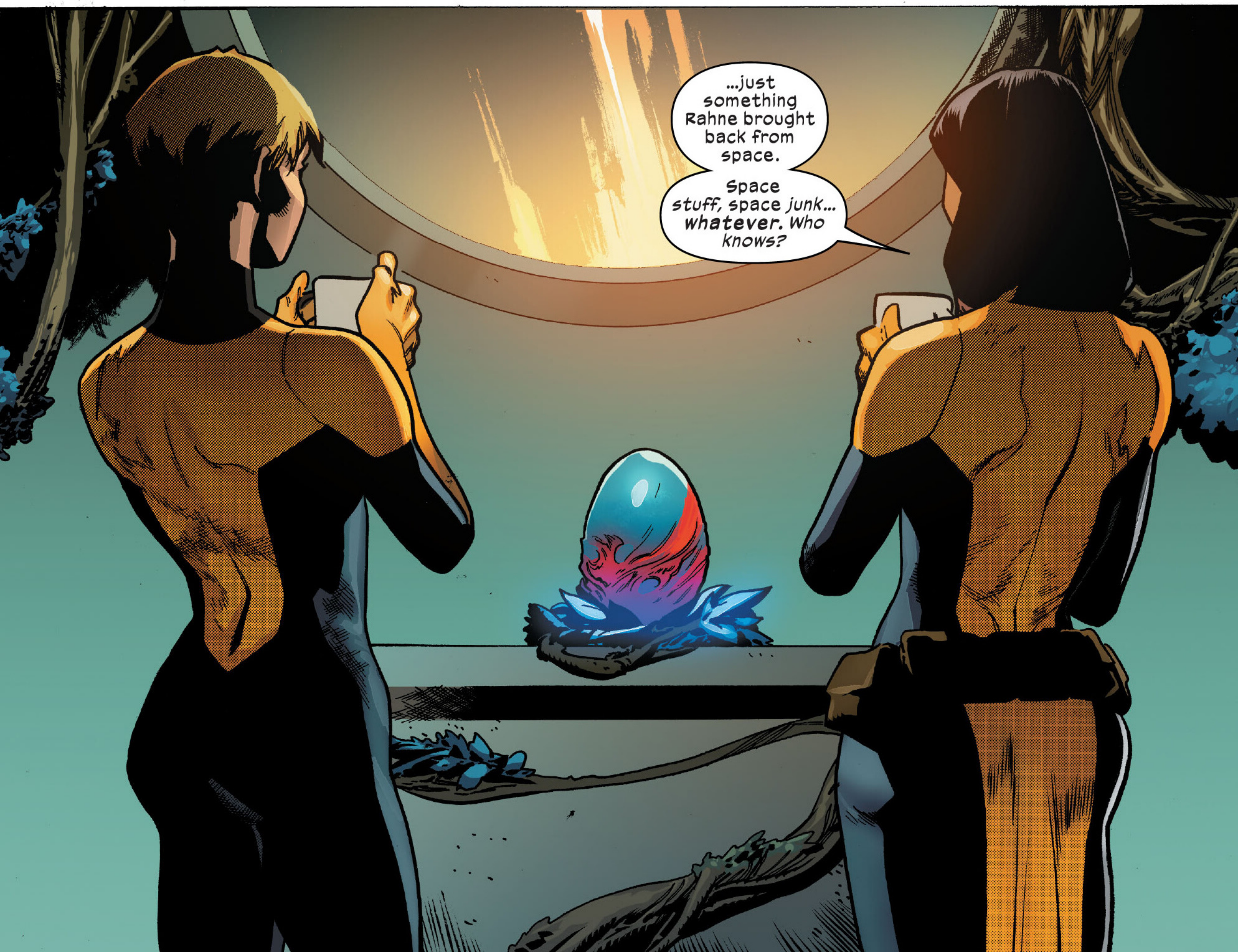
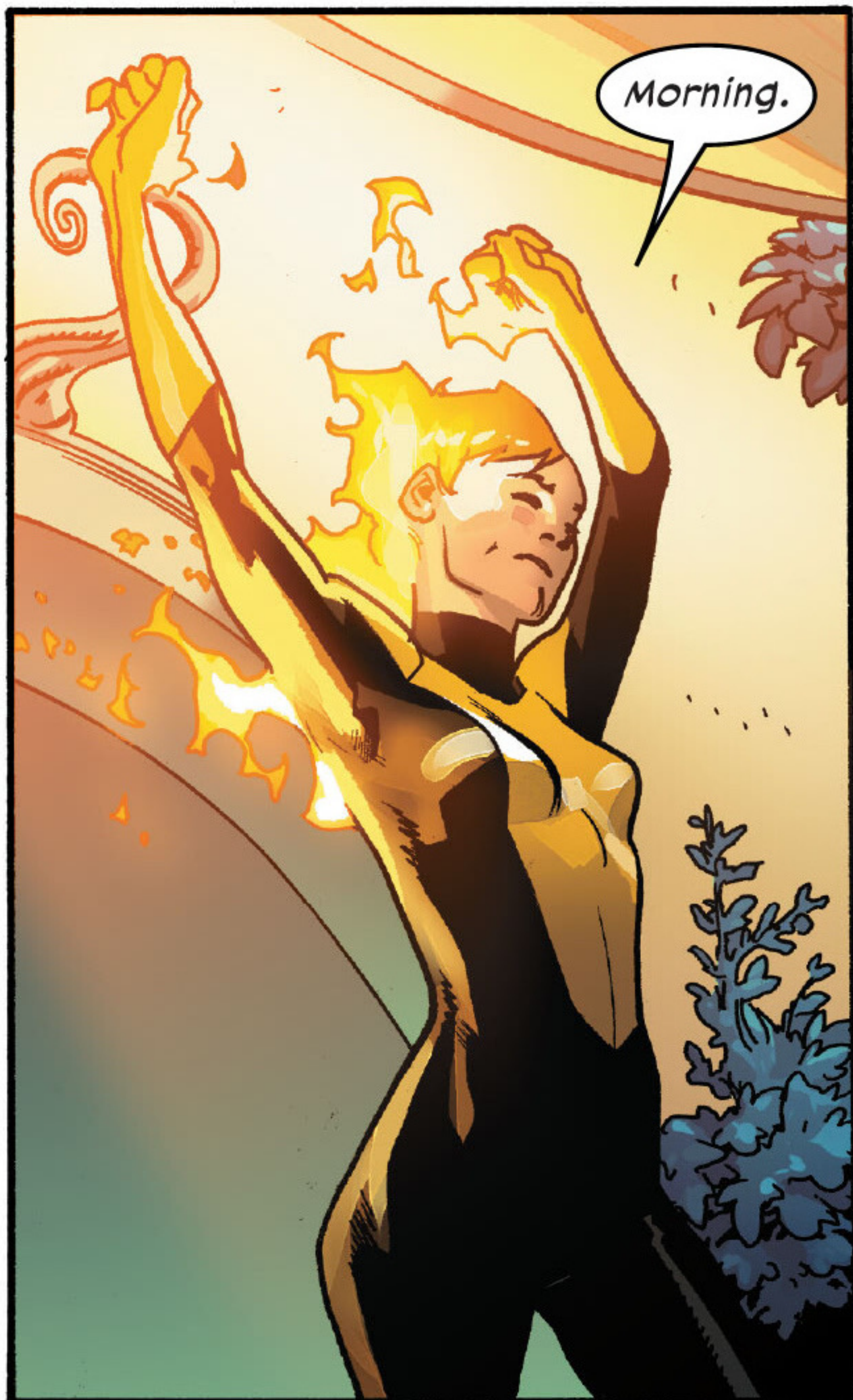
by Stanley "Artgerm" Lao



Swarm



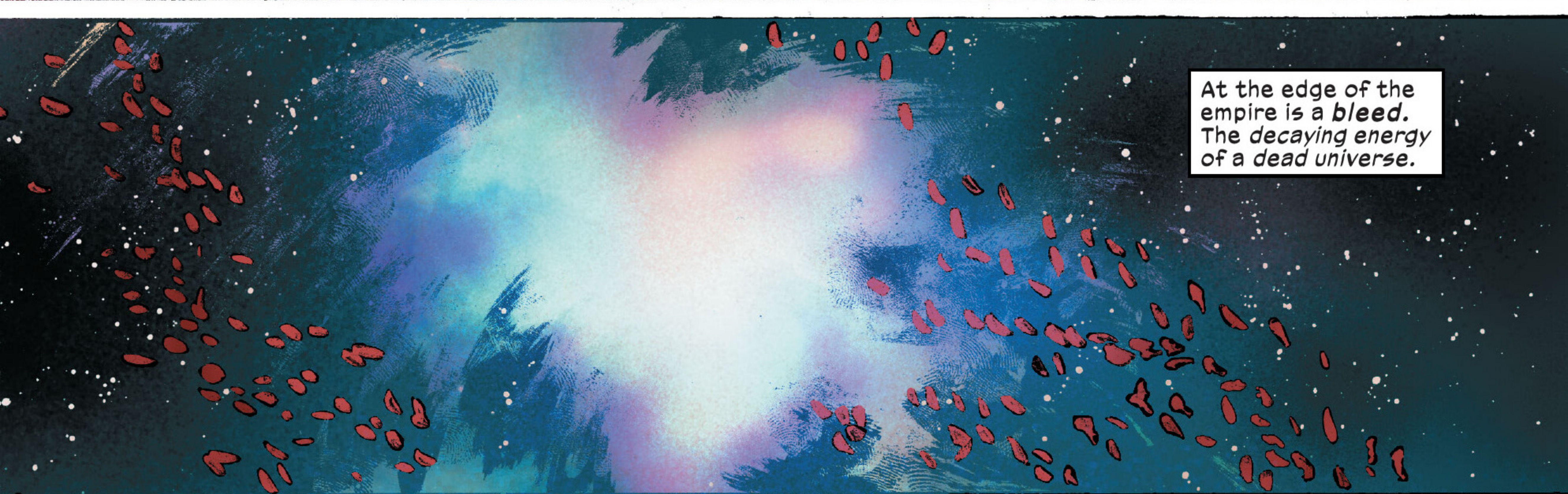
Krakoa.
The Akademos Habitat.
The Sextant.





The adjacent
space of a
million broken
civilizations.

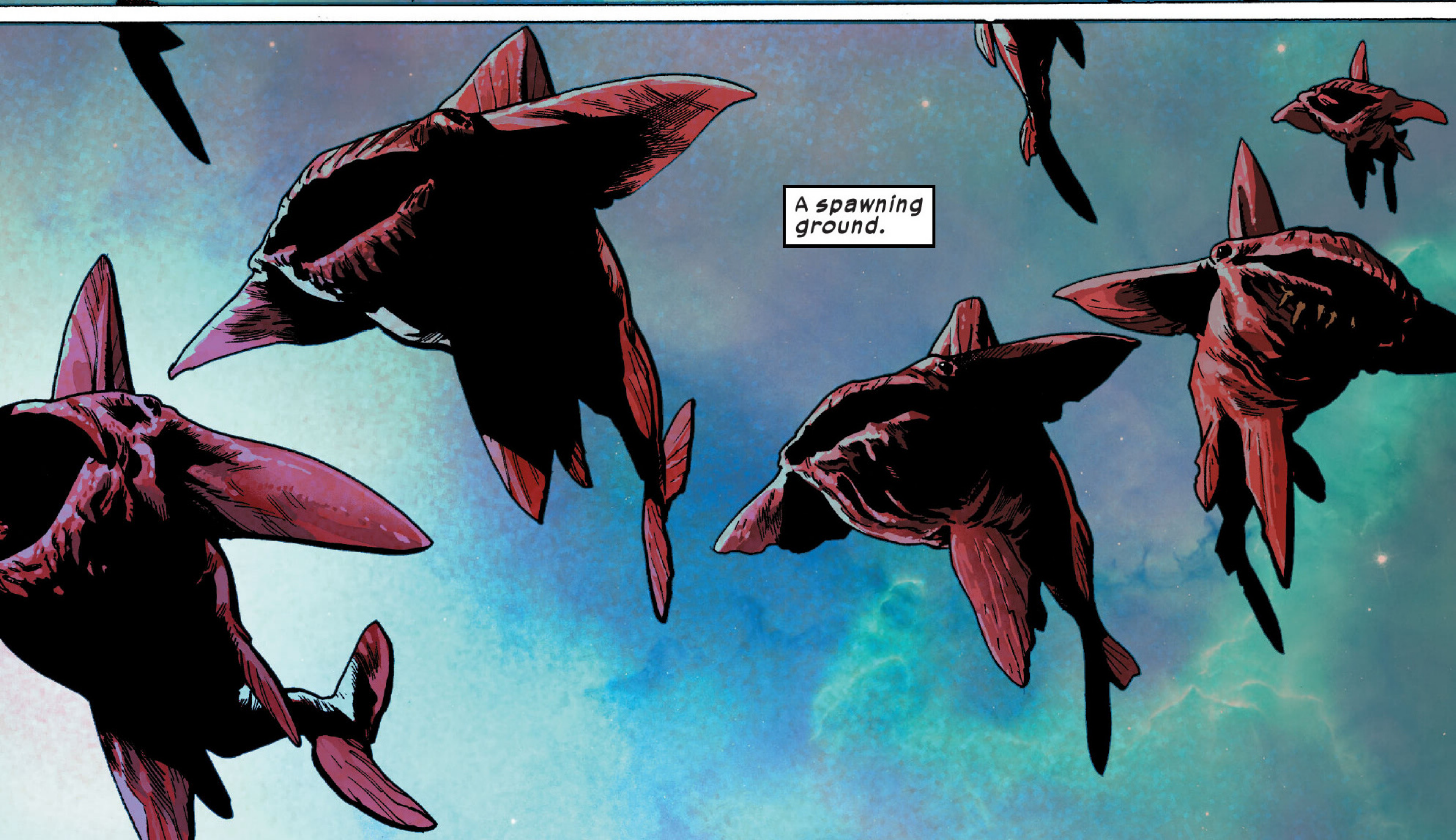
A Shi'ar
graveyard.



At the edge of the
empire is a *bleed*.
The *decaying* energy
of a dead universe.



A river of *dark matter* flows
from the collapsed *then* into
the collapsing *now*.



A spawning
ground.



For predators.

For parasites.

For Brood.



Always expanding. All-consuming.
Their numbers unimaginable.



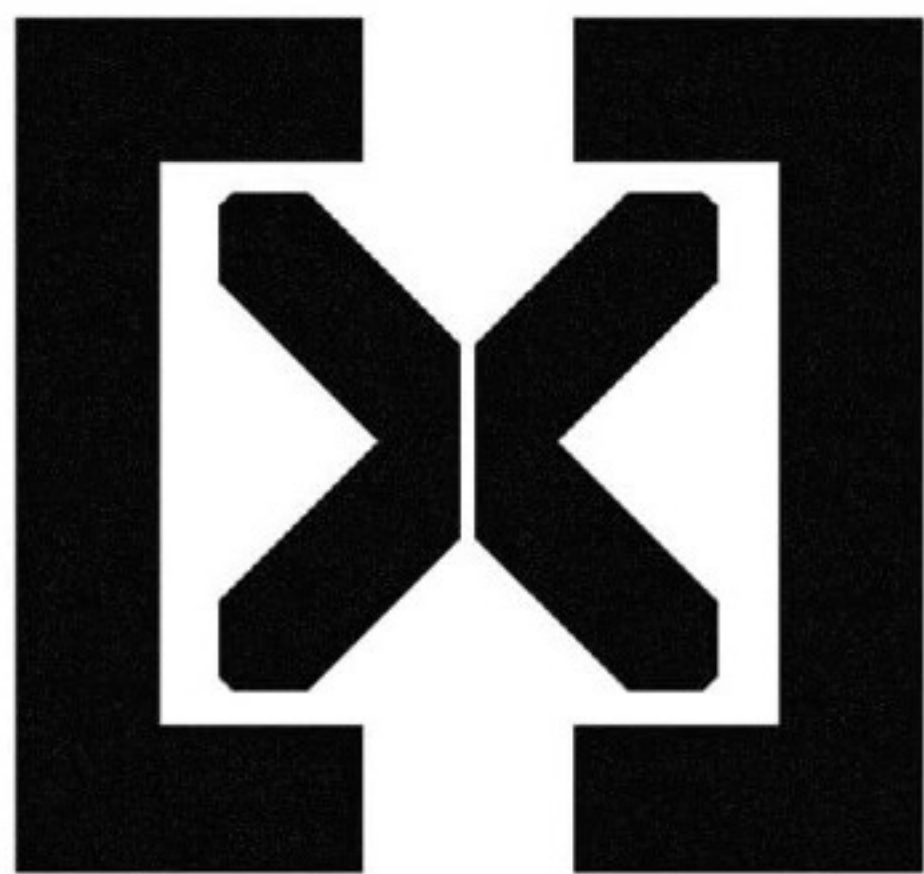
Ten thousand worlds.
Six trillion drones.
One thousand *queens*.



As are the stars are
their numbers, and they
have gathered here now
for one thing:



To hunt
the *King
Egg*.



[kra_[0.8]
[koa_[0.8]

[kra_[0.X]
[koa_[0.X]

SOMETHING'S COMING

The New Mutants recently returned from a mission in Shi'ar space... and they brought more than memories back with them.



Wolfsbane



Mirage



Magma



Magik



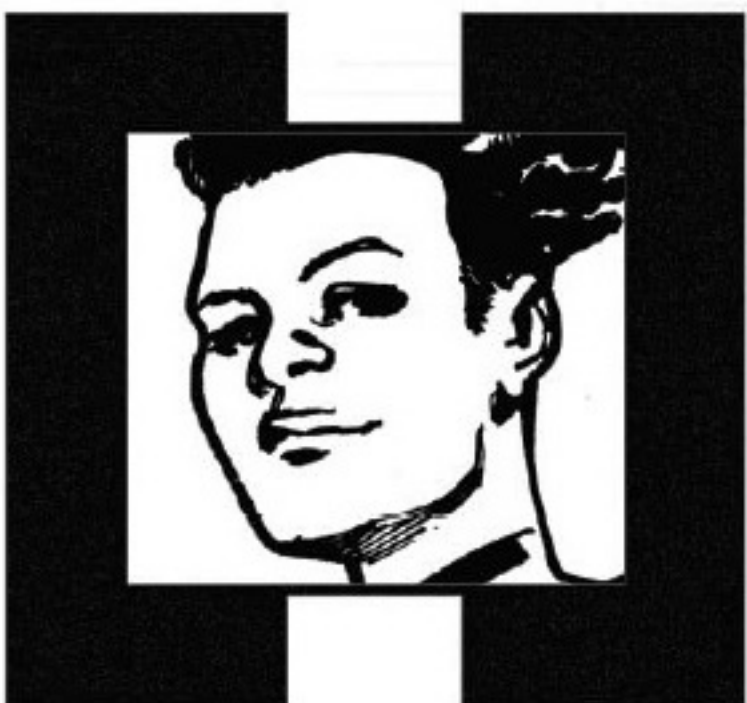
Vulcan



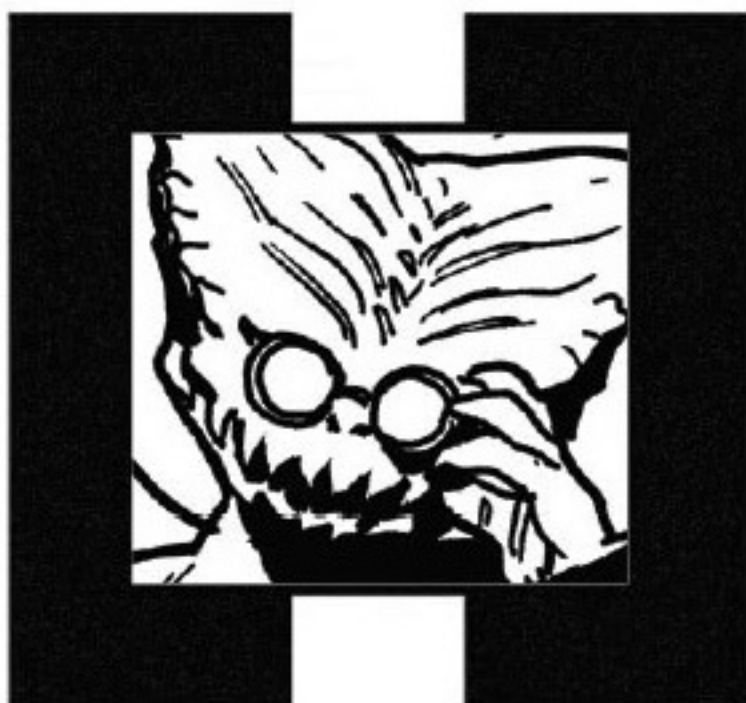
Cyclops



Havok



Oya



Broo



Jean Grey

[kra_[0.8]...]
[koa_[0.8]...]

[A._New_World]

[00.SHI'AR.....B]
[00.....R]

SHI'AR BATTLE RECORD

RE: THE FAULT

An after-action report of the events surrounding the War of Kings and the death of Lilandra Neramani.

[1]

GLADIATOR [Kallark]: Crowned Majestor of the empire after the death or exile of a Neramani heir. Former Superguardian and leader of the Imperial Guard.

[2]

BLACK BOLT [Blackagar Boltagon]: Killed at the conclusion of the war when a T-bomb detonated, ripping a hole in the fabric of space and time. This anomaly is known as the Fault, and nothing has ever escaped it.

[3]

VULCAN [Gabriel Summers]: Also killed at the conclusion of the war when the T-bomb detonated. VULCAN was also believed to have perished in the Fault.

[Empire].....[BR]
[.....].....[UP]

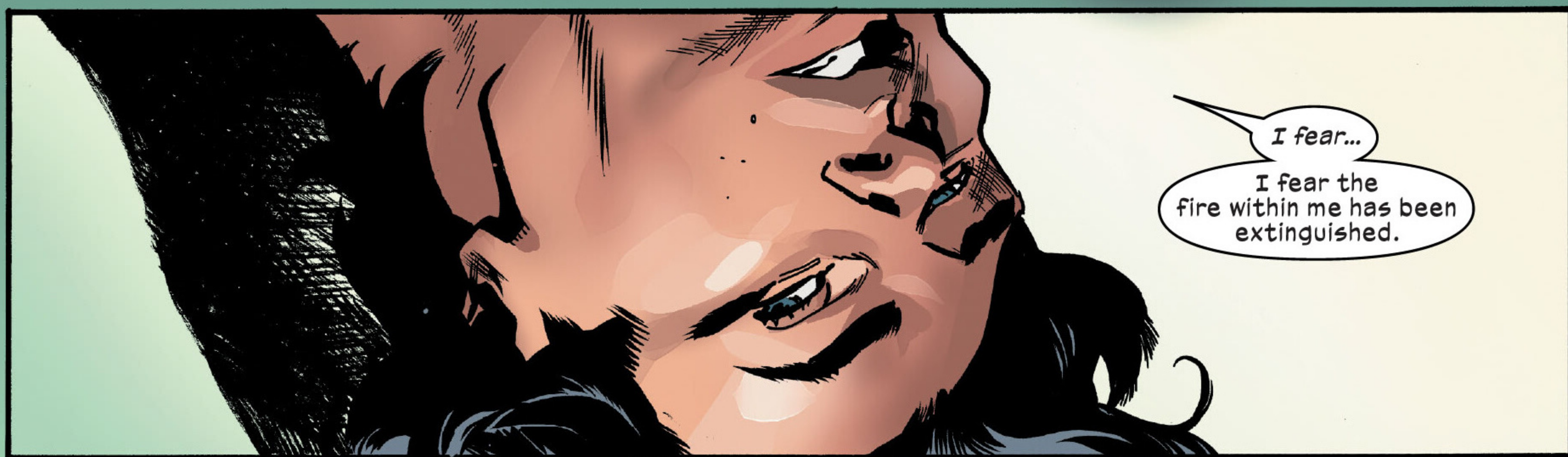




There he is.

Brother, you look terrible.

Long night?



I fear...

I fear the fire within me has been extinguished.



That... that was the beer. You drowned it.

Shhh. I don't want any breakfast.



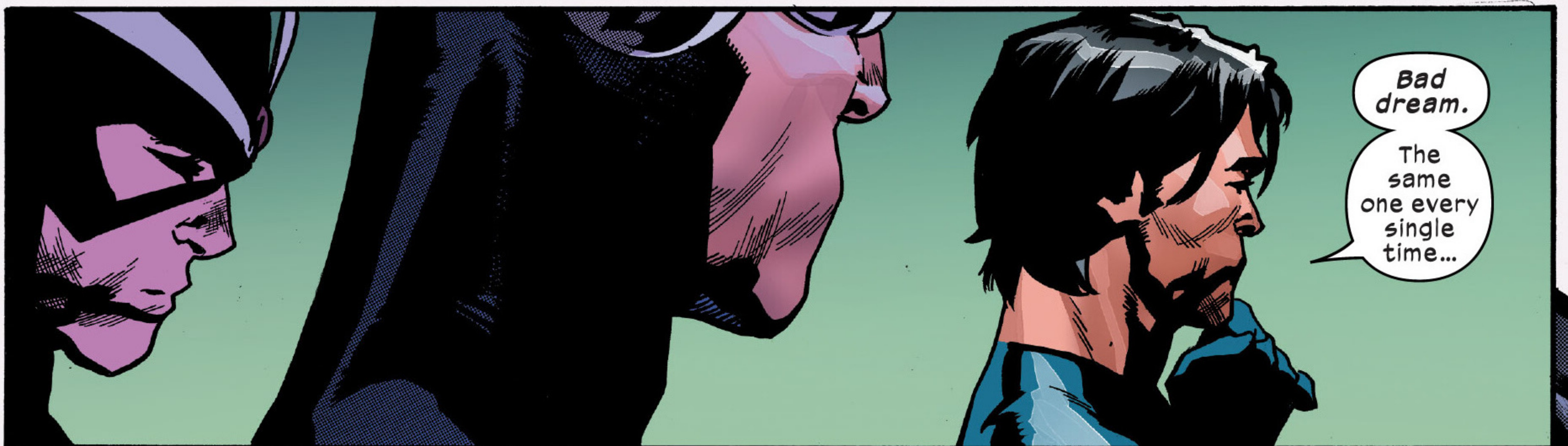
You gotta gear it back, man. Not judging, but you guys are a little outta control.

And you never clean up. Which makes it worse.

Come on, Gabe...this isn't a house, it's our home.



Bad dreams again?



Bad dream.

The same one every single time...



Every single night.



It's all I remember from--

Huh?



Krakoa.

I must say, it's fascinating how much this place has changed already.

It feels like I was just here for the independence party, and it's... it's...

You had it right. **Changed.**

The island keeps growing new structures as more and more mutants show up. It seems like every day you wake up and the world outside the window has changed completely.

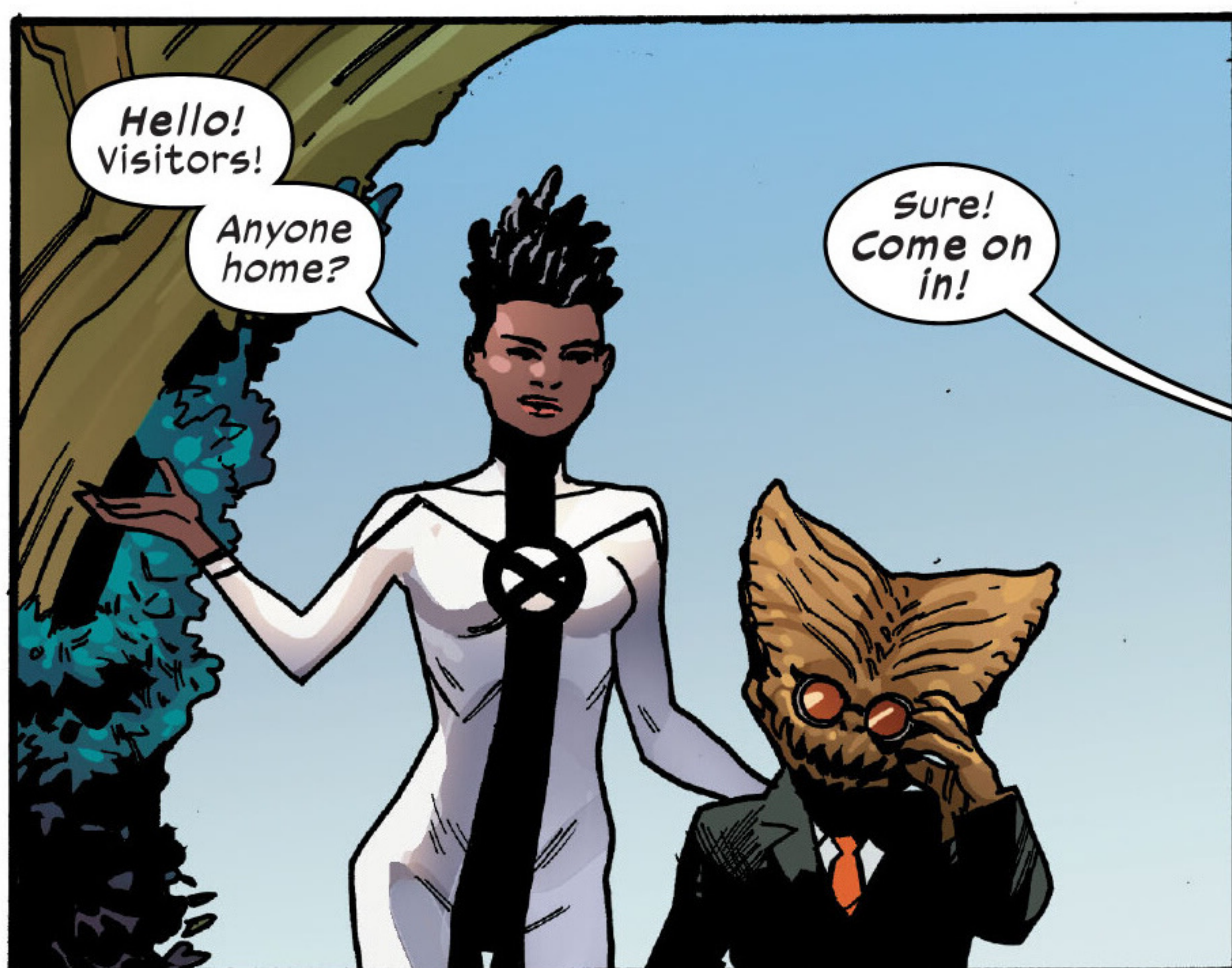
Too fast, I think. Not to criticize, but I have noticed the need for the adoption of building standards.

The last place you showed me was... **unacceptable.**



Oh, that's just the Gen X kids. It's how they are. *Living like animals...*

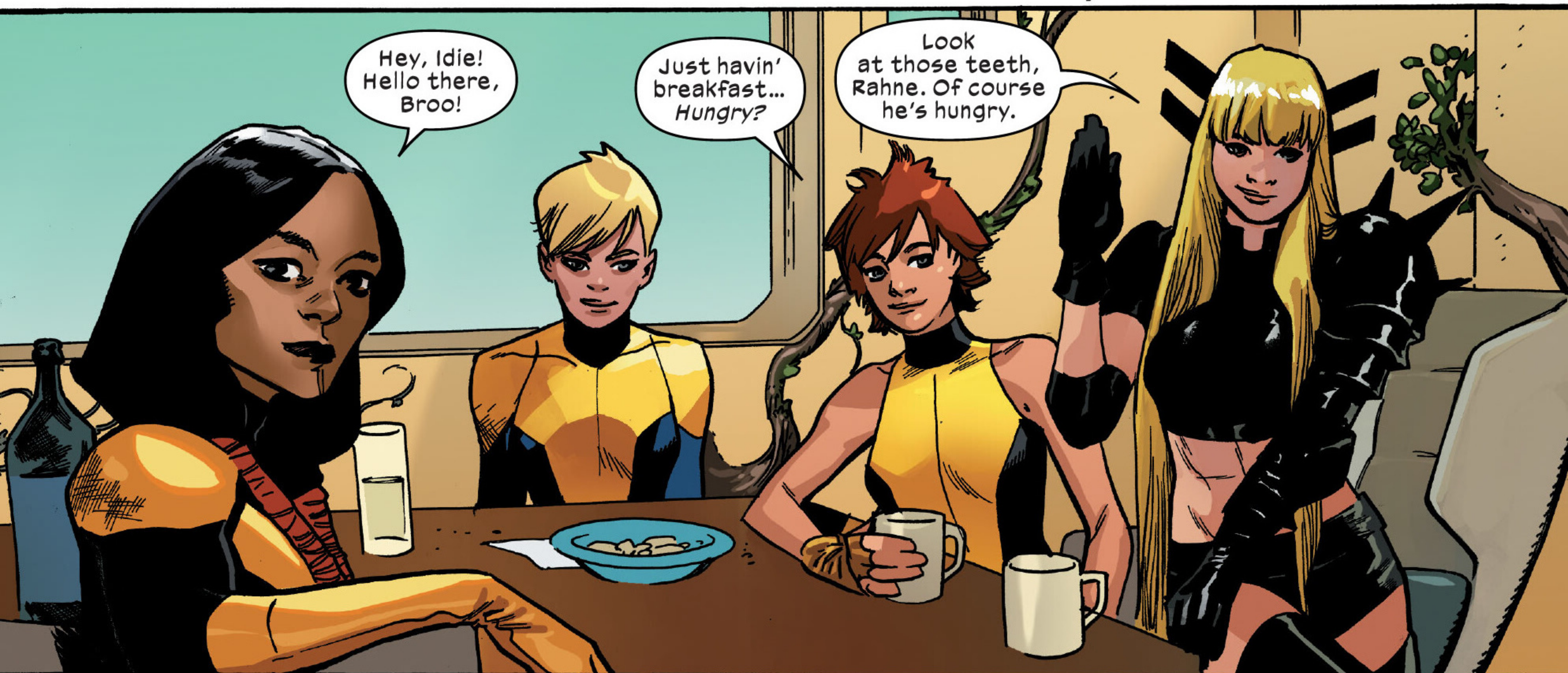
This'll be **better.**



Hello! Visitors!

Anyone home?

Sure! Come on in!



Hey, Idie! Hello there, Broo!

Just havin' breakfast... Hungry?

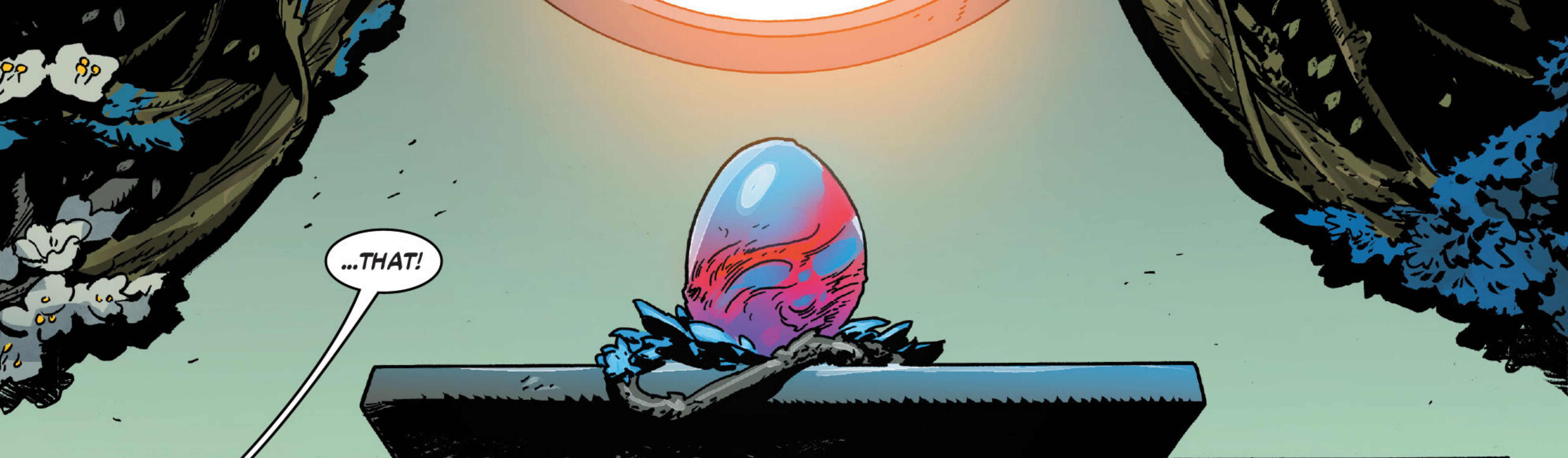
Look at those teeth, Rahne. Of course he's hungry.

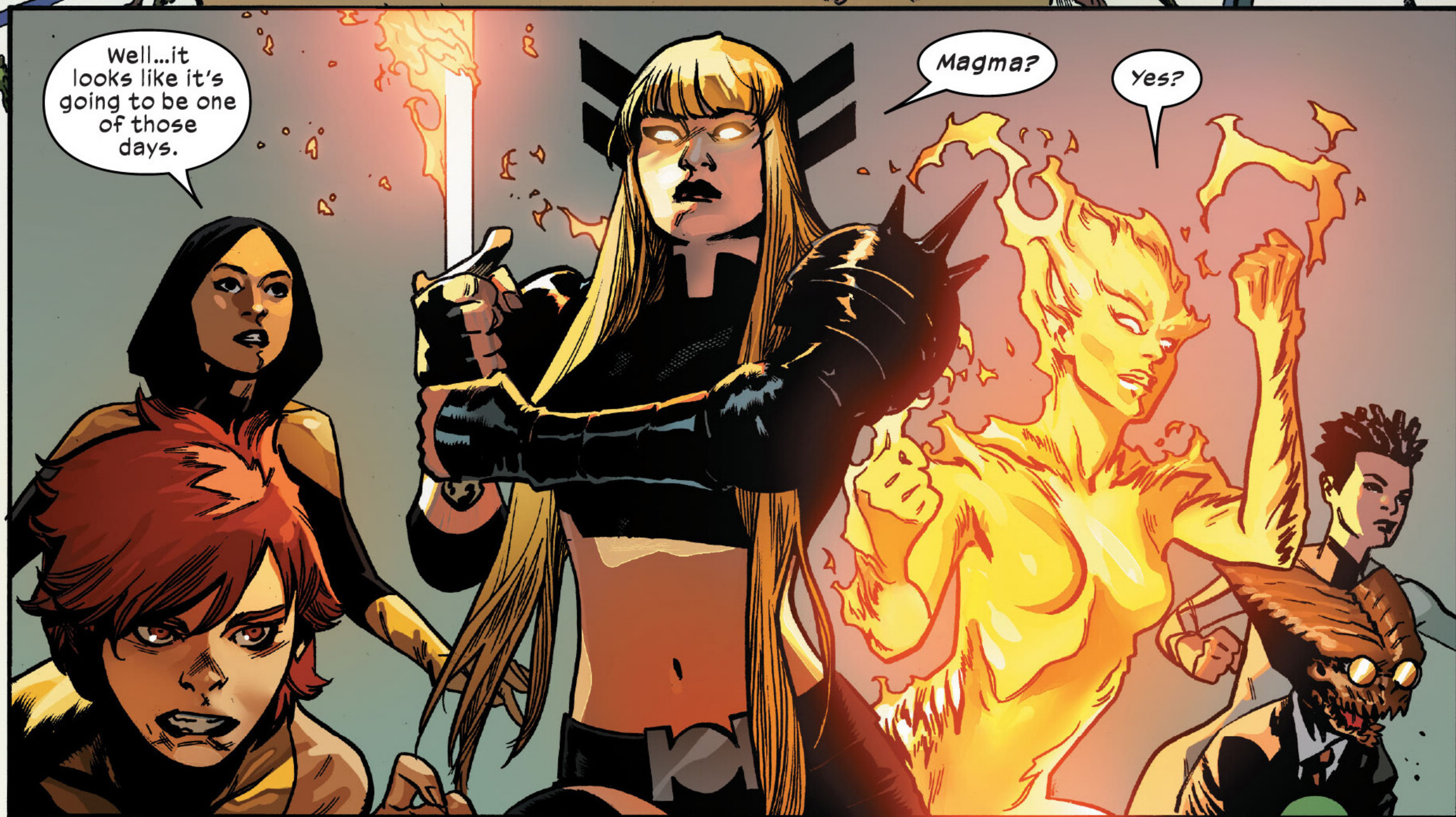
Actually, I'm juicing. I'm trying to drop a few --

What are you doing with that?!

With what?

With...





Magma?

Yes?



"Say
hello."

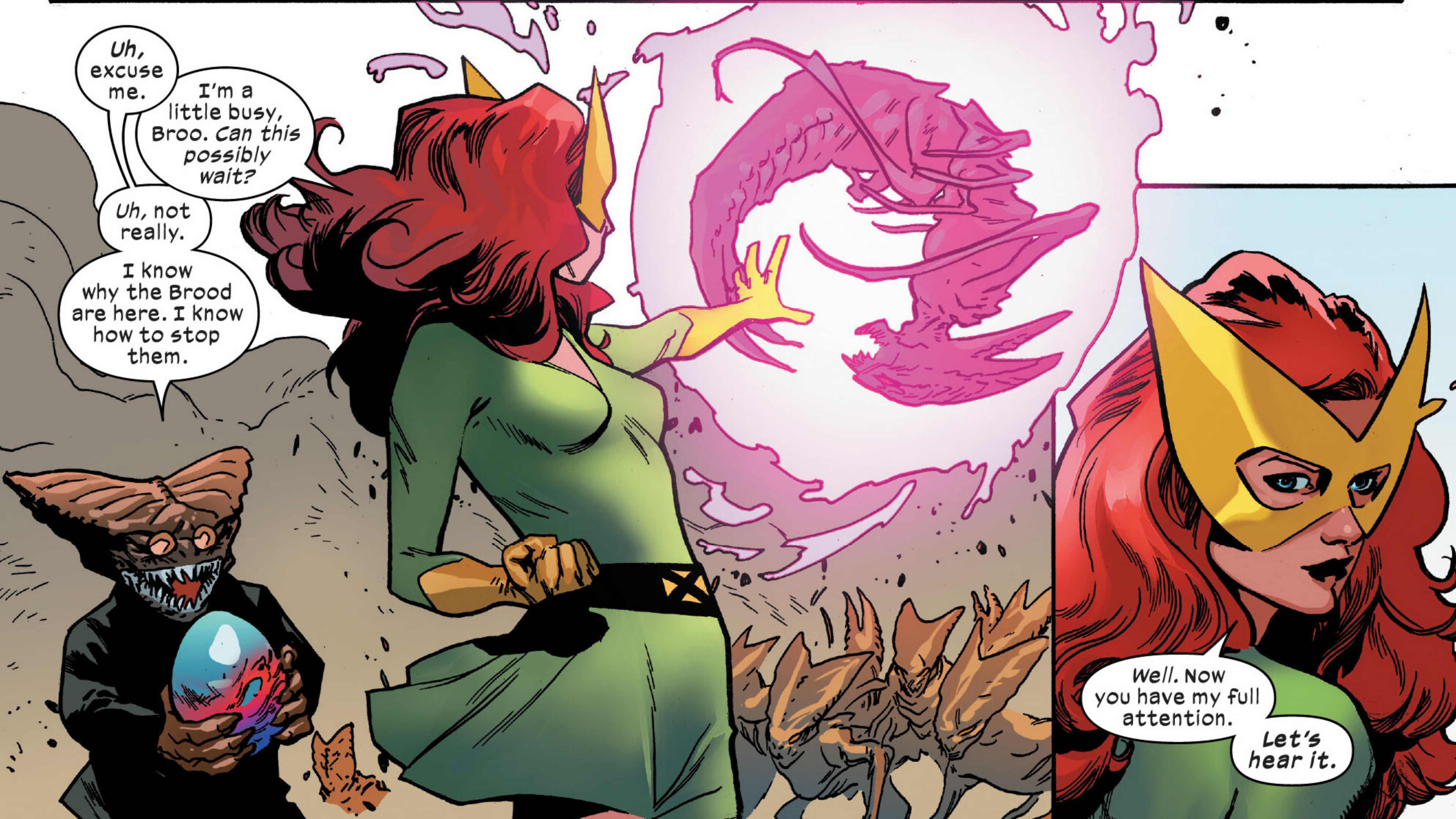


We
have to hold
them back until
reinforcements
get here.

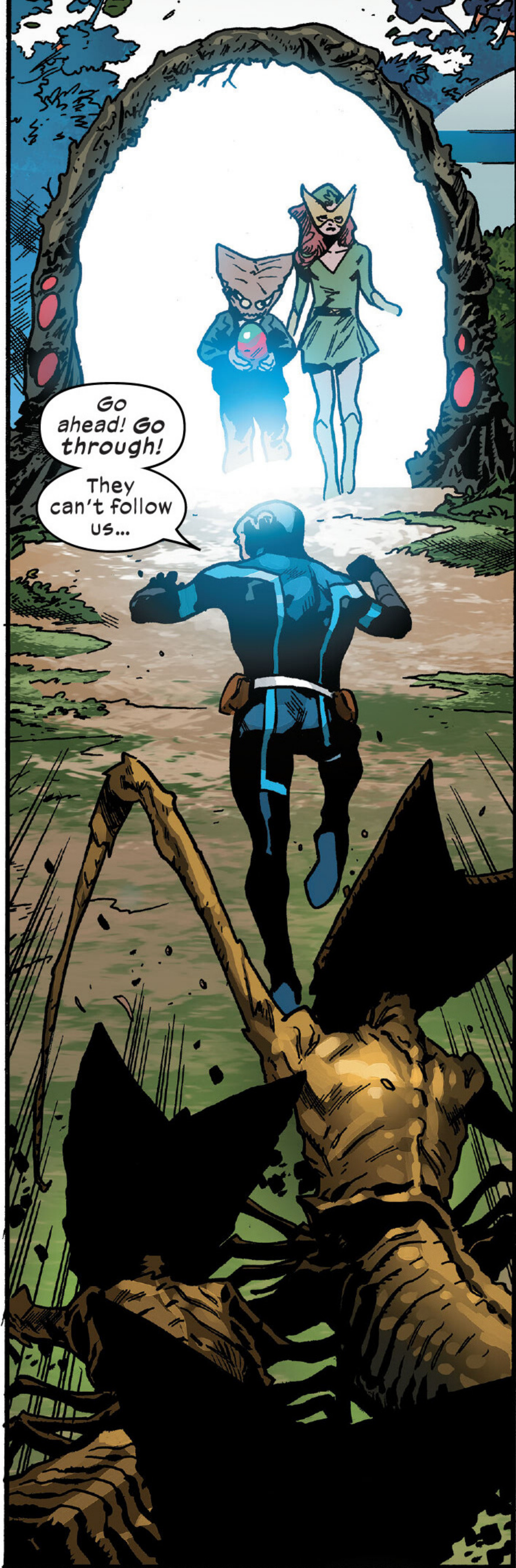
Rahne! You
and Idie get the
younger kids to
safety!

Now!



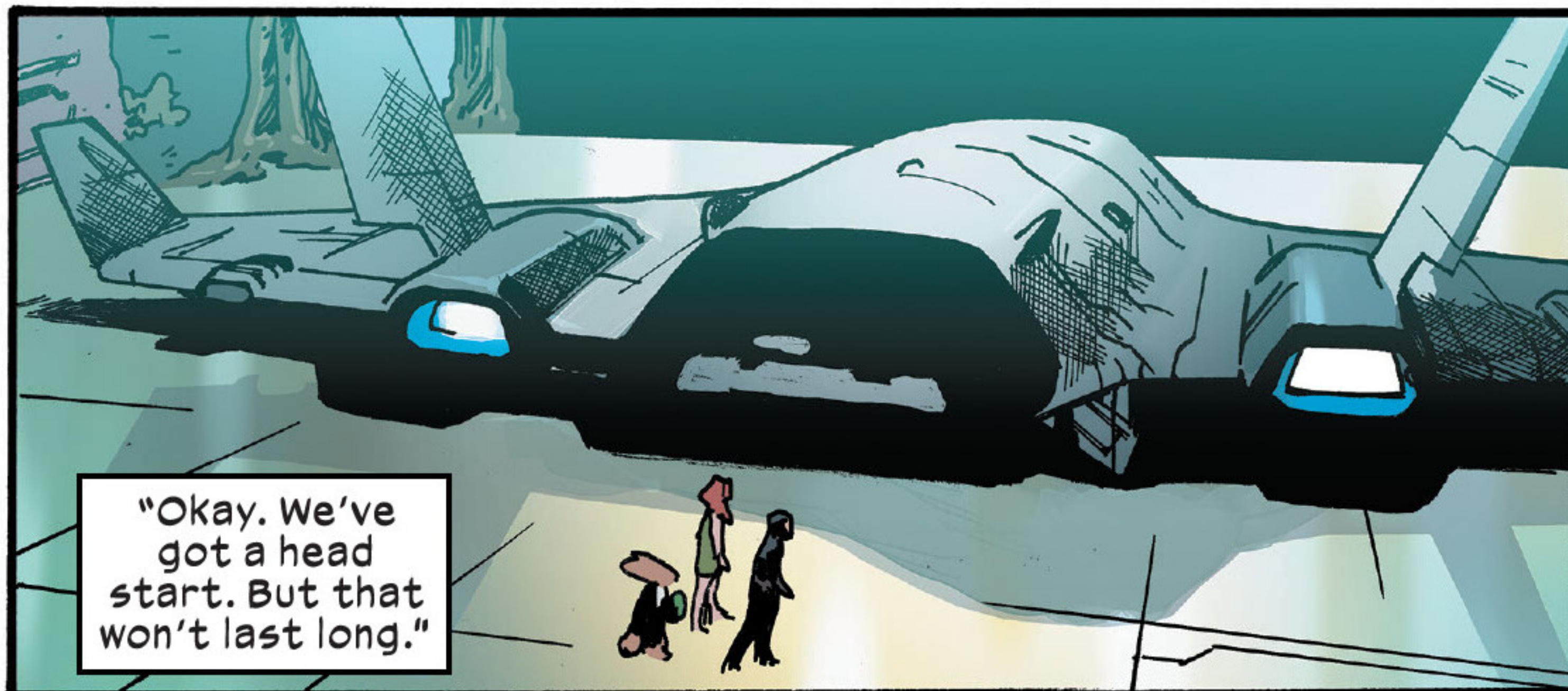






Go ahead! Go through!

They can't follow us...



"Okay. We've got a head start. But that won't last long."



We're here! Everyone ready?

Yeah. Gabriel's already on board.



What about Petra and Sway?

I sent them down to the island to fight with the others.

We're good...we can go.



Okay. After we launch, head for the nearest Shi'ar stargate.

Hopefully, we can stay ahead of them.



[00.SHI'AR.....B]
[00.....R]



SHI'AR BATTLE RECORD

RE THE FAULT

After action report of the events surrounding the War of Kings and the death of Lilandra Neramani.

[1]
GLADIATOR [Kallark]: Crowned Majestor of the empire after the death or exile of a Neramani heir. Former Superguardian and member of the Imperial Guard.

UPDATE: GLADIATOR has recently signaled his desire to surrender the imperial throne to Xandra Neramani, the genetic offspring of Lilandra Neramani and Charles Xavier.

[2]
BLACK BOLT [Blackagar Boltagon]: Killed at the conclusion of the war when a T-bomb detonated, ripping a hole in the fabric of space and time. This anomaly is known as the Fault, and nothing has ever escaped it.

UPDATE: He does not speak, so no one knows exactly how BLACK BOLT escaped from the Fault. Some say he died and returned as the MIDNIGHT KING. Others know better and understand the power of genetic prophecy. The will of a celestial messiah cannot be denied.

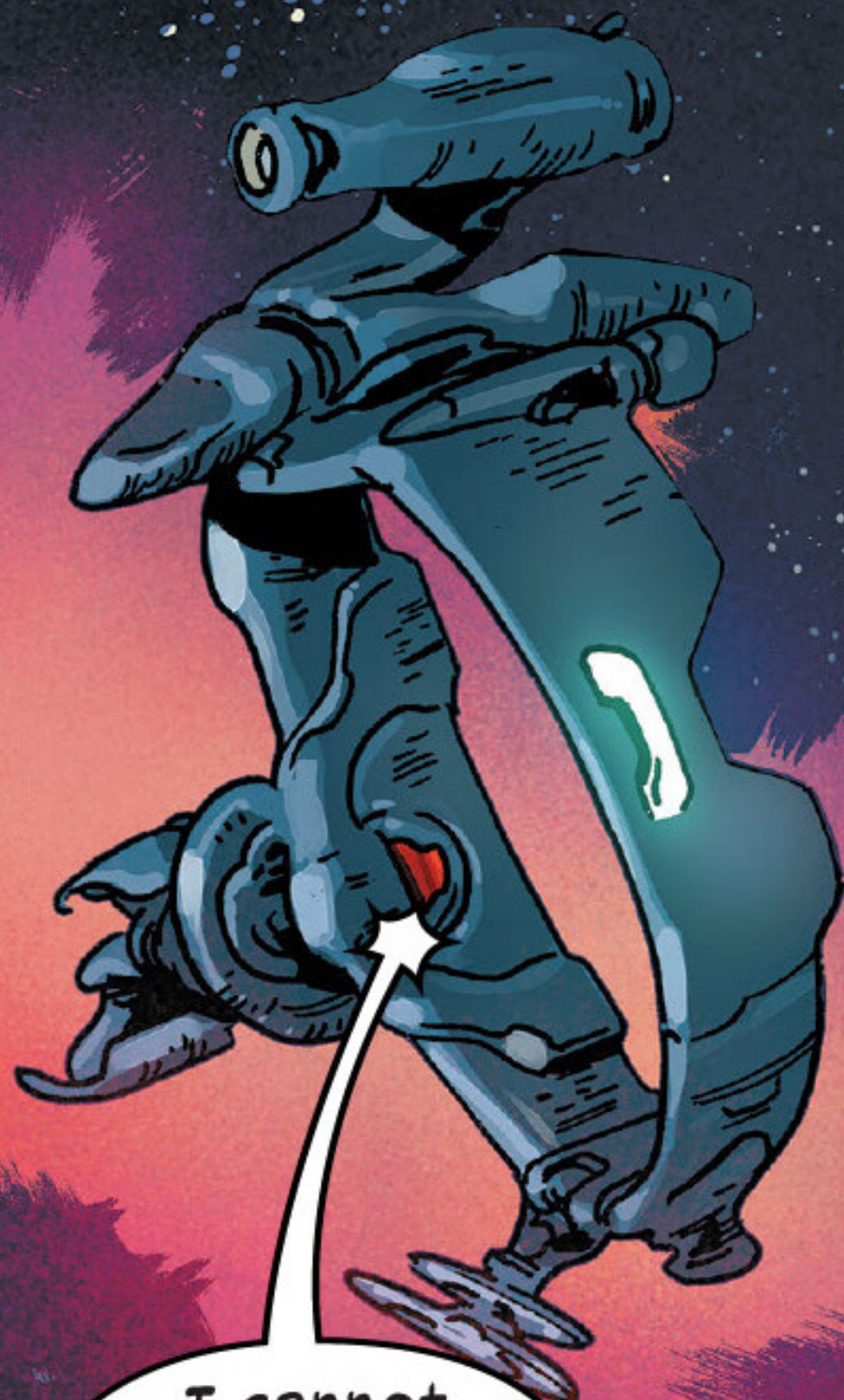
[3]
VULCAN [Gabriel Summers]: Also killed at the conclusion of the war when the T-bomb detonated. VULCAN was also believed to have perished in the Fault.

UPDATE: VULCAN never died.

[Empire].....[BR]
[.....].....[UP]



Shi'ar space.



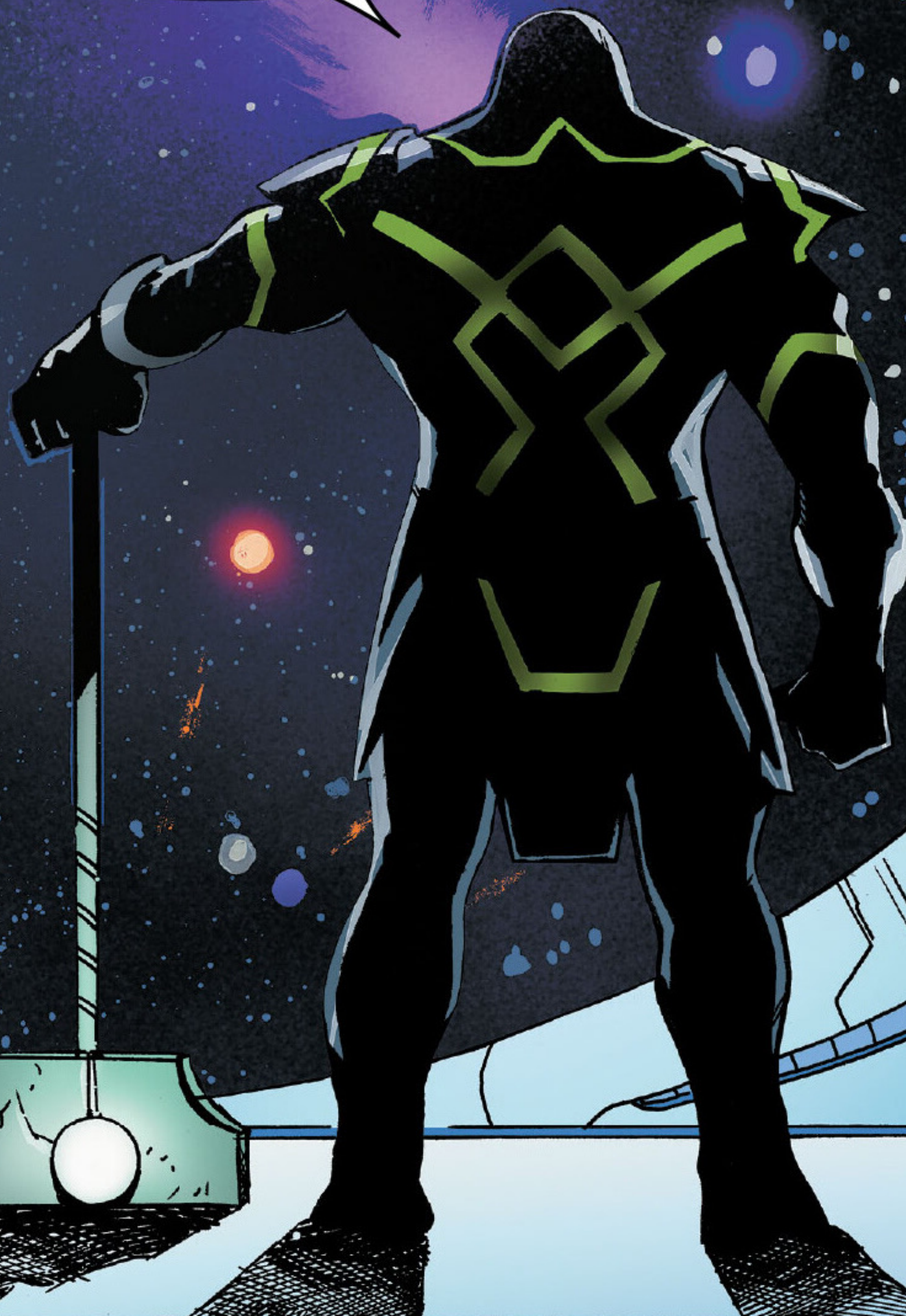
I cannot say I am surprised by this failure. Over the years I have been failed by so many.

One becomes used to it--the failure of the inferior.

Usually I deal with it in my normal fashion. Judgment, and following judgment, *penance*.

And do you know what follows that?

I take a deep breath--a deep cleansing breath--and a great peace comes over me, knowing that I have saved this universe from the further incompetence of the incompetent.



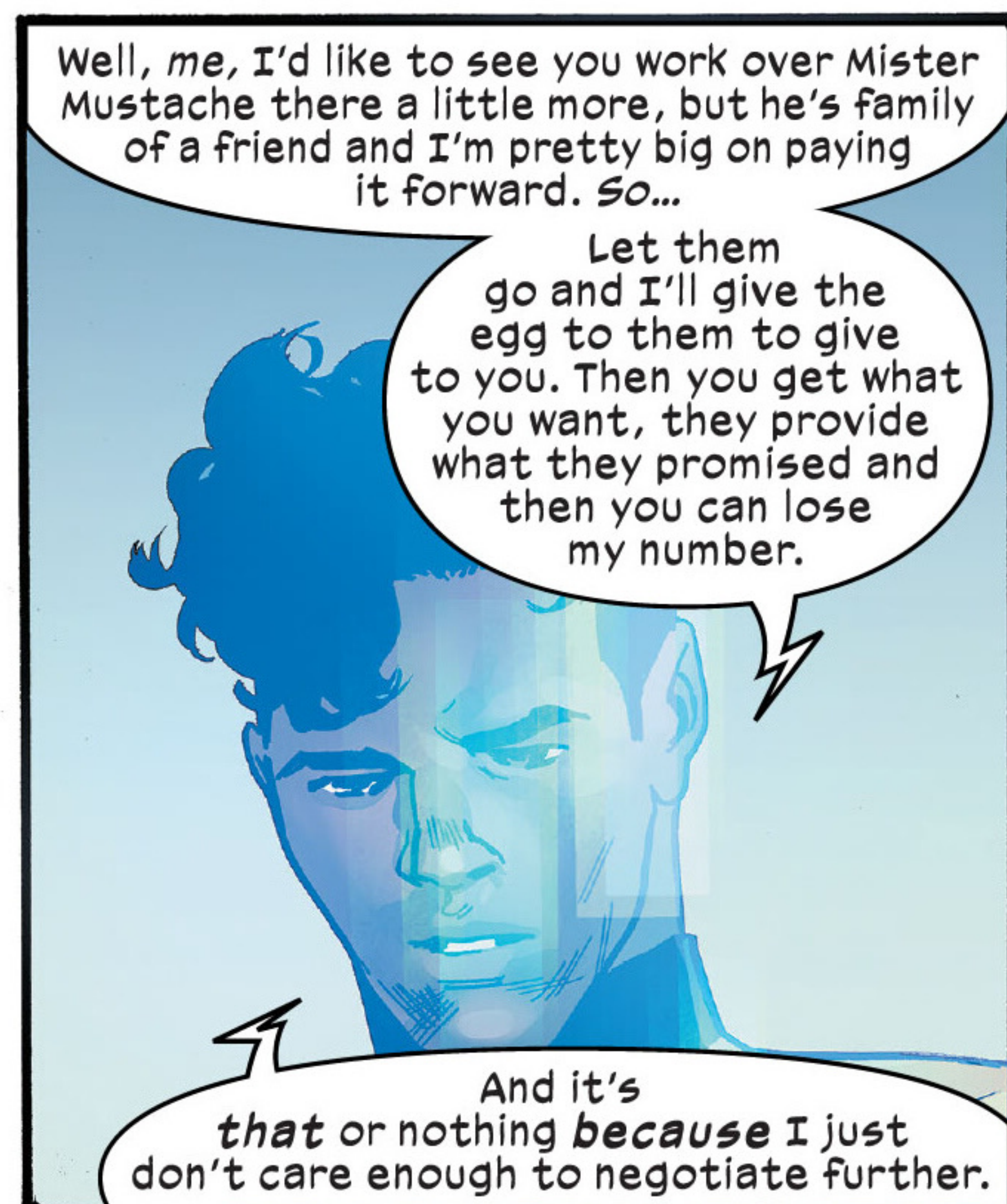
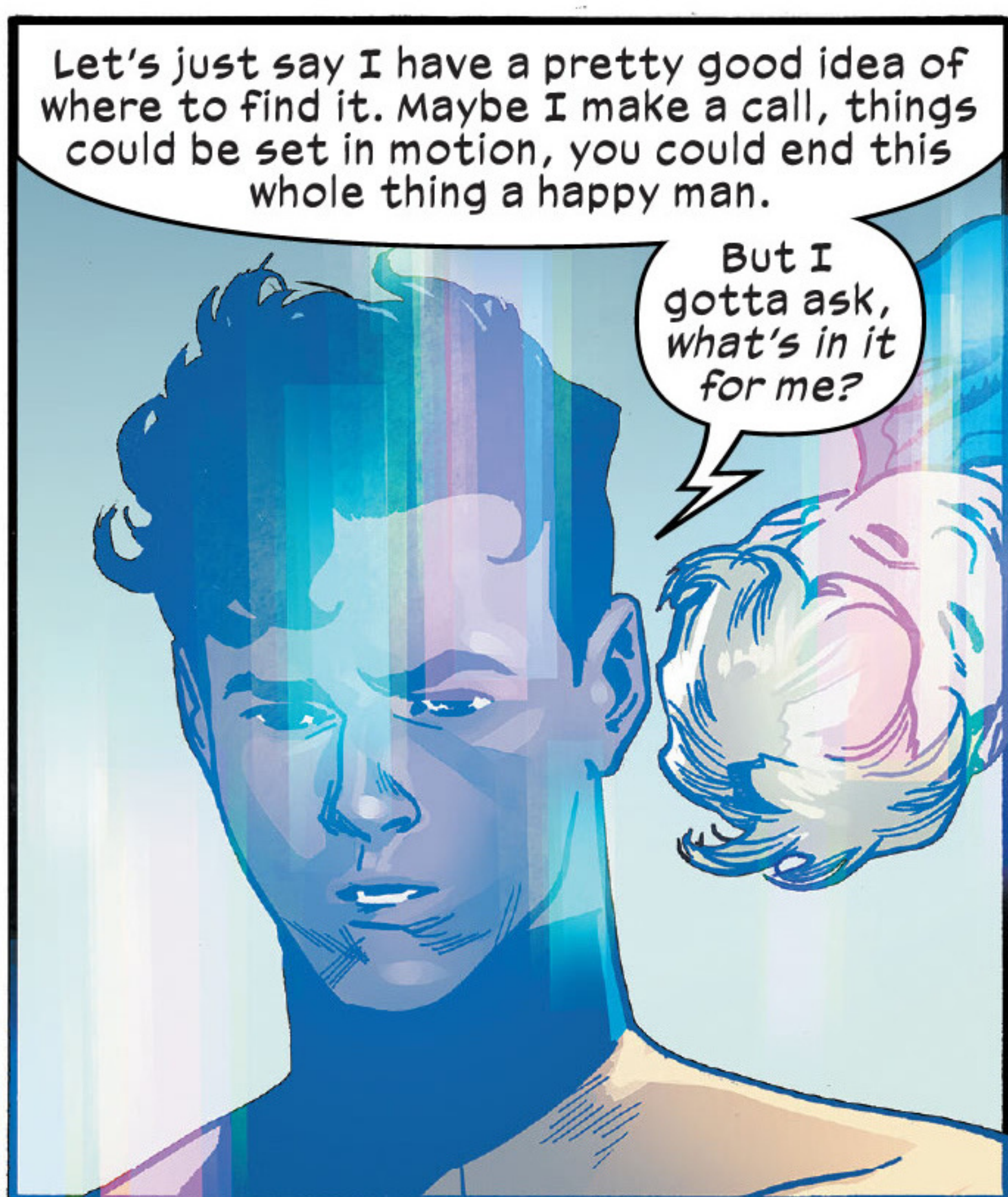
But here--today--I cannot abide the simple realities of failure.

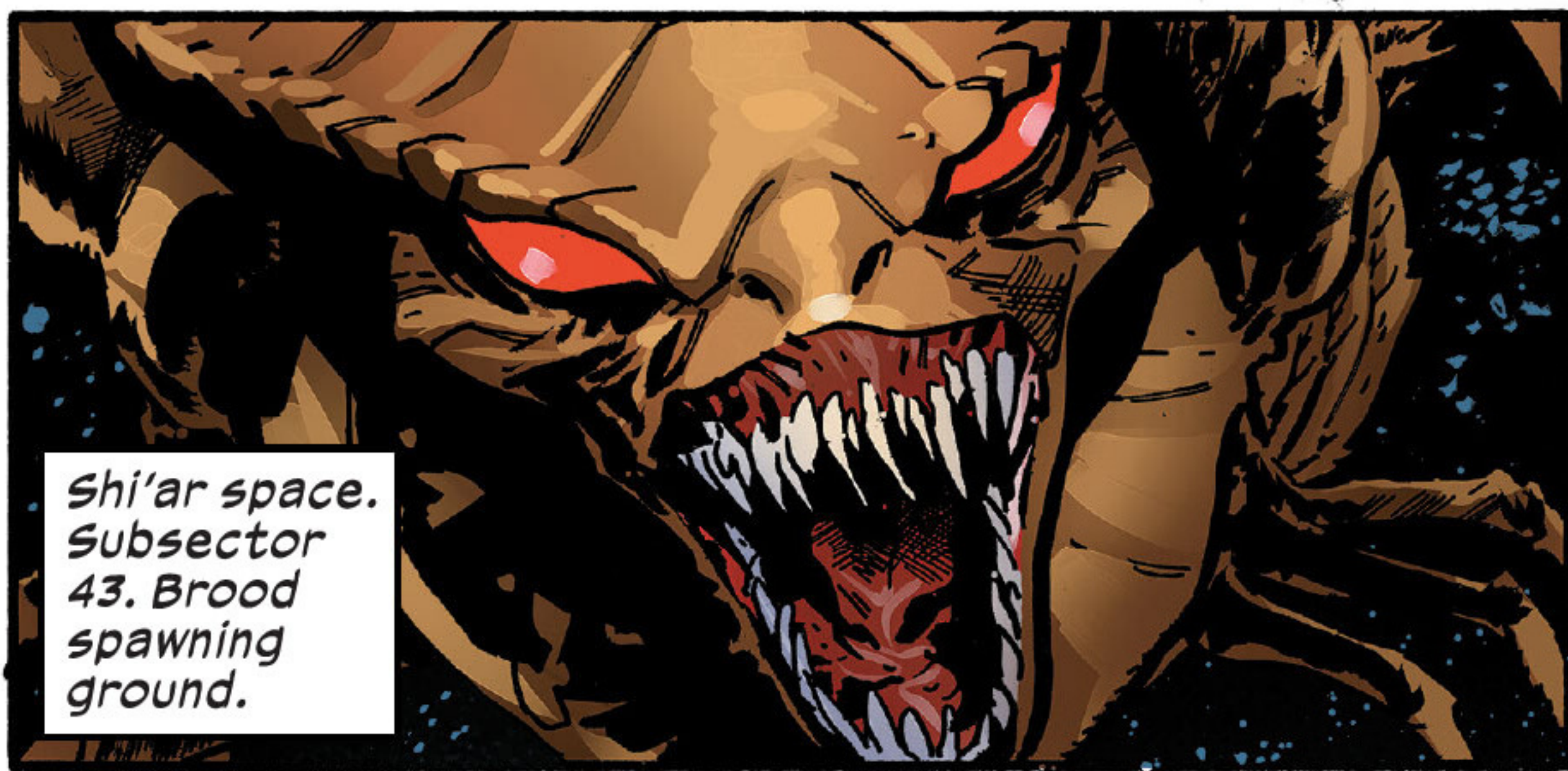
Judgment is not enough.

I was promised the King Egg.

And these prisoners have told me you took it.





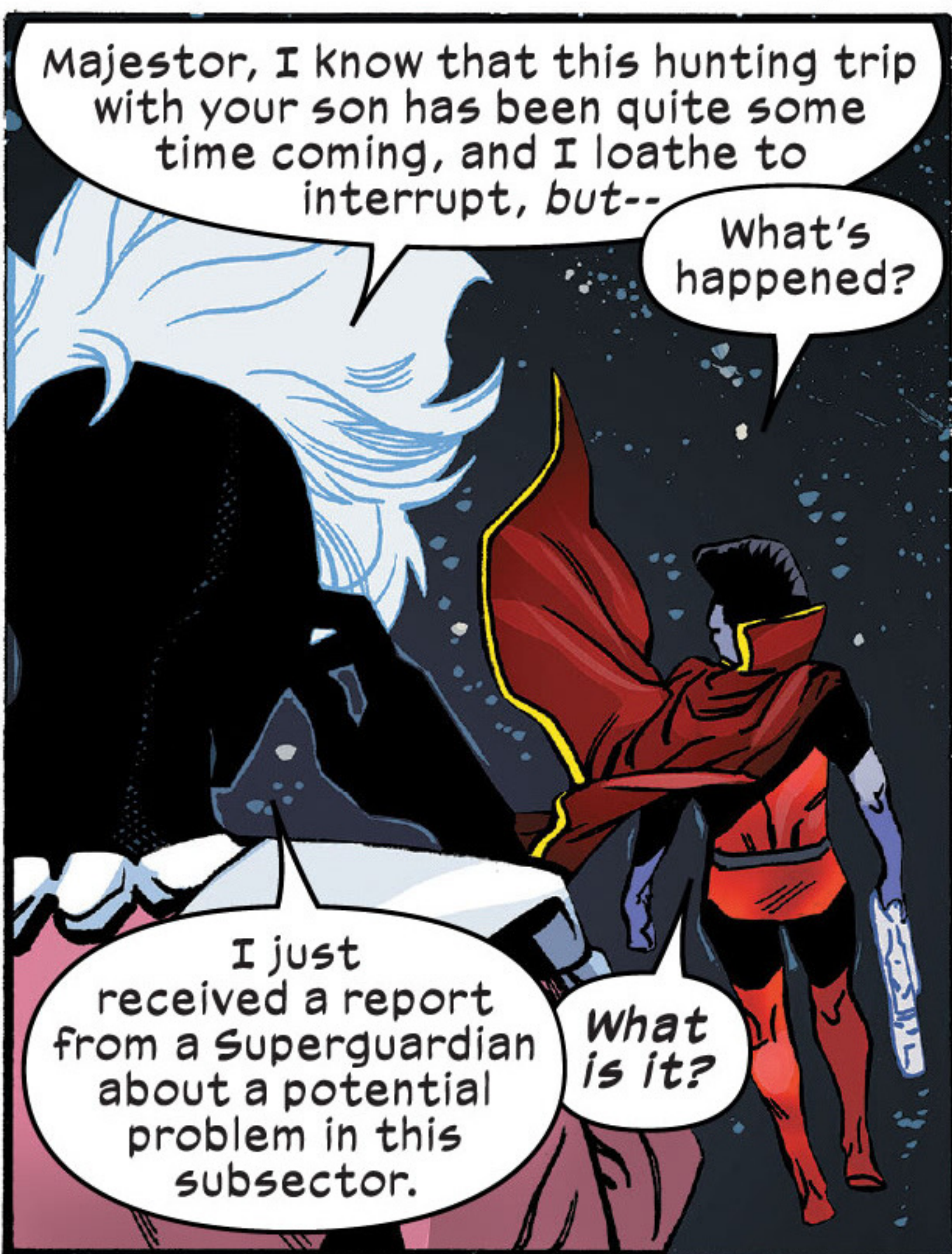


Shi'ar space.
Subsector
43. Brood
spawning
ground.



Did you
see that?
That--Dad--is
how you keep the
peace on the
frontier.

It was
an excellent
shot, Kubark.
Well done.



Majestor, I know that this hunting trip
with your son has been quite some
time coming, and I loathe to
interrupt, but--

What's
happened?

I just
received a report
from a Superguardian
about a potential
problem in this
subsector.

What
is it?



Smasher believes
a Kree Accuser is
here. Now.

Intention
unknown.

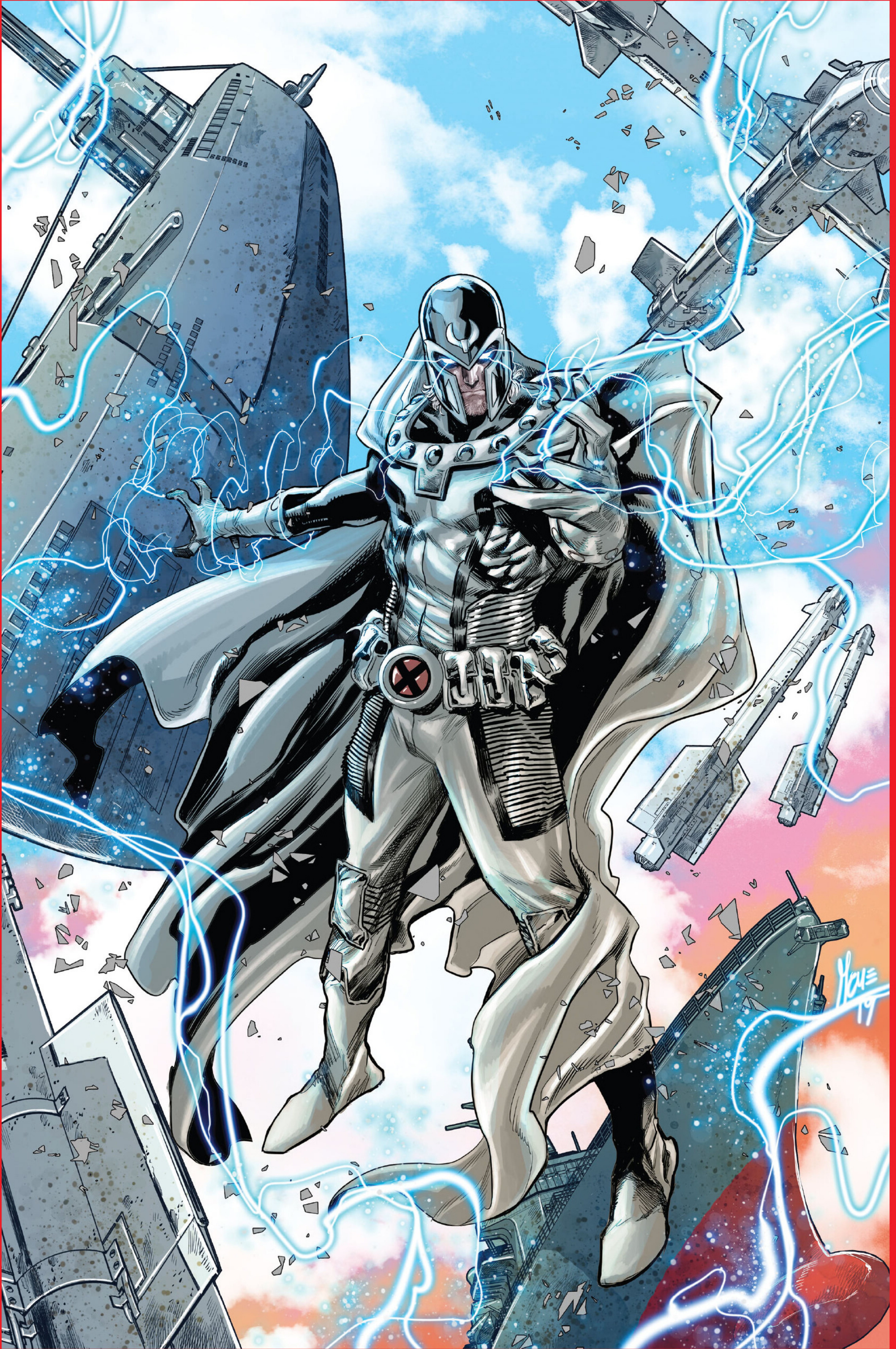


An
Accuser?

Reload
your rifle,
son. New
target.

What are
we hunting now,
Dad?

Better
game.



X-Men #1 Young Guns Variant

by Marco Checchetto

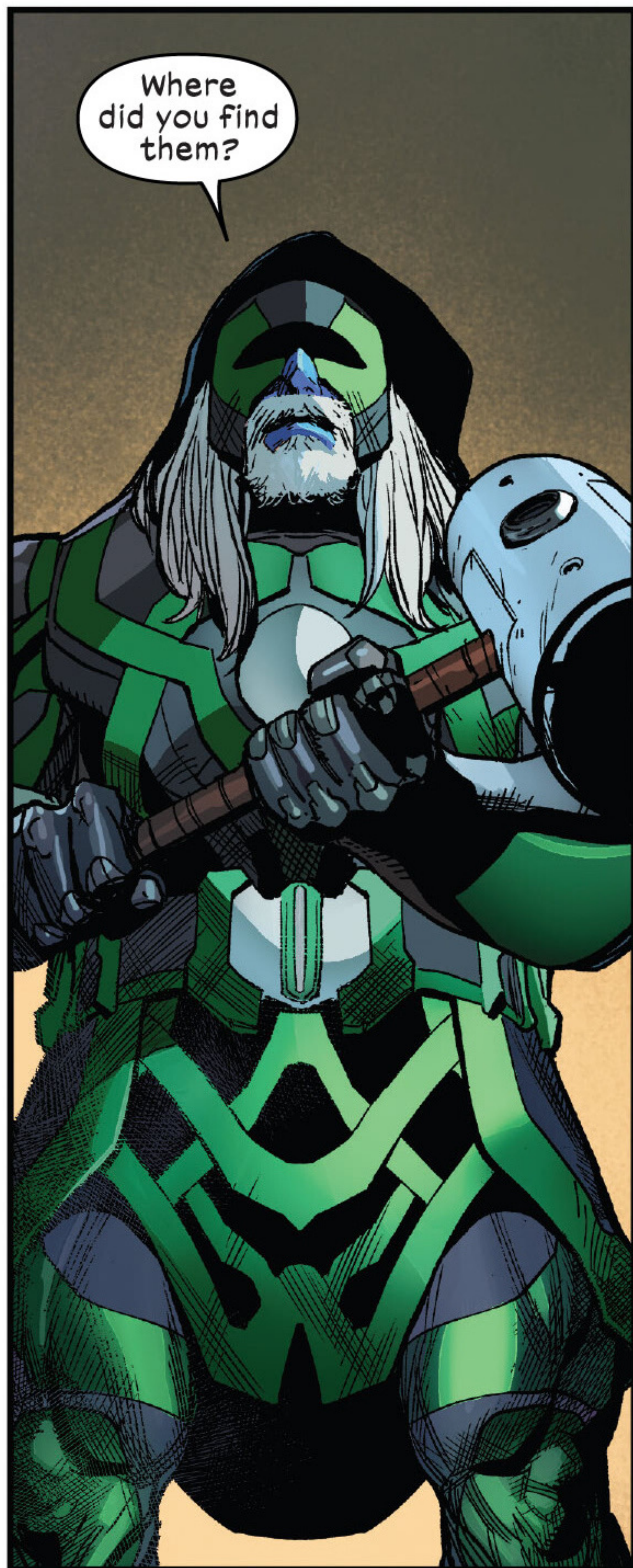


The King Egg

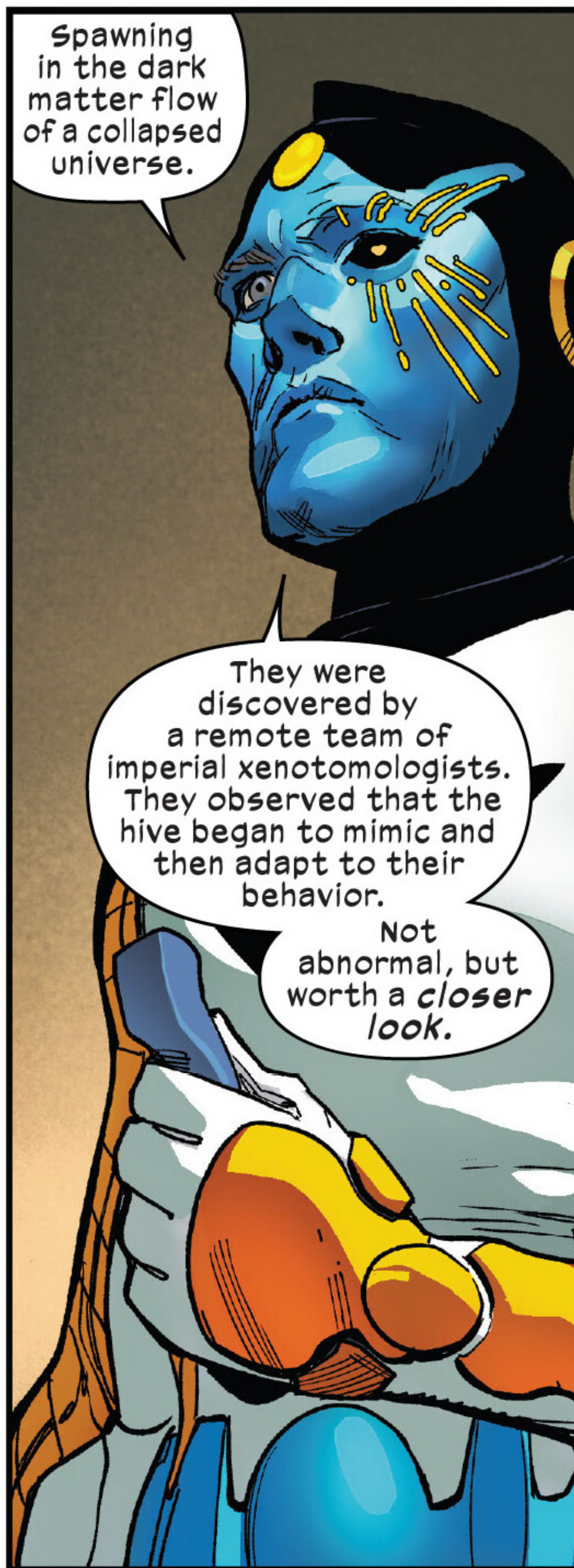
10



Then.
Hala.
The Kree Empire.



Where
did you find
them?



Spawning
in the dark
matter flow
of a collapsed
universe.

They were
discovered by
a remote team of
imperial xenotomologists.
They observed that the
hive began to mimic and
then adapt to their
behavior.

Not
abnormal, but
worth a *closer*
look.

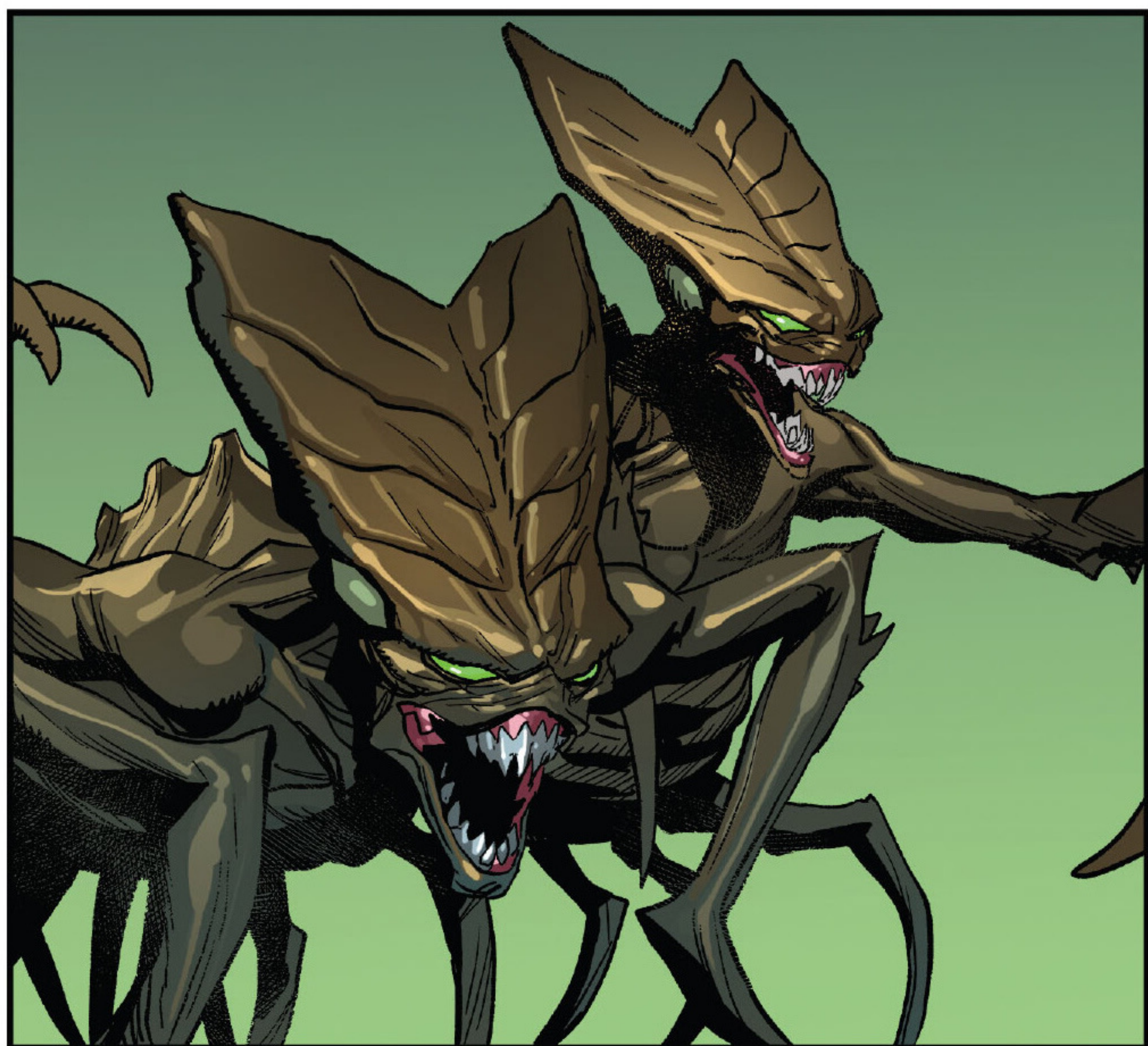
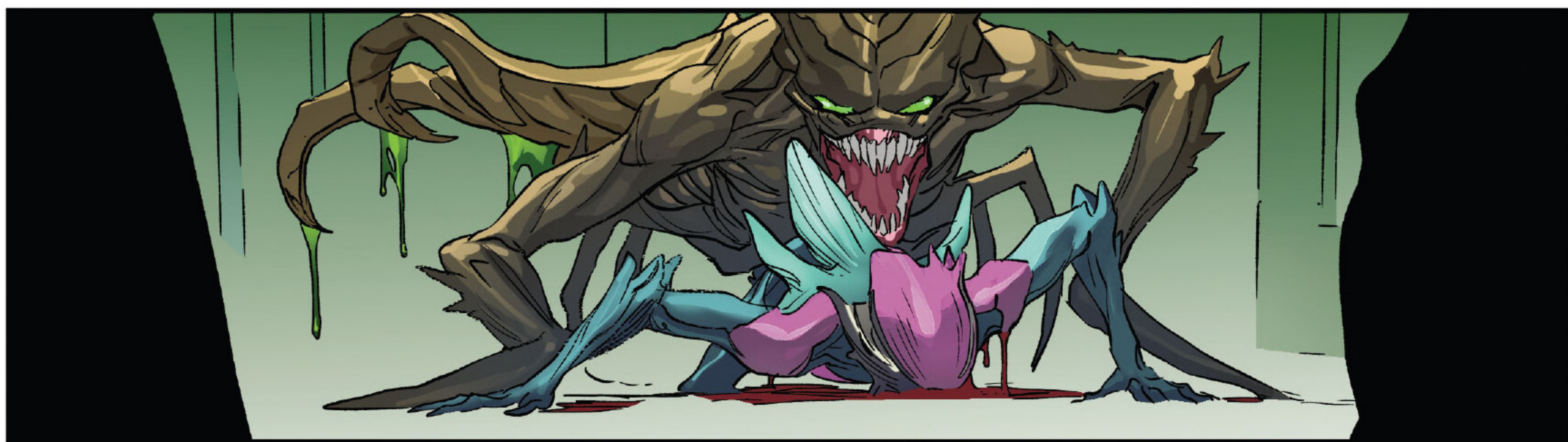
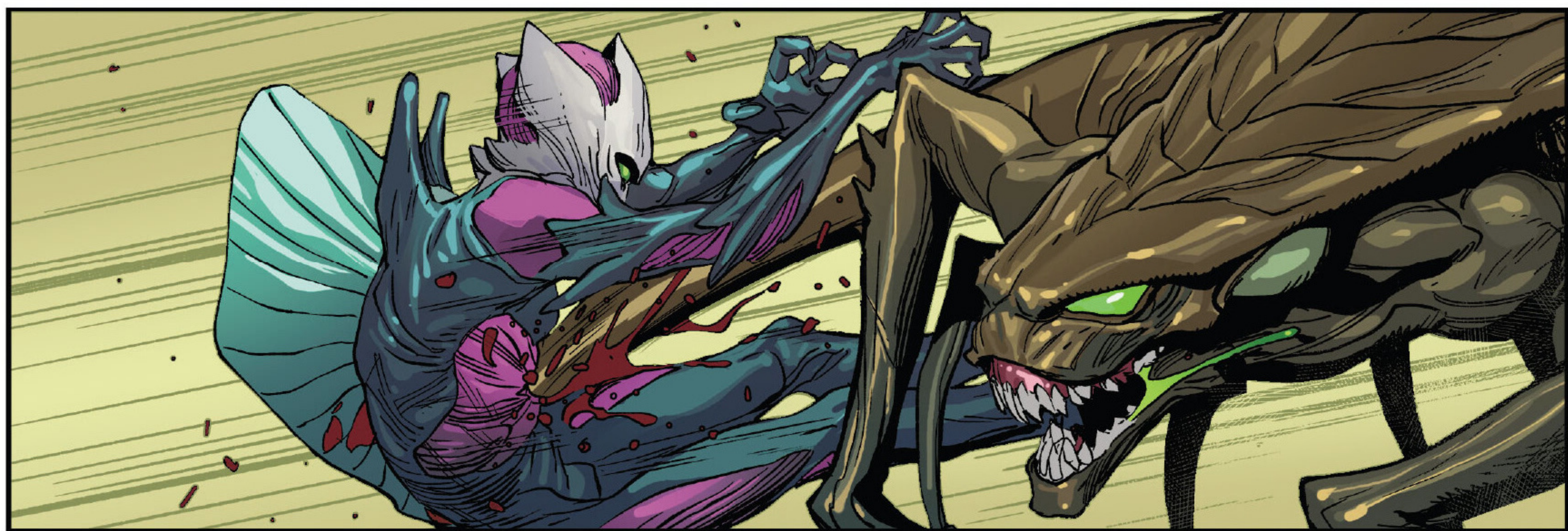
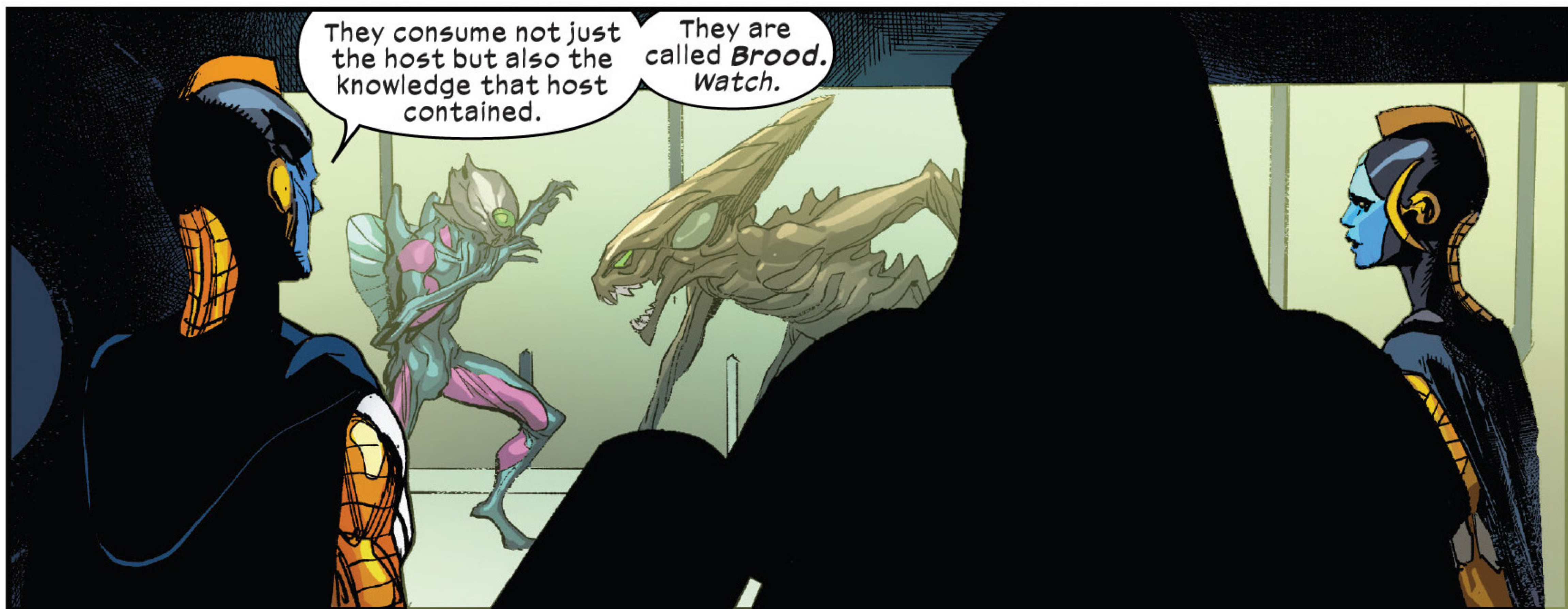


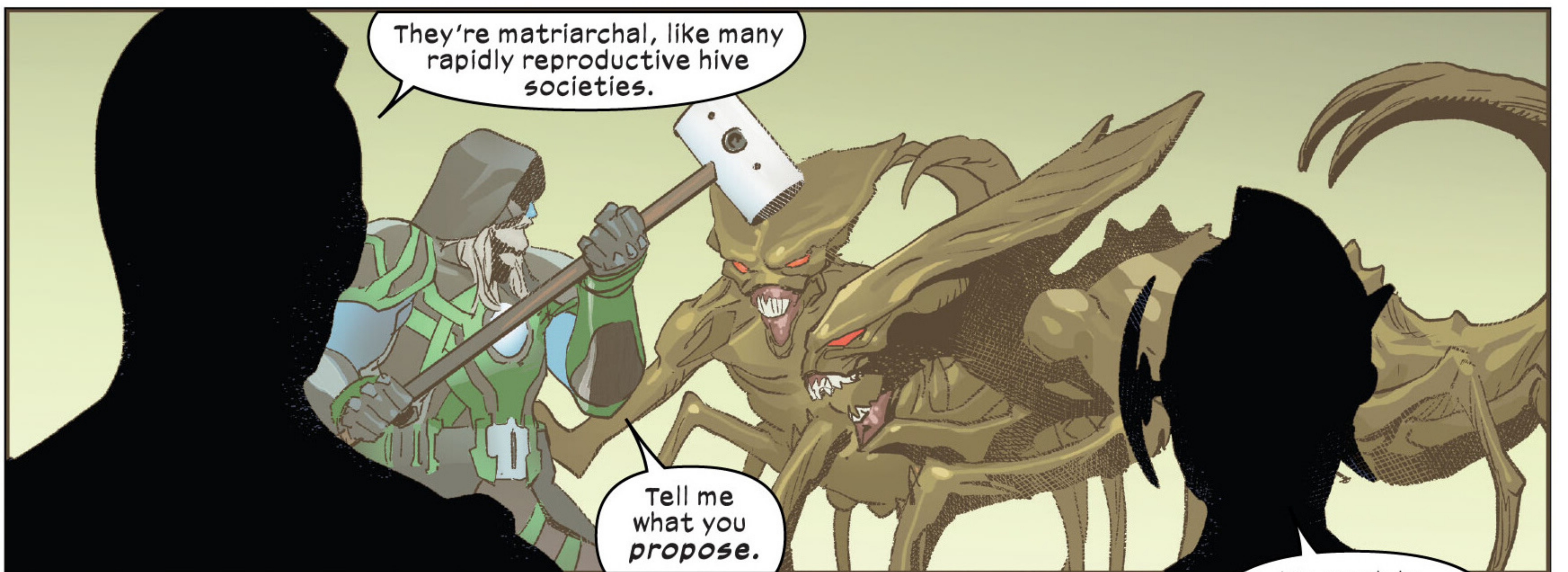
It was only after they realized that
the creatures were luring, trapping
and parasitically consuming members
of the team that they understood
they were dealing with an *ancient*,
highly adaptive, *aggressive*
species.

And so it was
brought to our
attention, and
from us, the
information
flowed to you.



Adaptive
how?



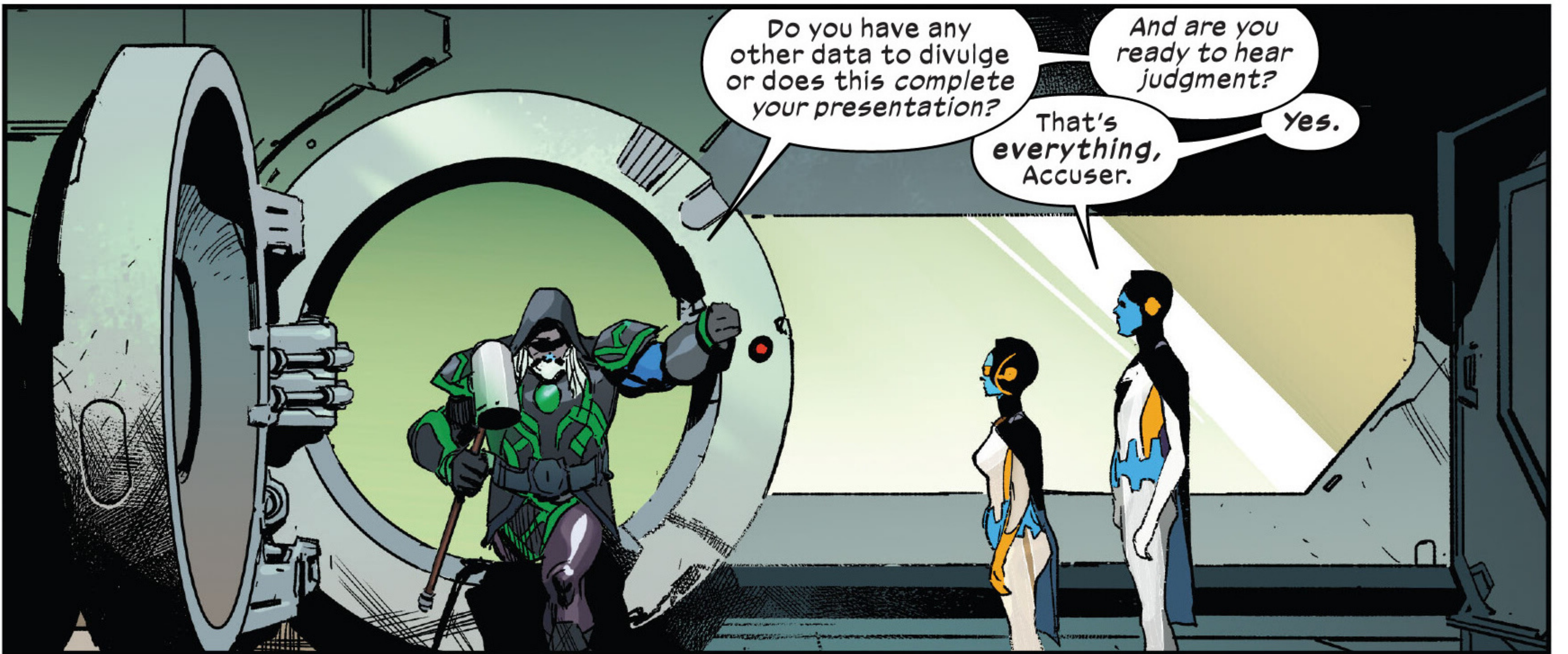




And what do you call this?



A King Egg.

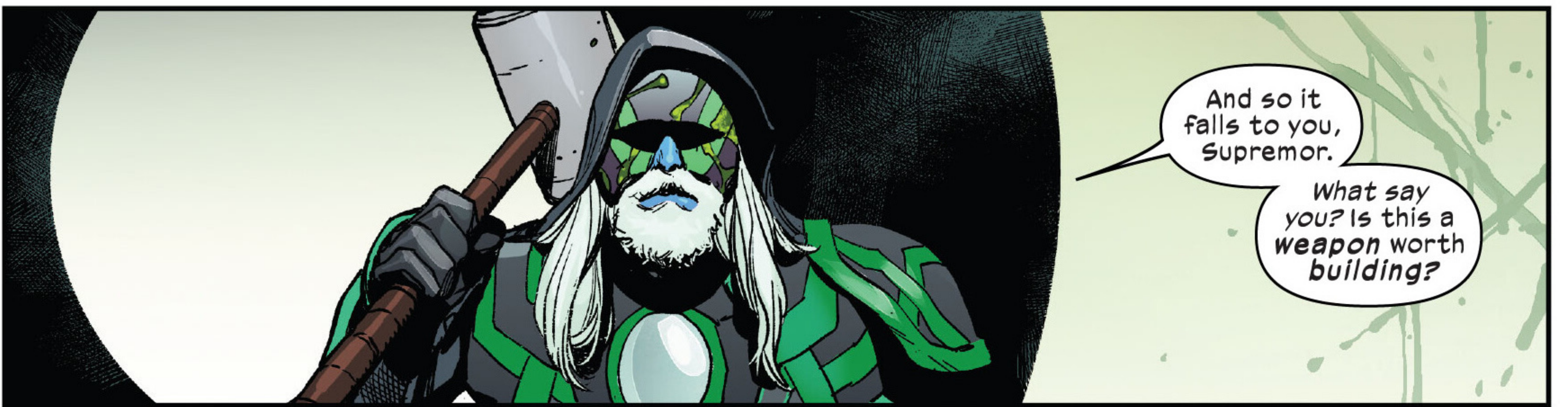


Do you have any other data to divulge or does this complete your presentation?

And are you ready to hear judgment?

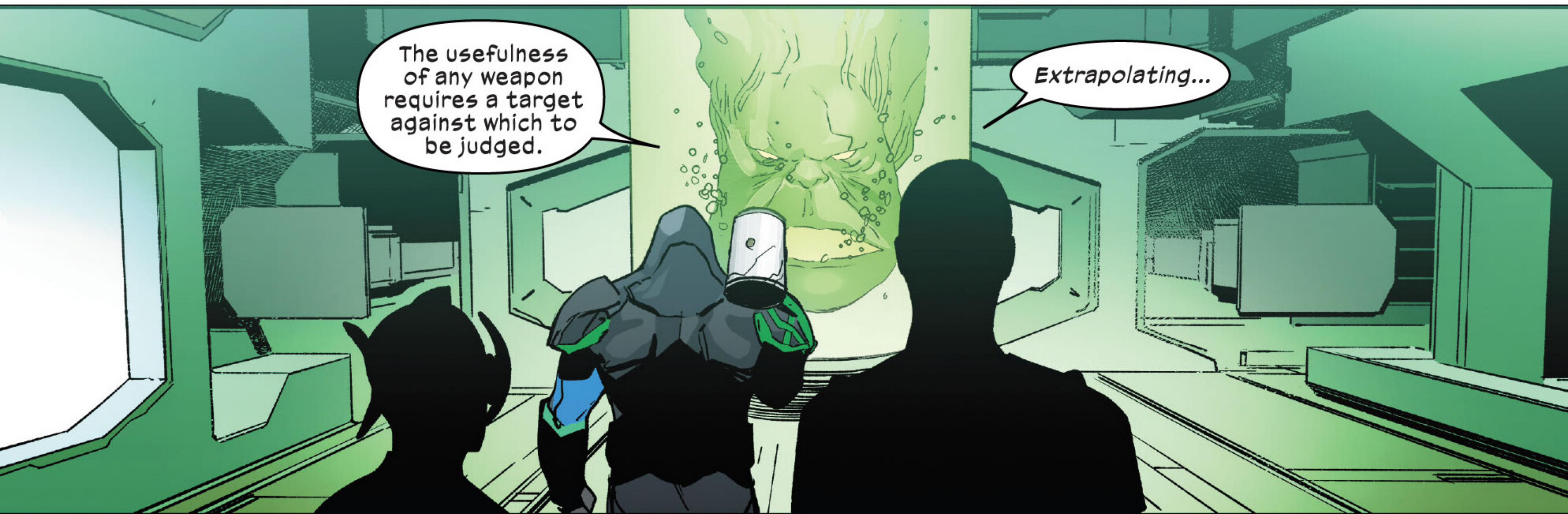
That's everything, Accuser.

Yes.



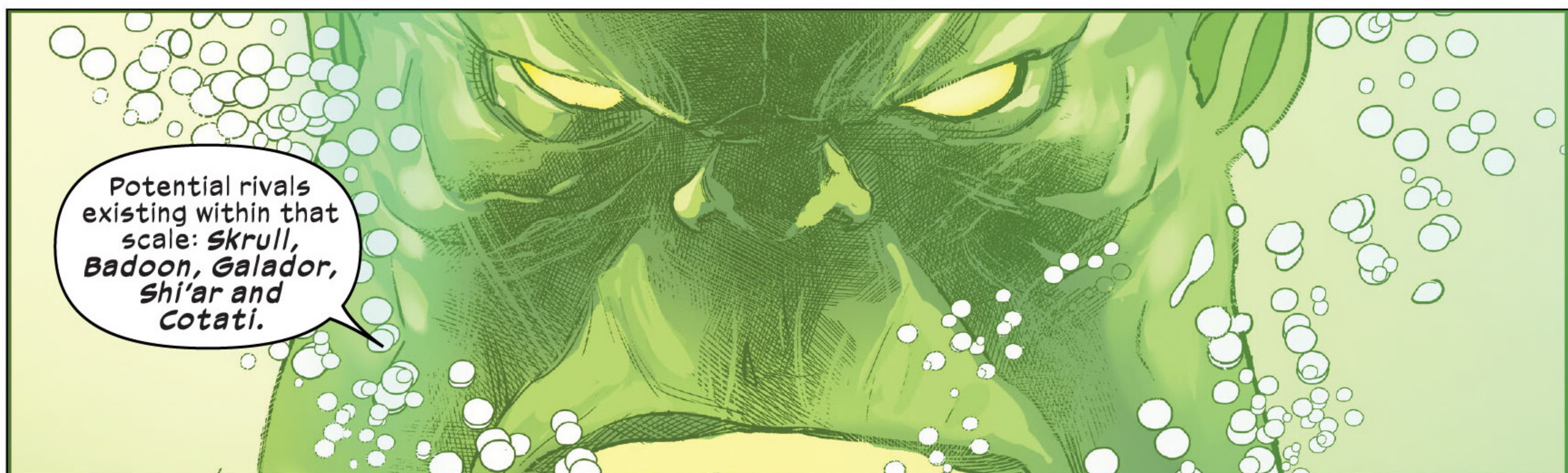
And so it falls to you, Supremor.

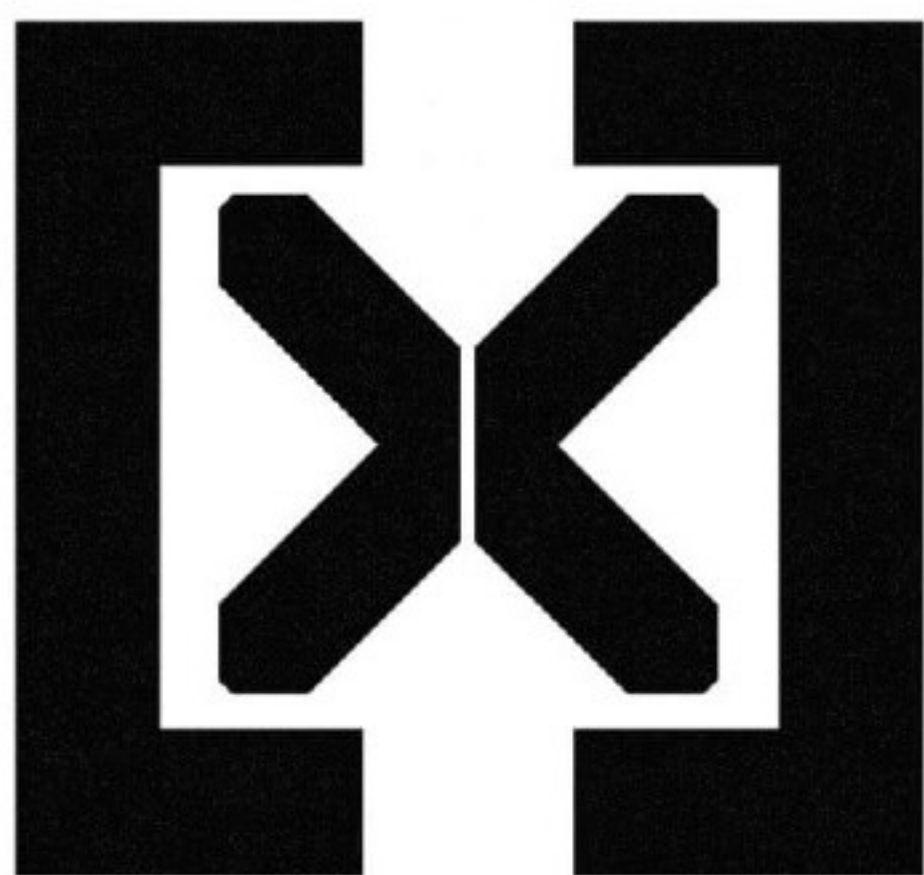
What say you? Is this a weapon worth building?



The usefulness of any weapon requires a target against which to be judged.

Extrapolating...





[kra_[0.9]
[koa_[0.9]

[kra_[0.X]
[koa_[0.X]

THE KING EGG

The New Mutants brought a King Egg home from space -- unfortunately, the King Egg brings with it trillions of hungry Brood. Now the X-Men have taken the King Egg off Earth, but the Brood aren't the only ones after it. A Kree Accuser took the Starjammers hostage, holding them in exchange for information...and unwittingly exposing his presence in Shi'ar space. Now Gladiator, Kid Gladiator and the Imperial Guard are after him. And everyone's about to run into one another. Let's see how this goes...



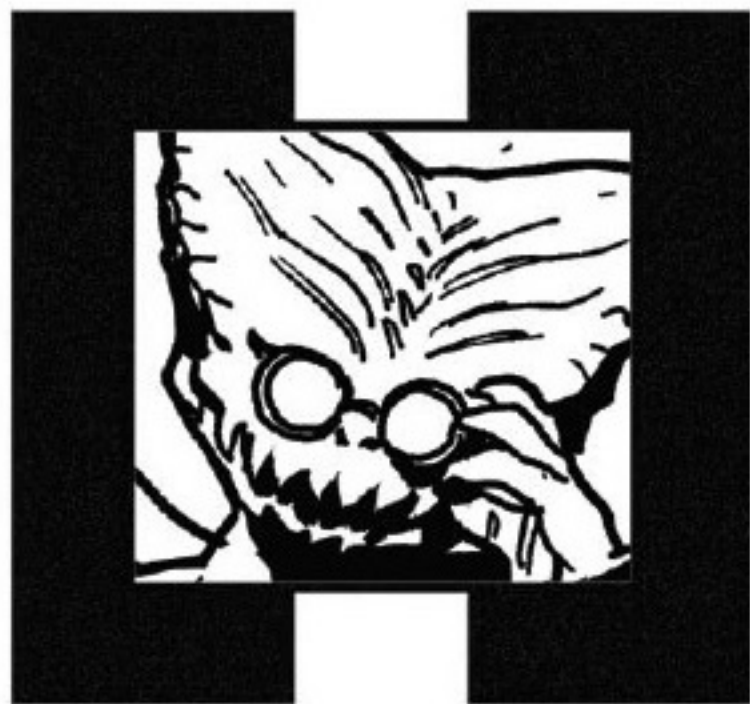
Vulcan



Cyclops



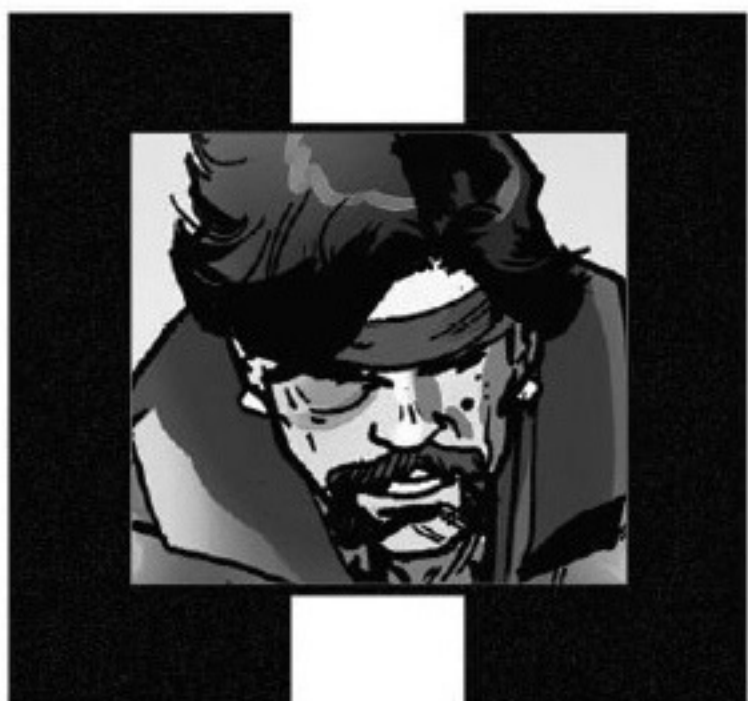
Havok



Broo



Jean Grey



Corsair



Hepzibah



Raza



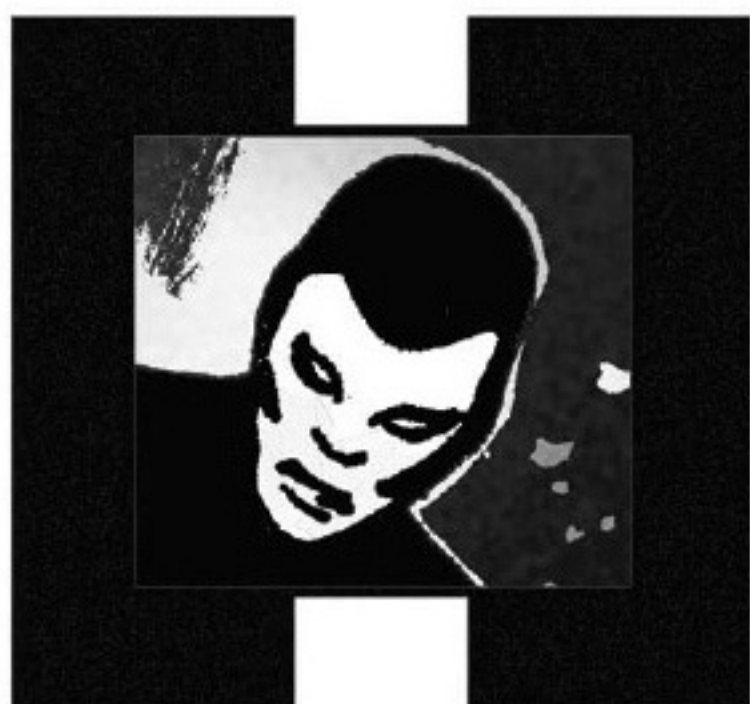
Ch'od



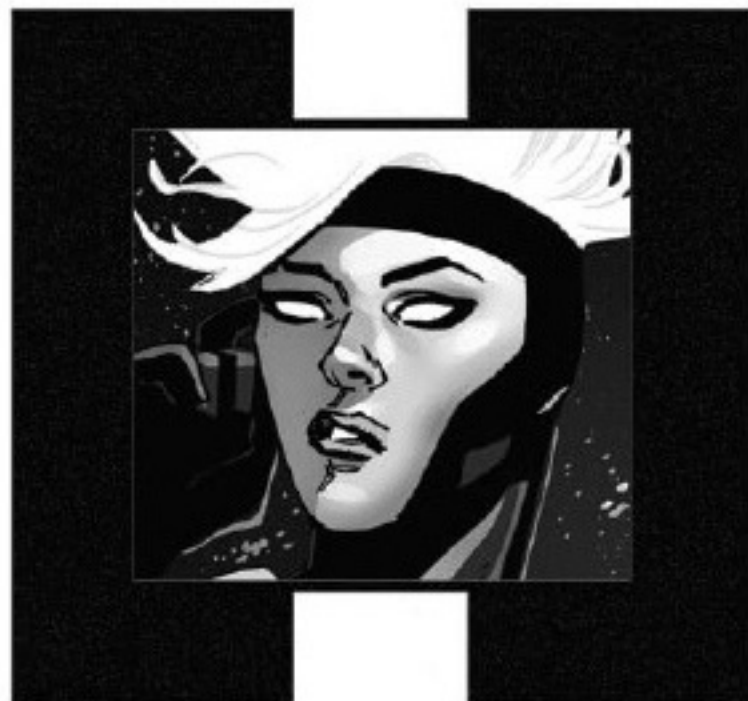
Gladiator



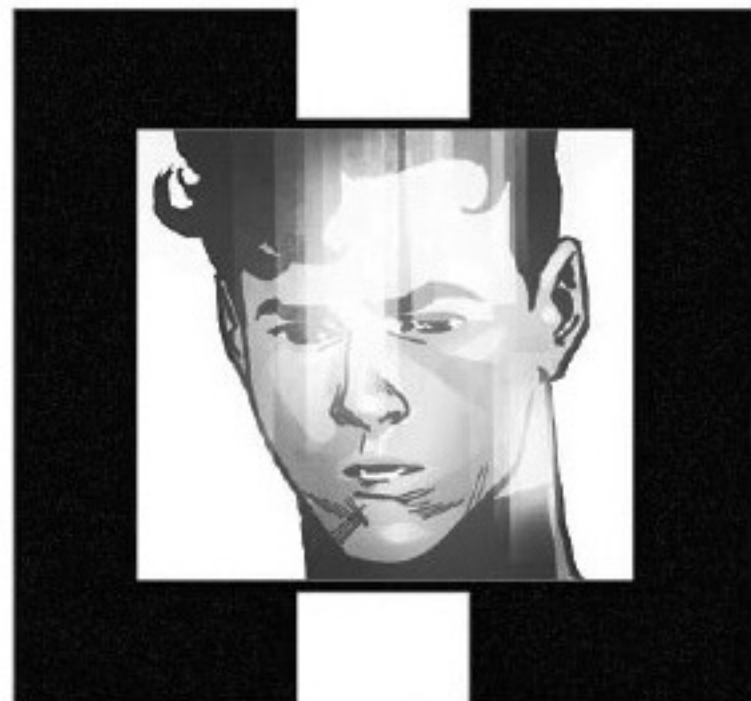
Kid Gladiator



Manta



Oracle



Sunspot



Cannonball

[kra_[0.9]...]
[koa_[0.9]...]

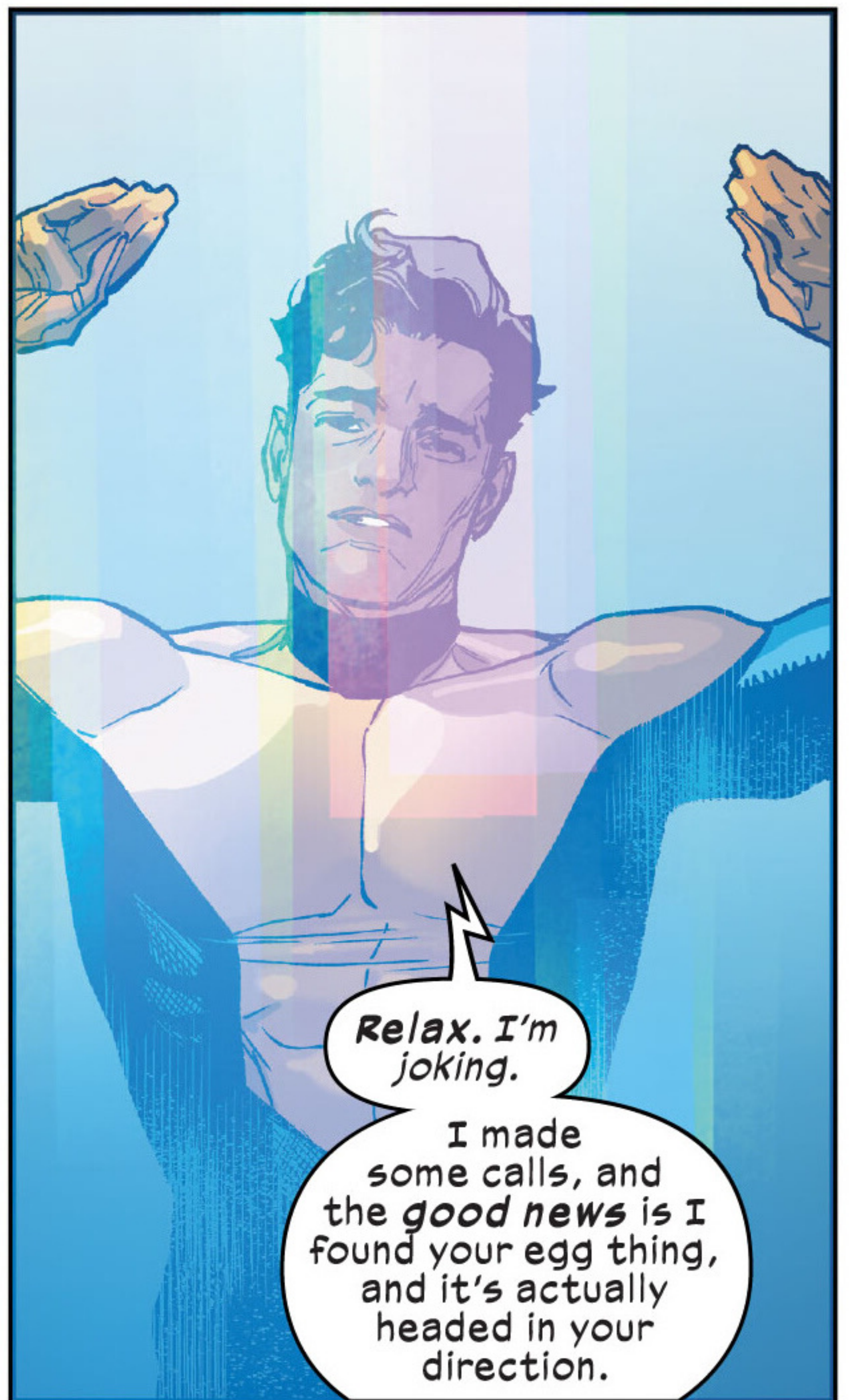
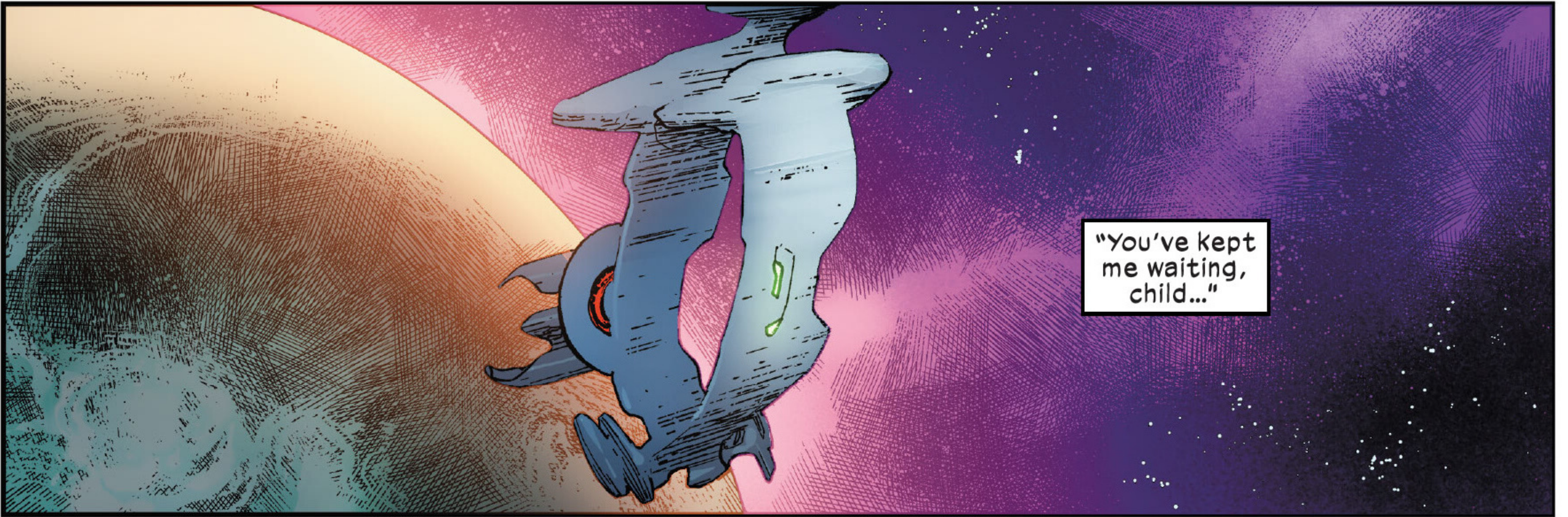
[A._New_World]

8,000 years later.
Shi'ar space.

NOW.

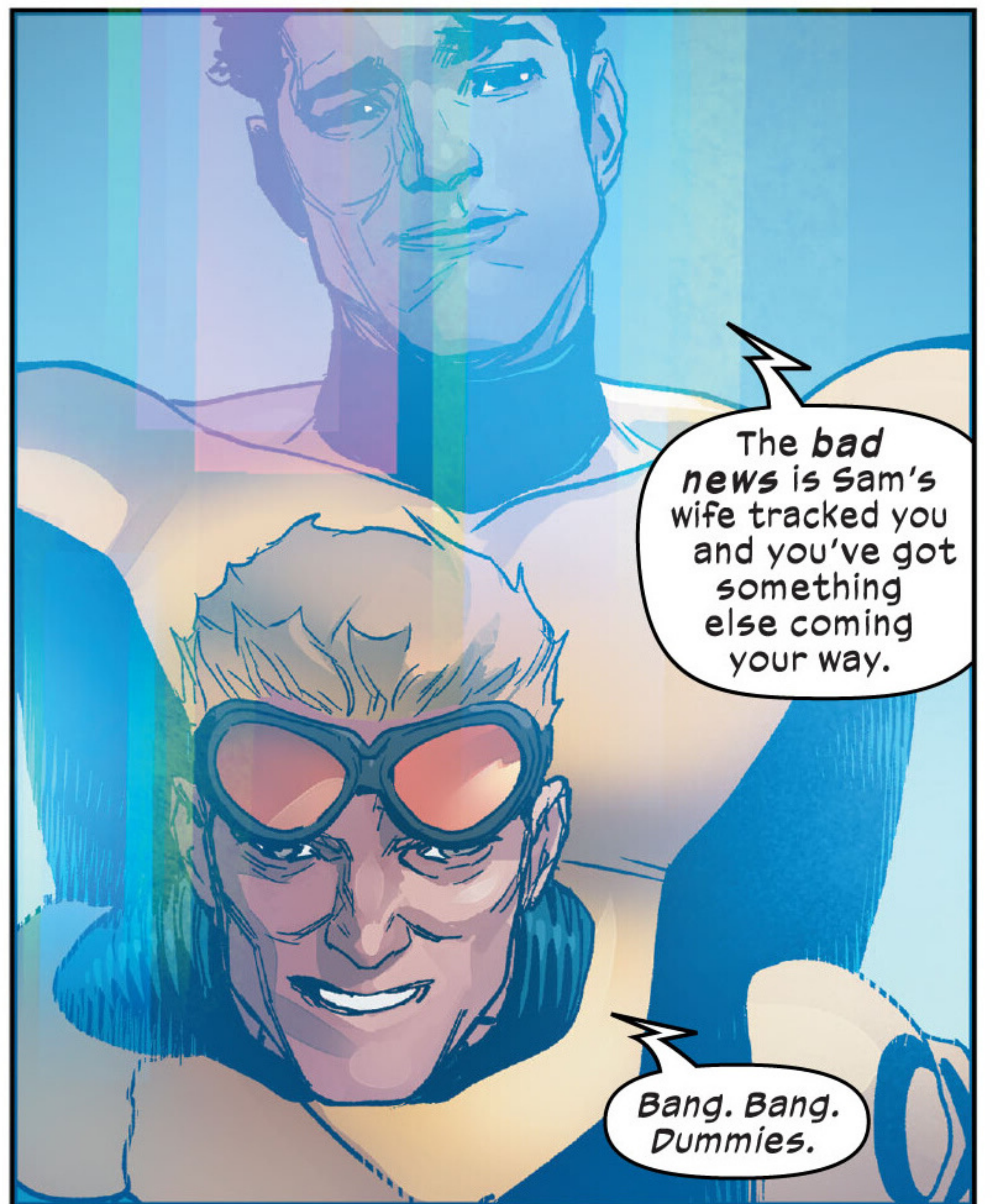








Hala's great halls of mercy...
We're being boarded.



The *bad news* is Sam's wife tracked you and you've got something else coming your way.

Bang. Bang. Dummies.



It seems you are *lost*, Accuser.

This is Shi'ar space, and we are a people free of Kree judgment.



All *will* be judged, Majestor.

For this is a righteous, millennial work I am engaged in. That one such as you should fall in its doing only makes it *more so*.







CHOMP!



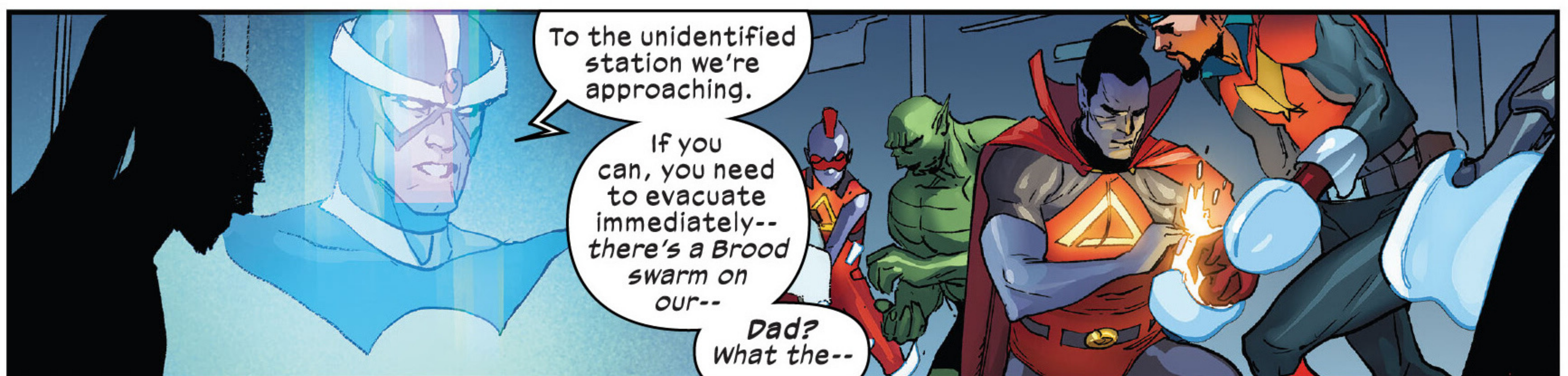
Can't hold it.
We're going down.

It looks like we have two choices. That station or the planetoid it's orbiting.

Head for the planet. Bigger canvas to work with...

...and that station's gonna get chewed up by the Brood in our wake.
Alex?

On it.



To the unidentified station we're approaching.

If you can, you need to evacuate immediately-- there's a Brood swarm on our--

Dad? What the--



I know it's not the reunion you were expecting, son...but we can catch up later.

Right now I need to know if you happen to have a Brood King Egg on you.

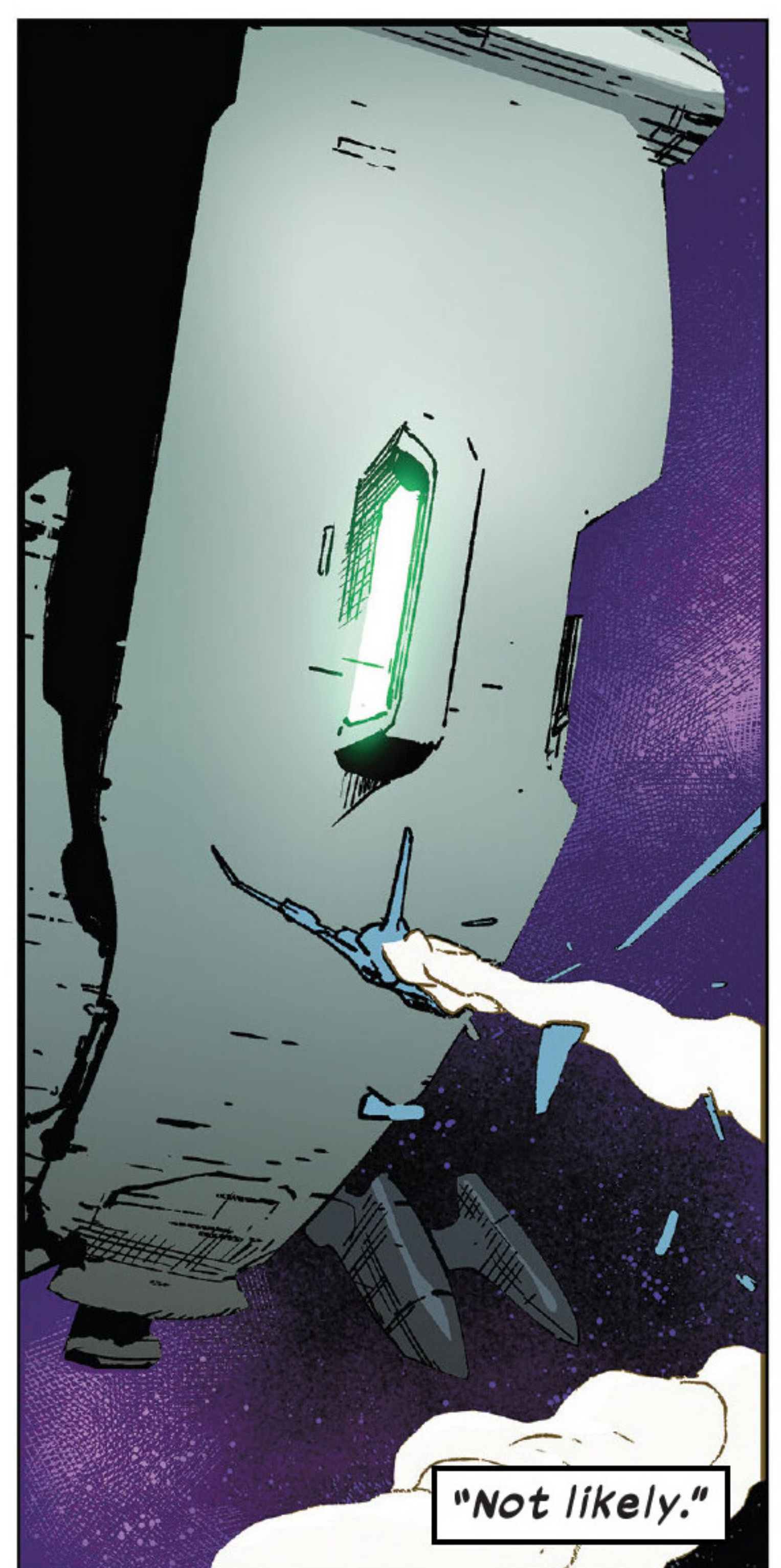
We do.

Ah, so that's what this is about. A King Egg. Now I understand.

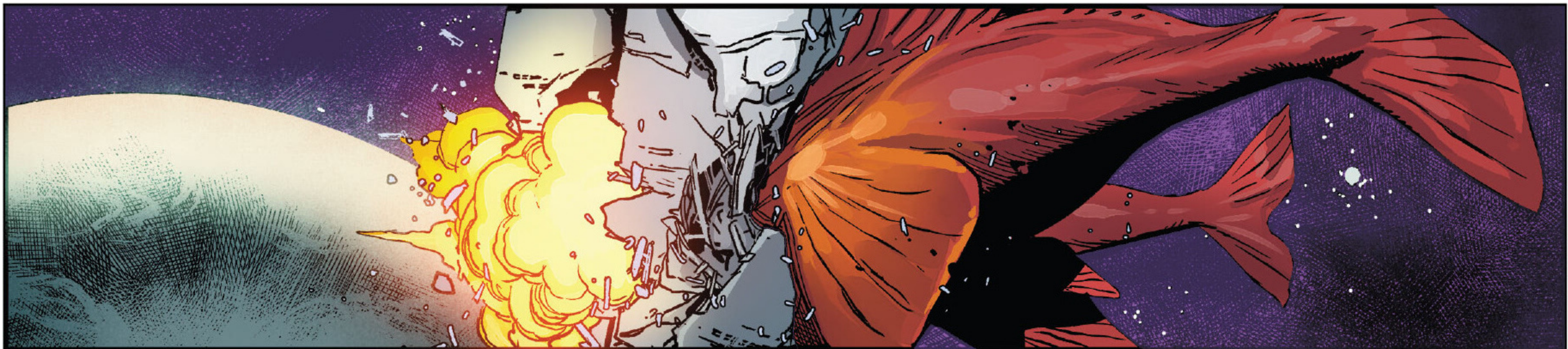
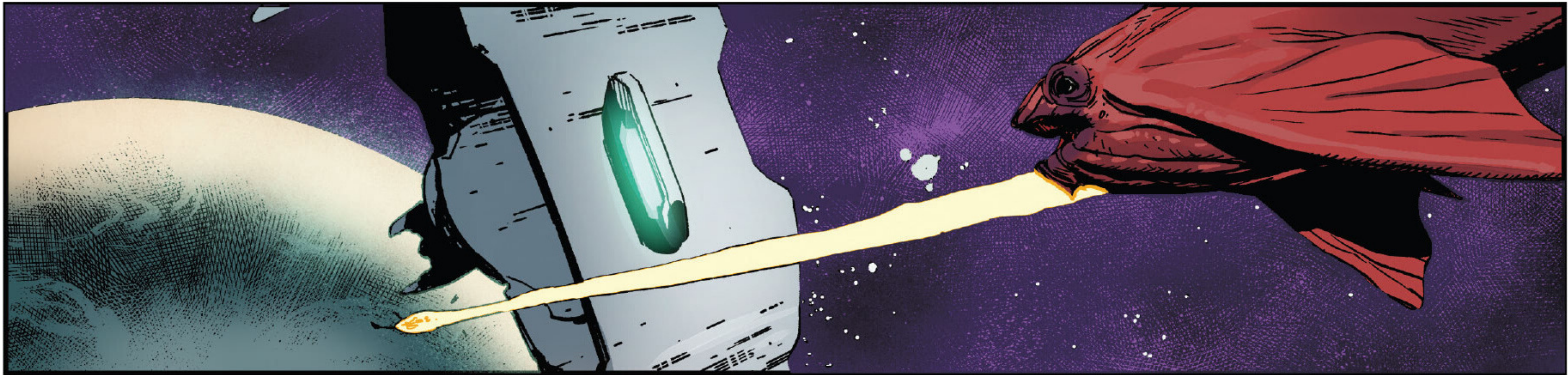
Are you landing on the planet below?

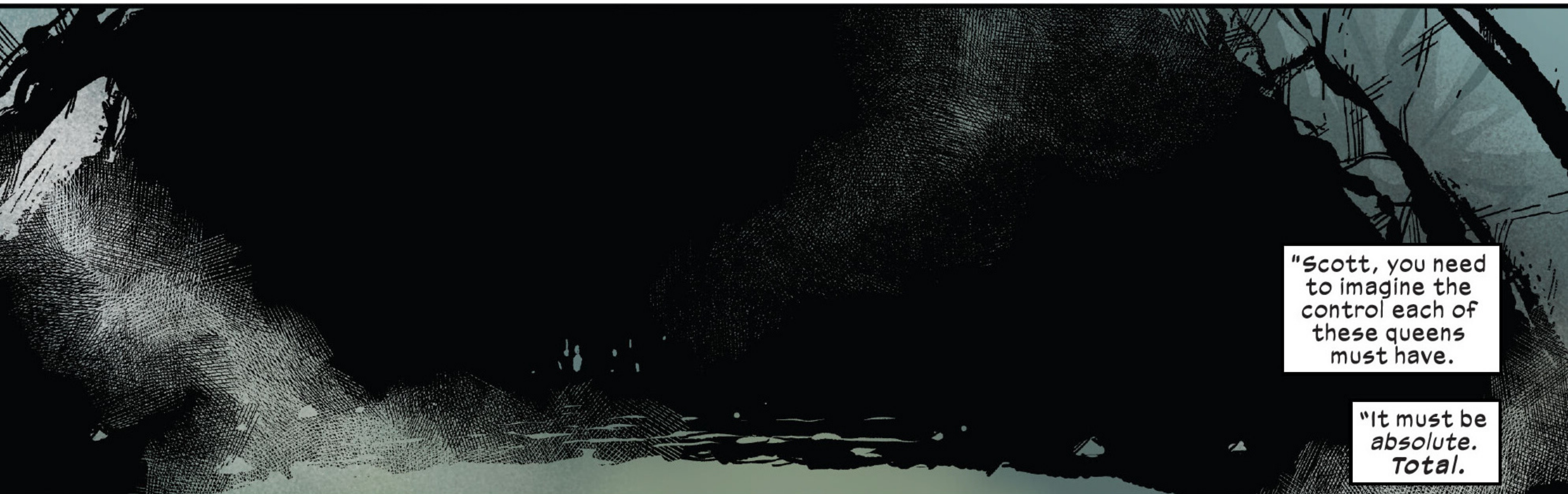


Landing?



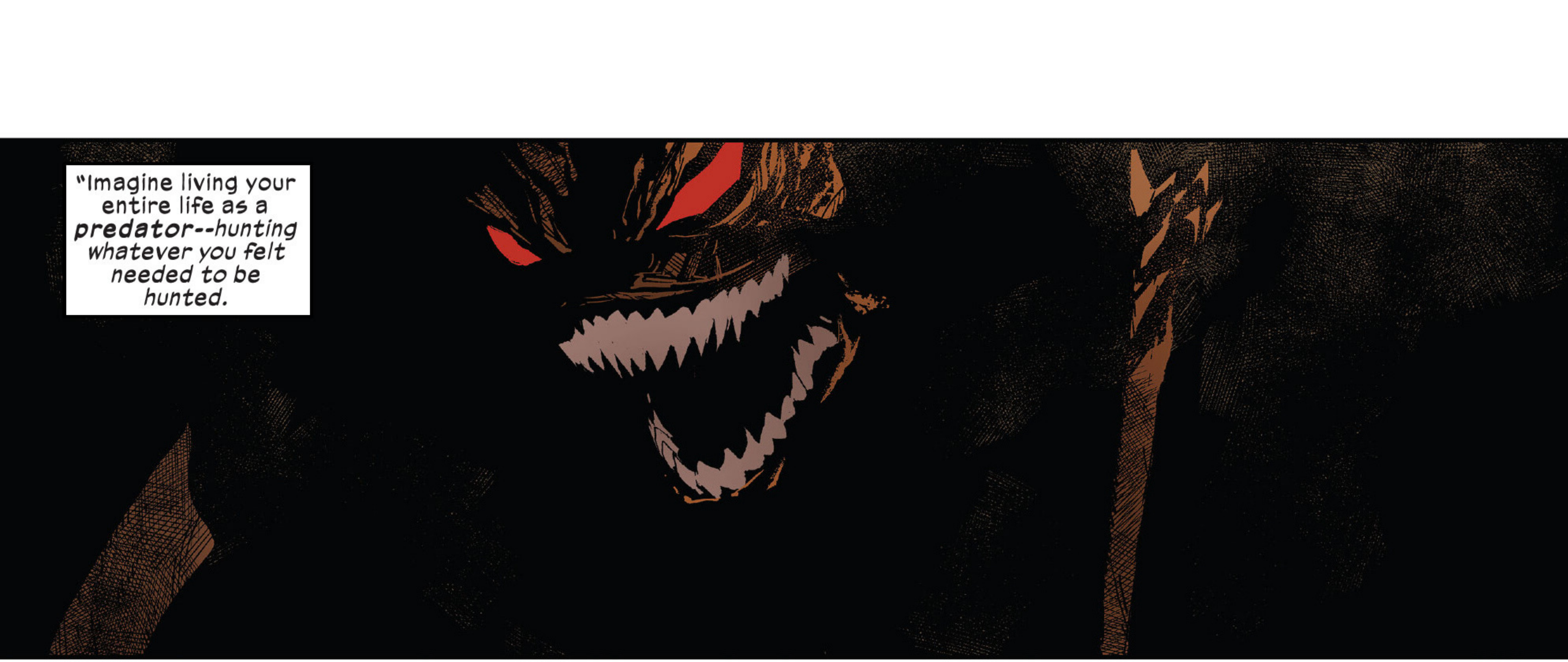
"Not likely."





"Scott, you need to imagine the control each of these queens must have.

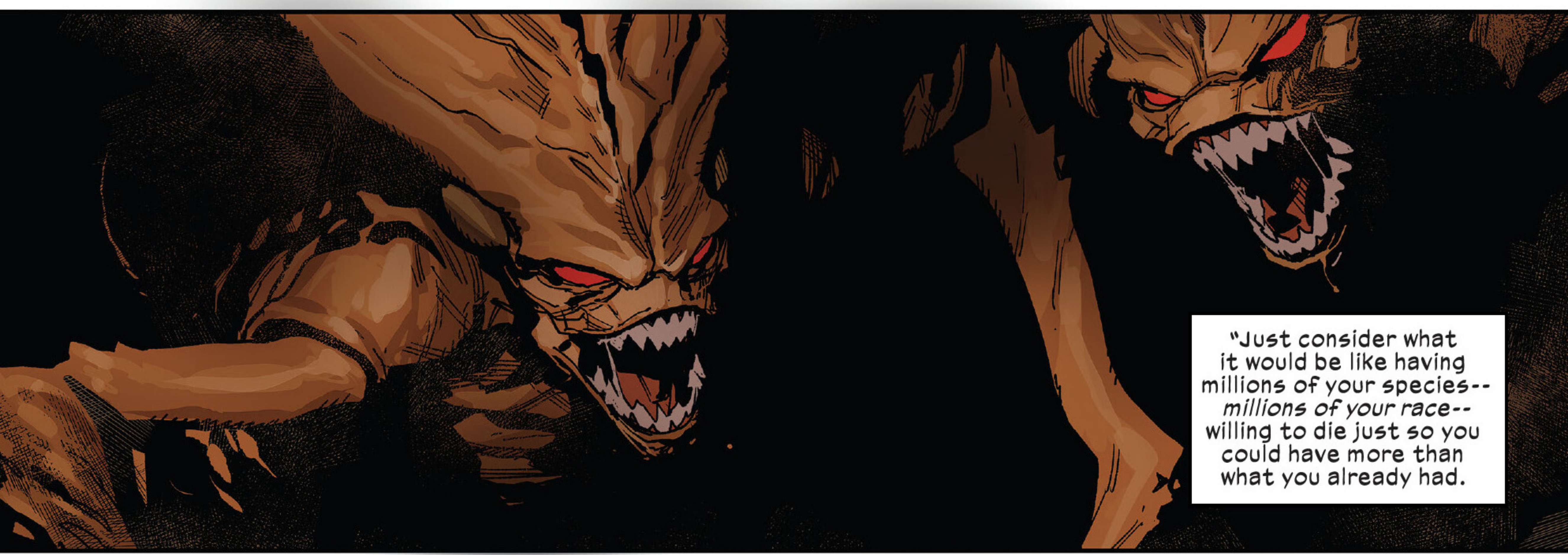
"It must be absolute. Total.



"Imagine living your entire life as a *predator*--*hunting whatever you felt needed to be hunted.*



"*Consuming whatever you desired to consume.*



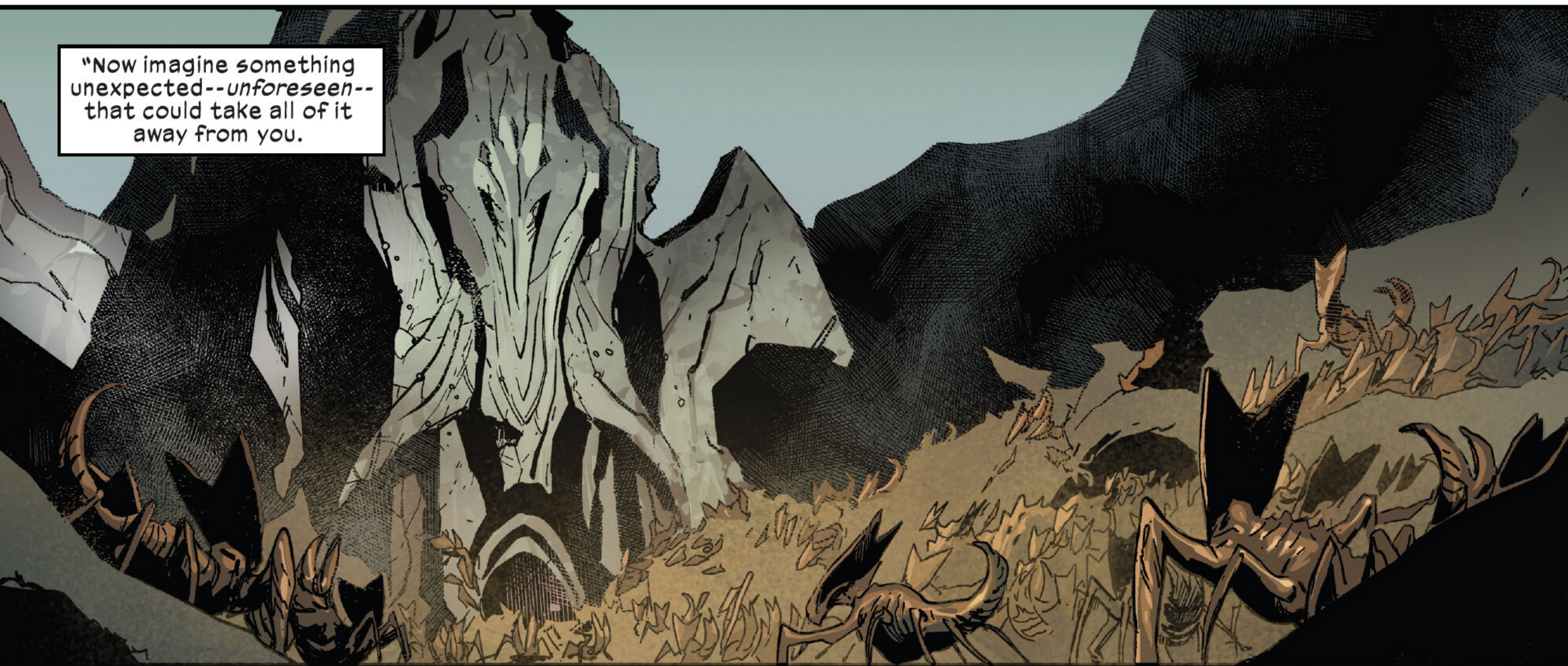
"Just consider what it would be like having millions of your species--*millions of your race*--willing to die just so you could have more than what you already had.



"Consider the *appetite* of it... the *power* of it.

"Try to imagine what that must *feel like.*

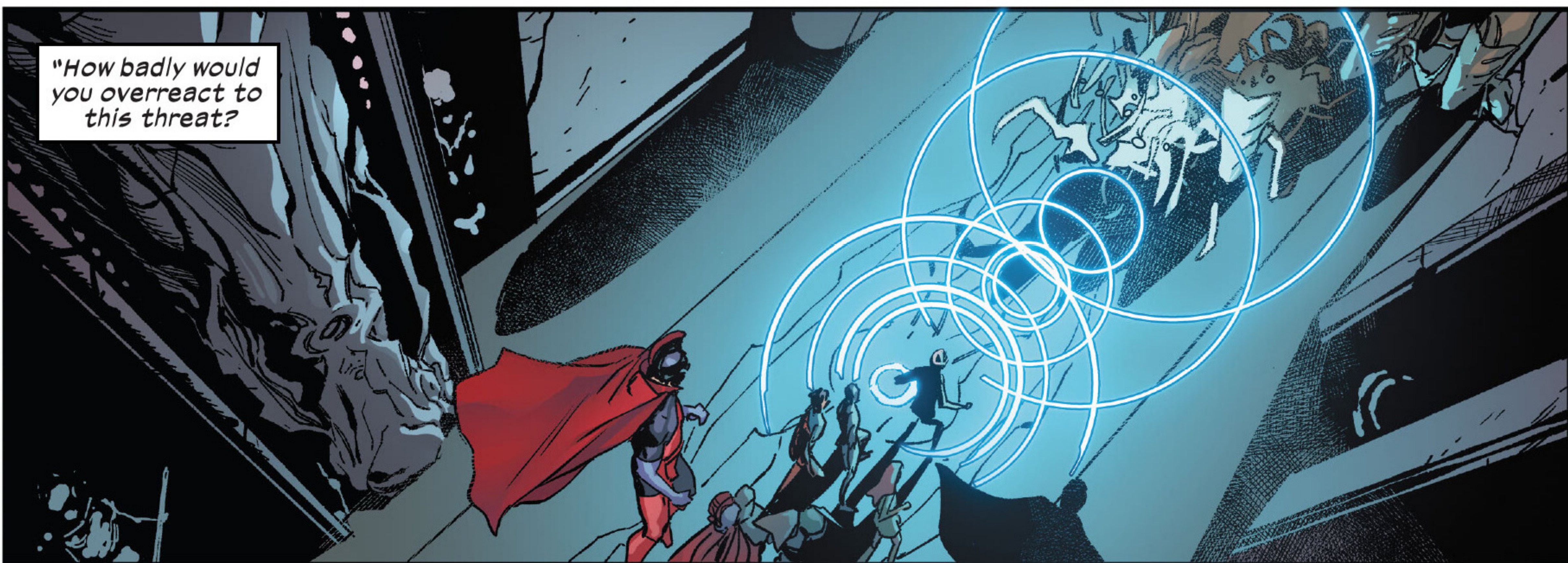
"Now imagine something unexpected--*unforeseen*--that could take all of it away from you.



"And worse than that...it would turn you into that which you have lorded over for thousands of years: a *drone*.



"How badly would you overreact to this threat?"

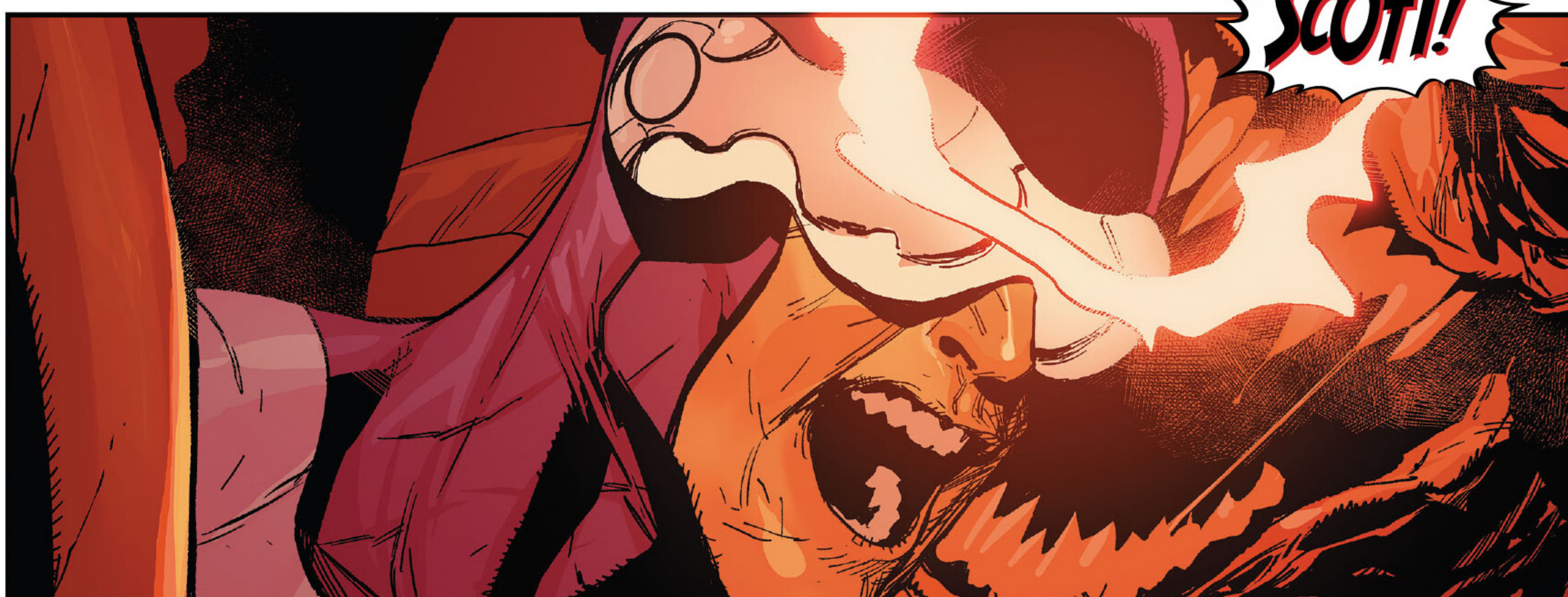
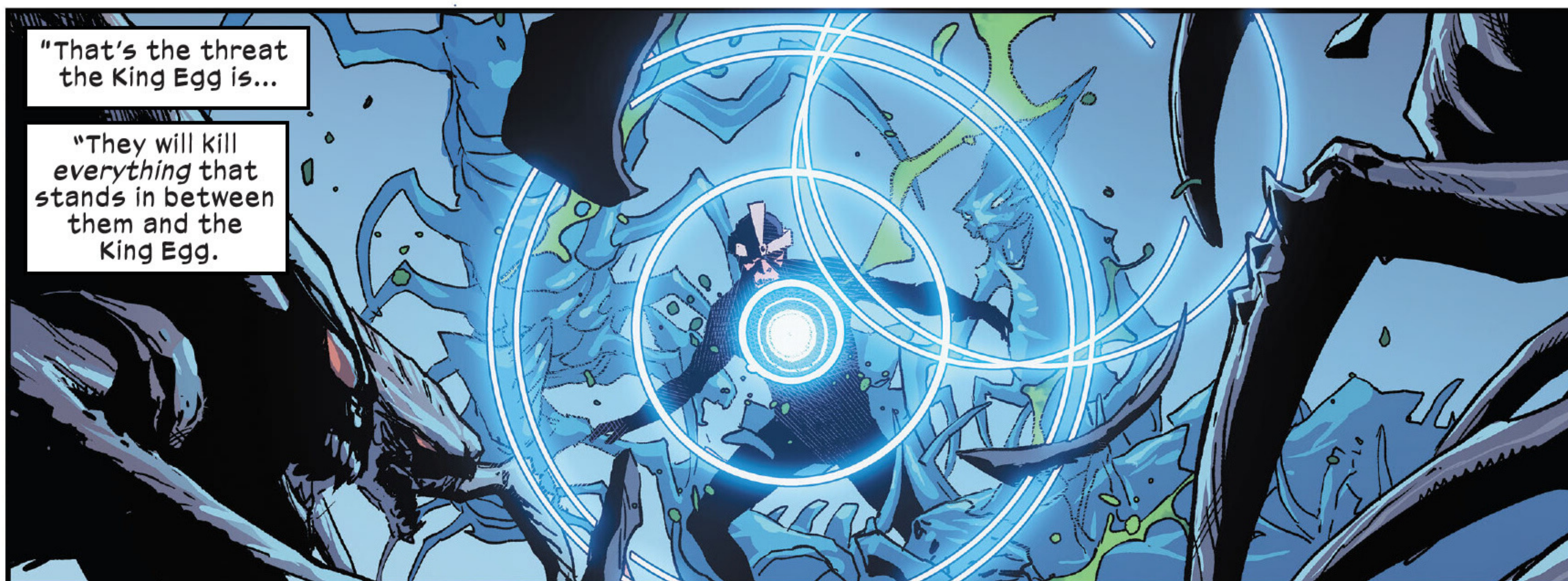


"How badly would you want that threat to die?"

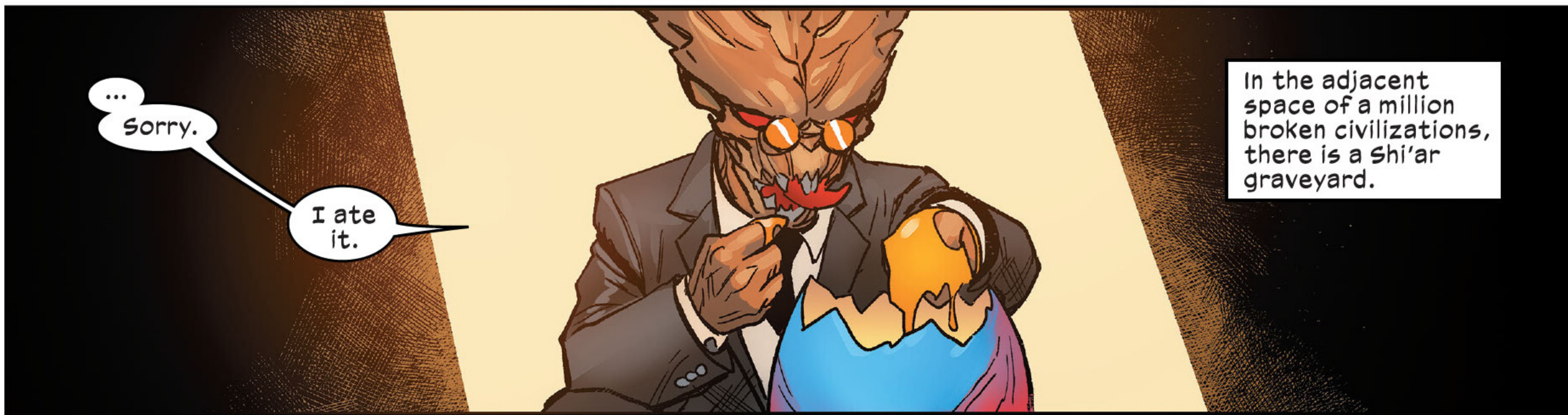


"These queens
would sacrifice
everything to
hold on to
their power."









...
Sorry.

I ate
it.

In the adjacent
space of a million
broken civilizations,
there is a Shi'ar
graveyard.

A *spawning ground*.
For predators. For
parasites. For *Brood*.

Ten thousand *worlds*.
Six trillion *drones*. One
thousand *queens*.

And now...
one king.





THE EYES OF THE SUPREMOR

RE: A report from the secret order of Black Judges regarding the creation of a weaponized slave catalyst for hive species.

POTENTIAL SEED SPECIES:

- Tal Ba-Rii.....[failure from process : extinct]
- Sidri.....[failure from mind structure]
- Scatter.....[success : minor]
- Phalanx.....[failure from adaptivity]
- Gu’Knoiss.....[failure from biological integrity : extinct]
- Brood.....[success : major]

BROOD

Regarded as this universe’s first galactic predators, the Brood entered this reality through the dark matter flow of a collapsing universe. Being extra-universal, little is known about the origins of the alpha hive, but close study implies manufacture. This presents several injection complications based on species design.

The Brood have a matriarchal caste system, which is structured as follows: **Empress > Firstborn > Queen > Dwarf Queen > Drone.**

Careful study and beta testing of slave catalyst has resulted in the conclusion that a pheromone-based solution works best for total control, but species design means that it can only be injected at the Queen level of the hive.

That the entire militaristic class of Firstborn dies when the Empress does means that our weapon system can only be introduced at the death [or extermination] of the Brood Empress. After such an event [the death of an Empress], the nest wars between rival queens to determine who will assume control of the hive usually last several decades, giving us ample time to exercise the use of our weapon.

[NOTE: During the nest wars that determine the new Empress, the population of the entire Brood hive drops dramatically, so it is best used at the onset of succession.]

THE KING EGG

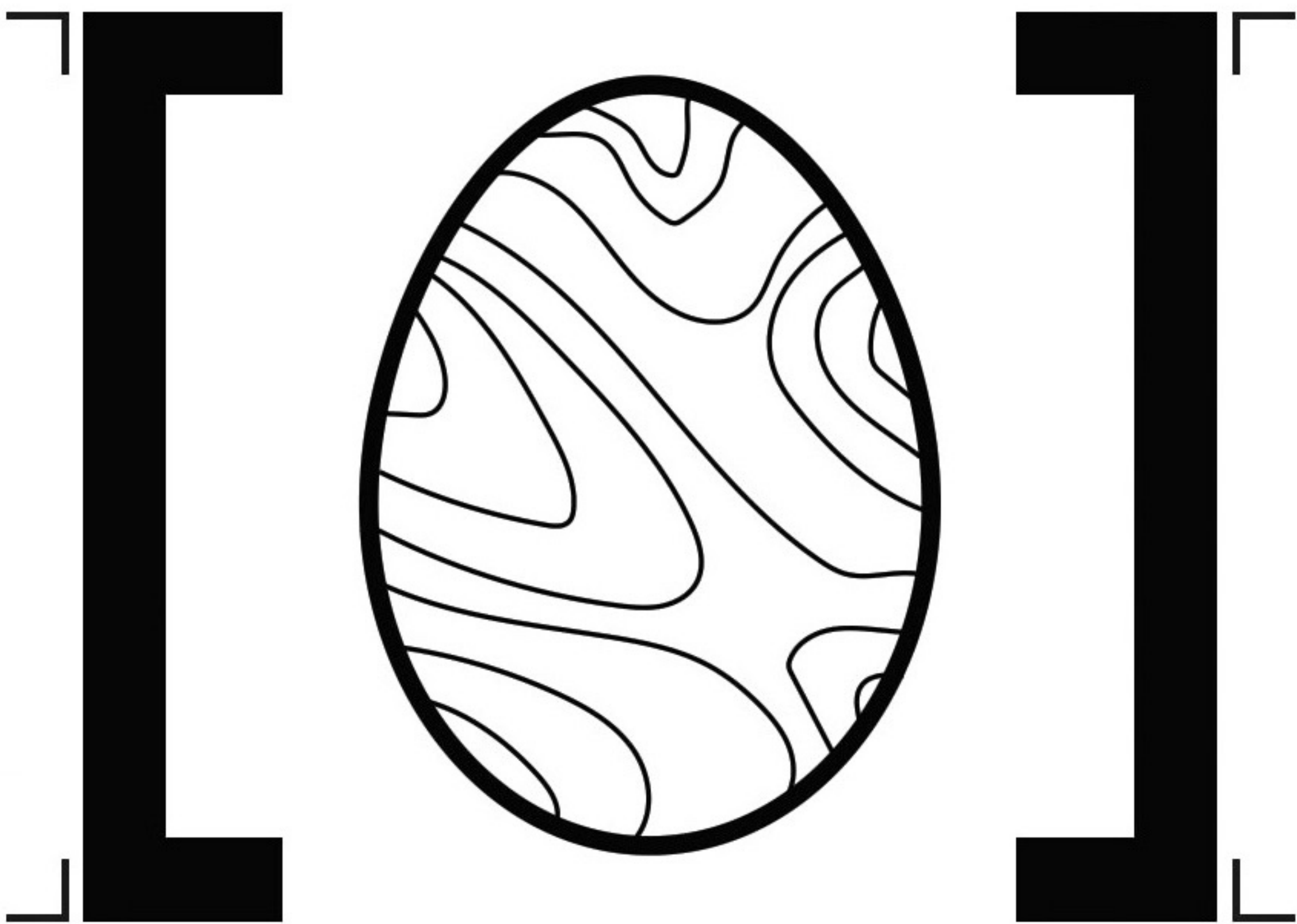
After several hundred years of testing and design, the Black Judges [the secret science wing of the Accusers] presented the Supreme Intelligence with a pheromone-based weapon built to hack the Brood caste system and seize control of the hive by reproducing and supercharging the pheromonal Empress effect.

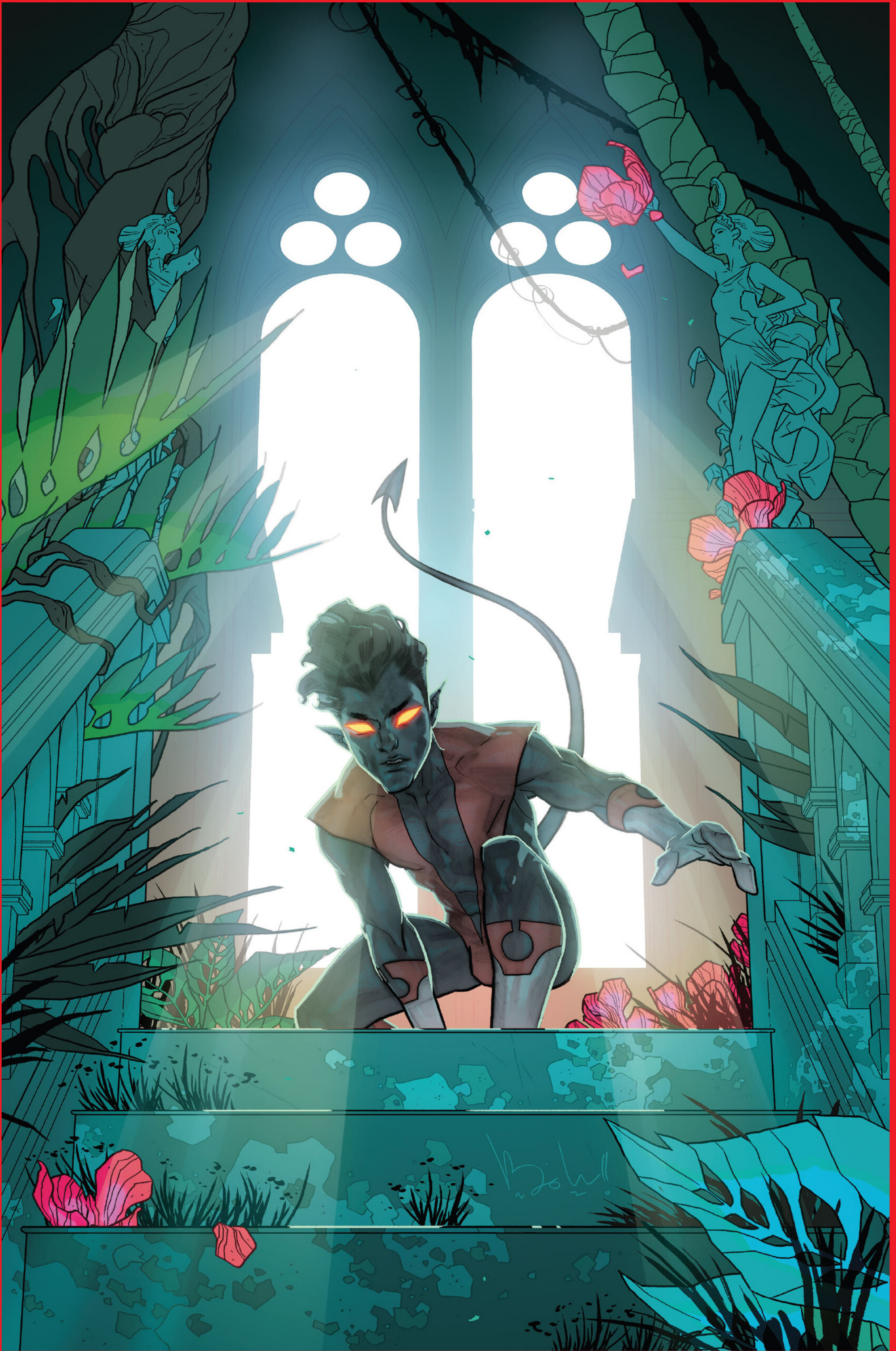
[NOTE: Normally, the Empress controls the hive through a combination of pheromones and telepathic dominance. Out of necessity, our weapon supercharges the first since we cannot effectively replicate the second. The effect of this is a more compliant but less autonomous drone.]

The King Egg itself is a container for a serum that alters and enhances the biology of the King Egg host and will give the host control of the entire hive for an estimated 5-10 standard Kree cycles. The King Egg is activated by ingesting the serum contained inside the shell.

[NOTE: Production of a rival King Egg can disrupt the host’s control of the hive.]

[Supremor...[_si_]_01]
[1000 WI...[_si_]_05]





Giant-Size X-Men: Nightcrawler Variant

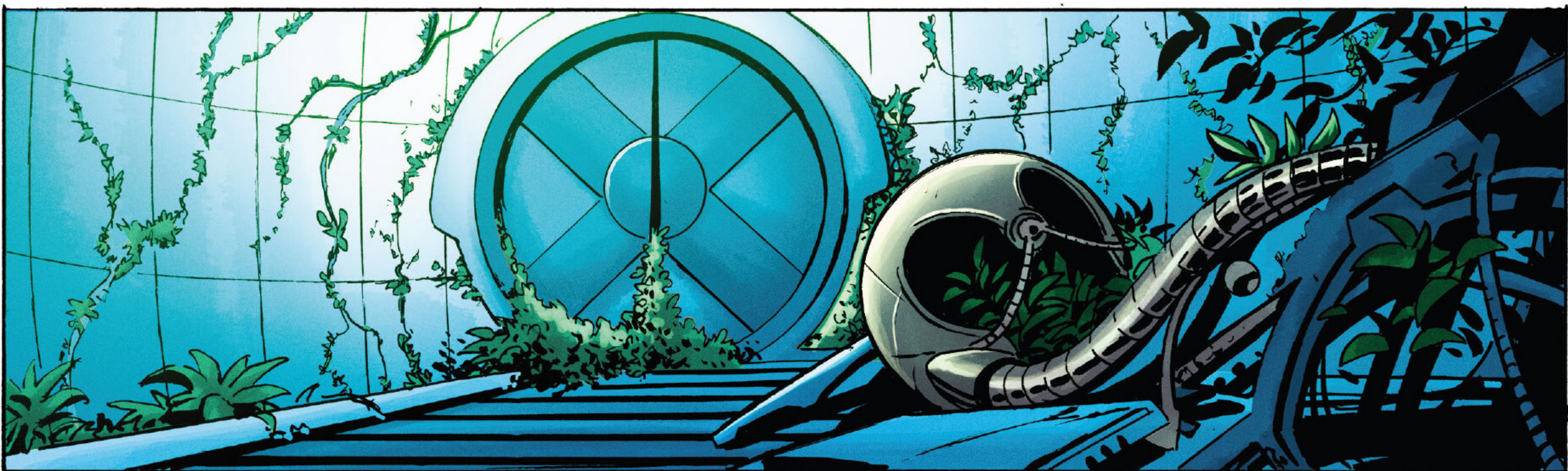
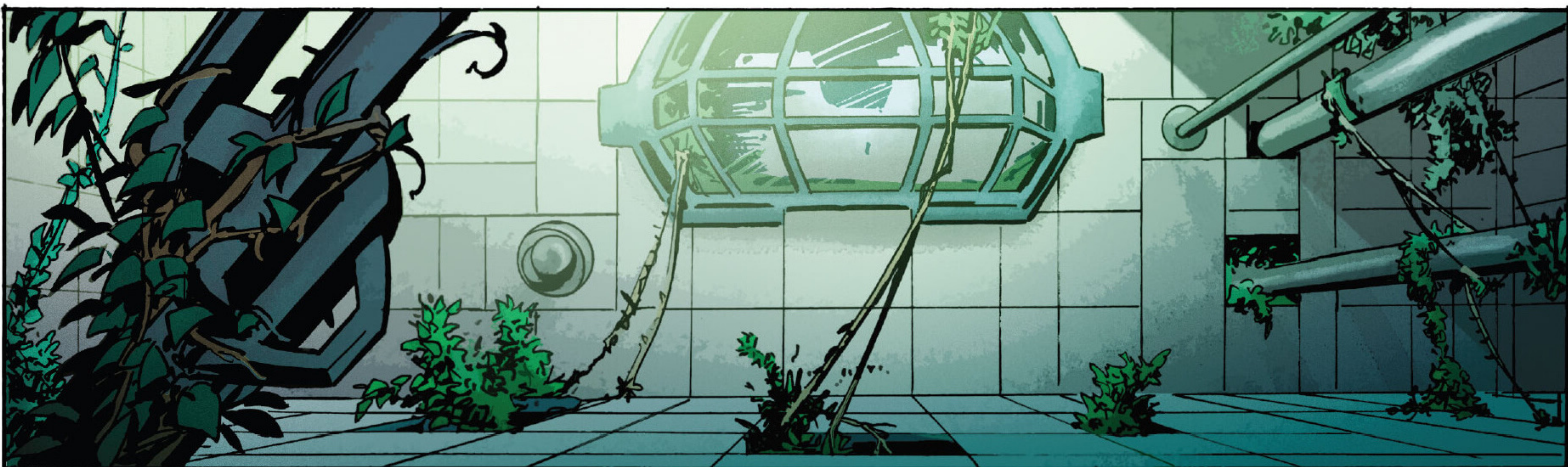
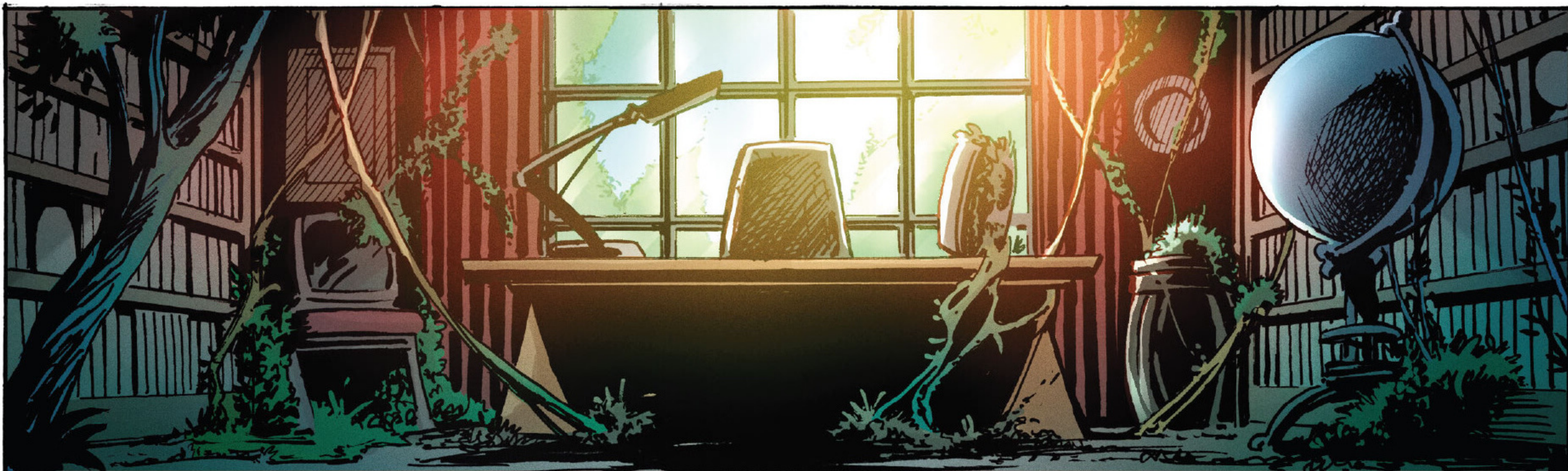
by Ben Caldwell



Haunted Mansion

11

Westchester.



So why all the attempted breaches of the gateway here?

Well, that's not really the problem, Yana.

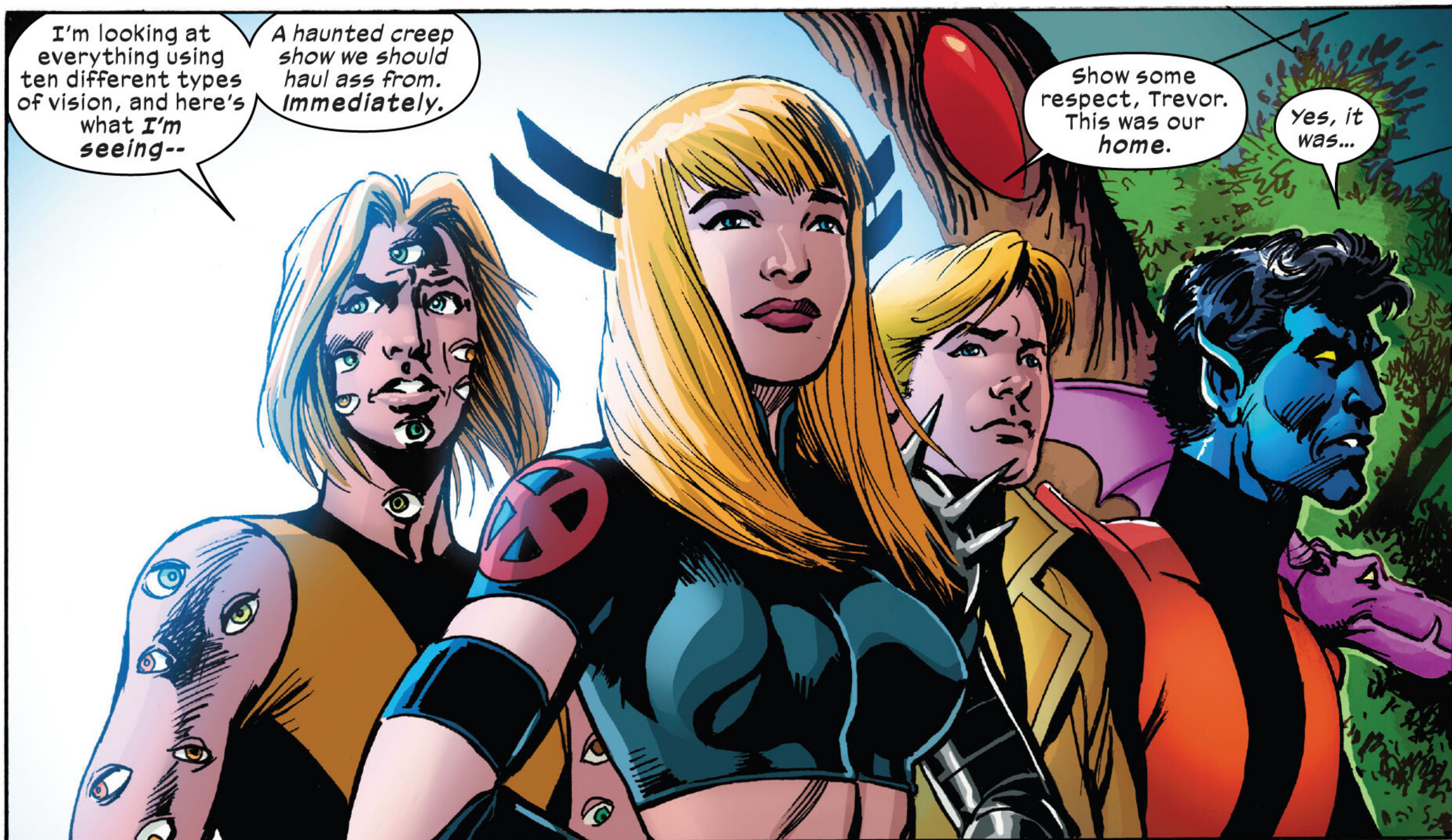
Krakoa has hundreds of access failures every day--humans who try to walk through an active gate and then aren't able to. It's how they work. It's how they're grown.

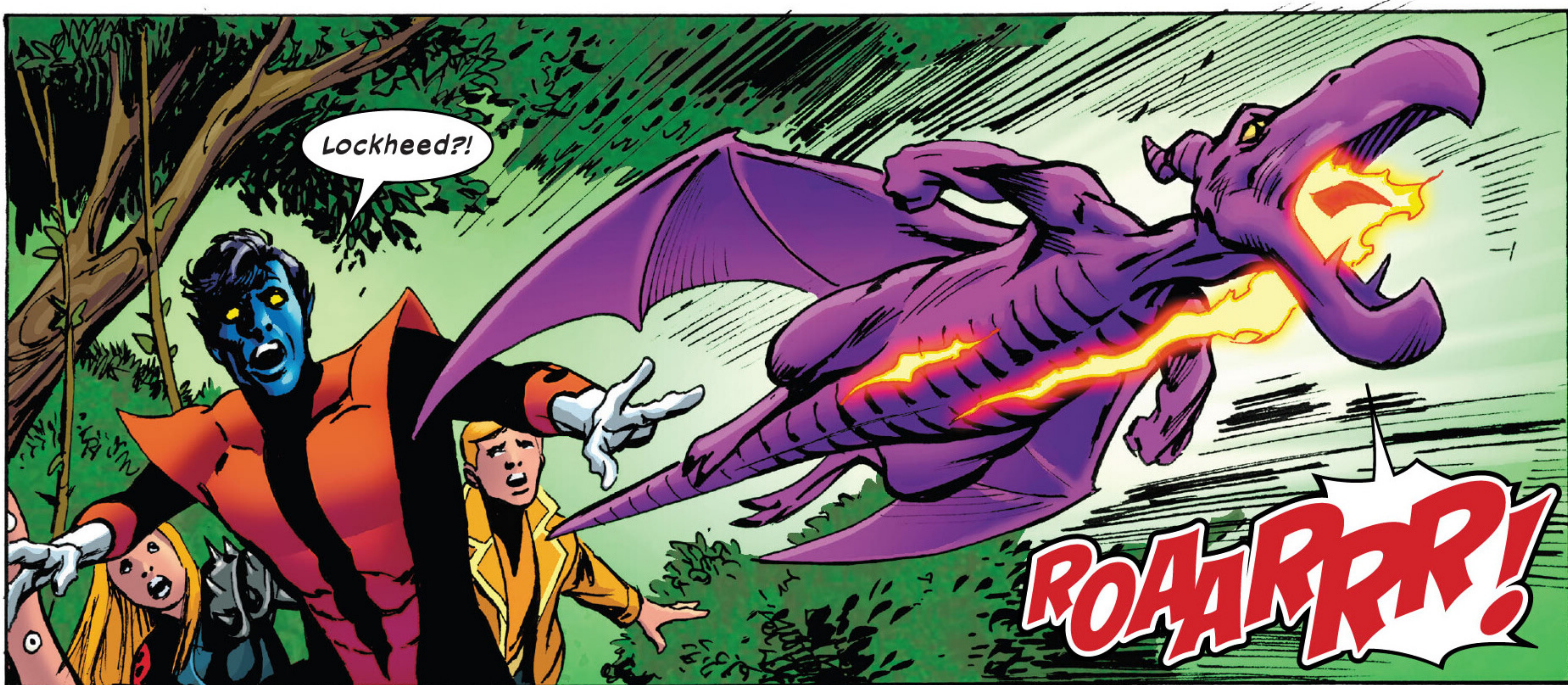
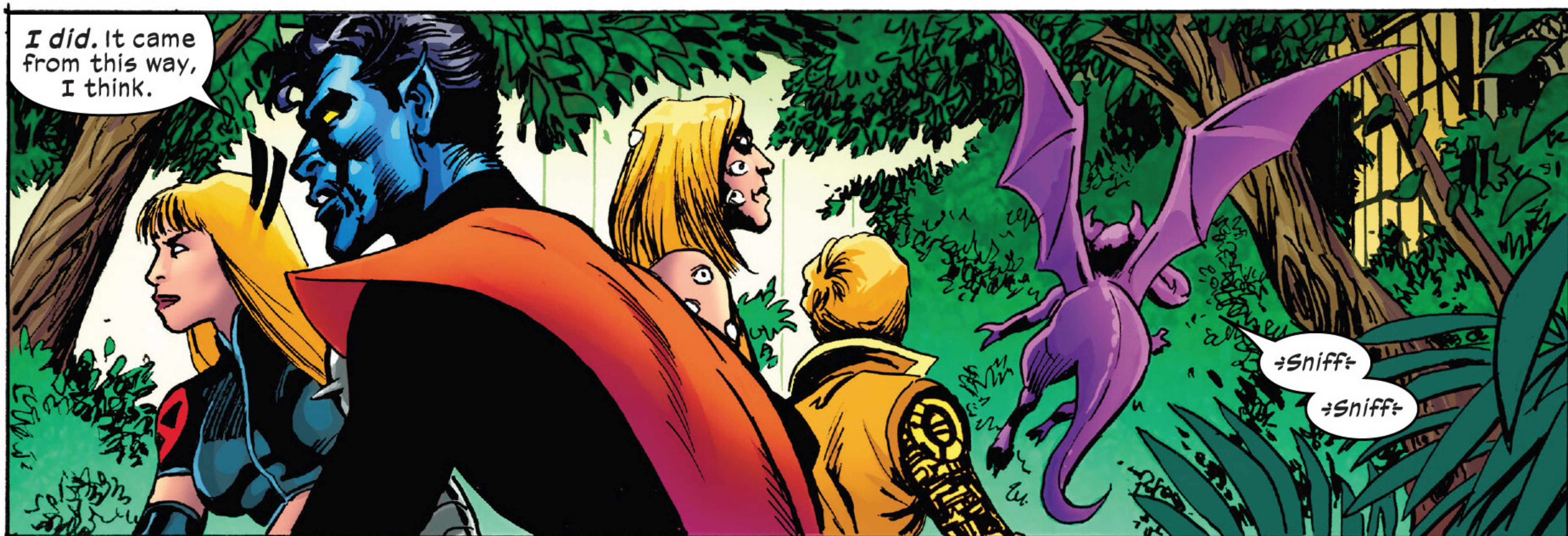
But we're here because Krakoa smelled "mutant" in this gate's vicinity during each failure. Which begs the question...what in the world is going on at the abandoned X-Mansion?

Only one way to find out.

Trevor?

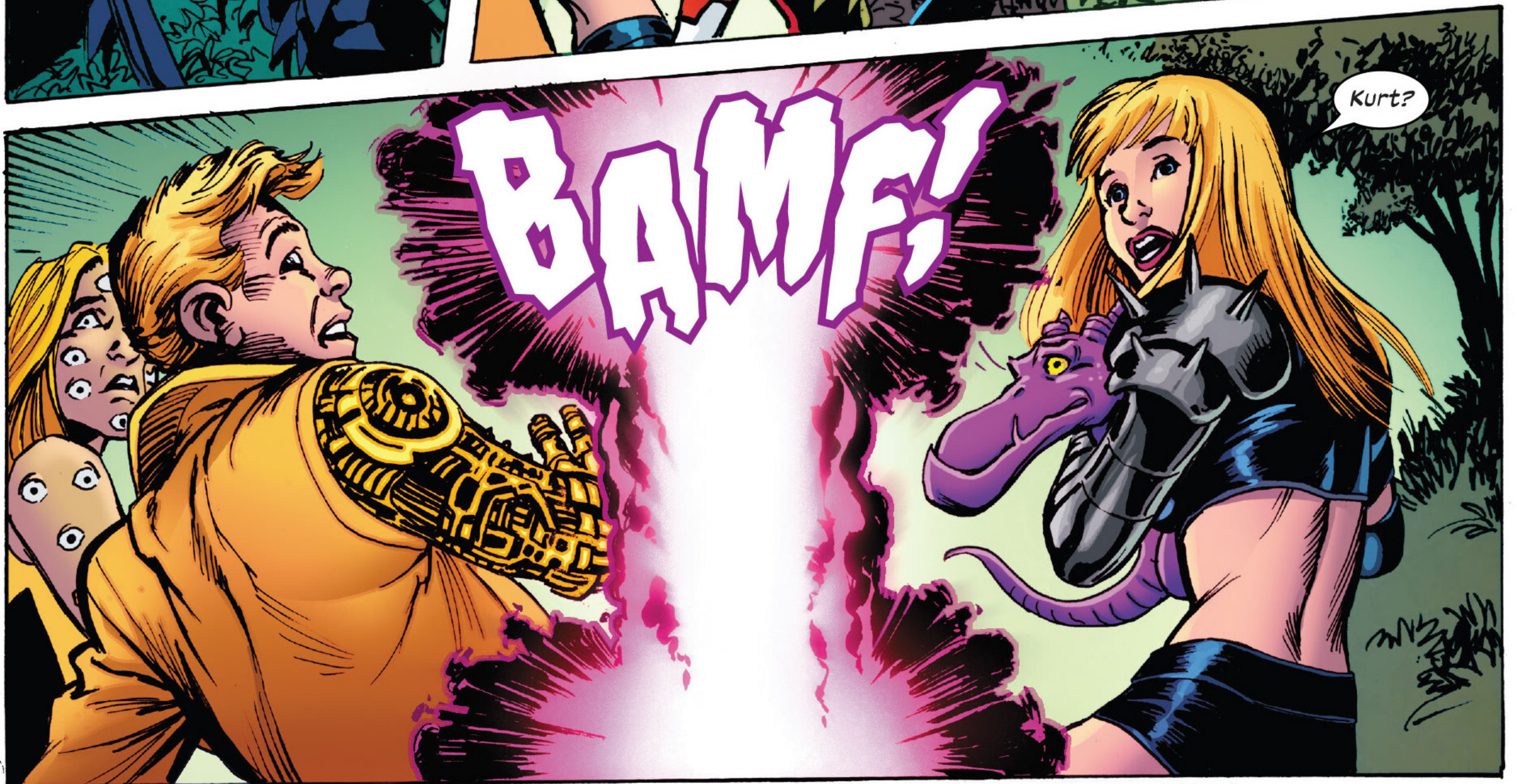
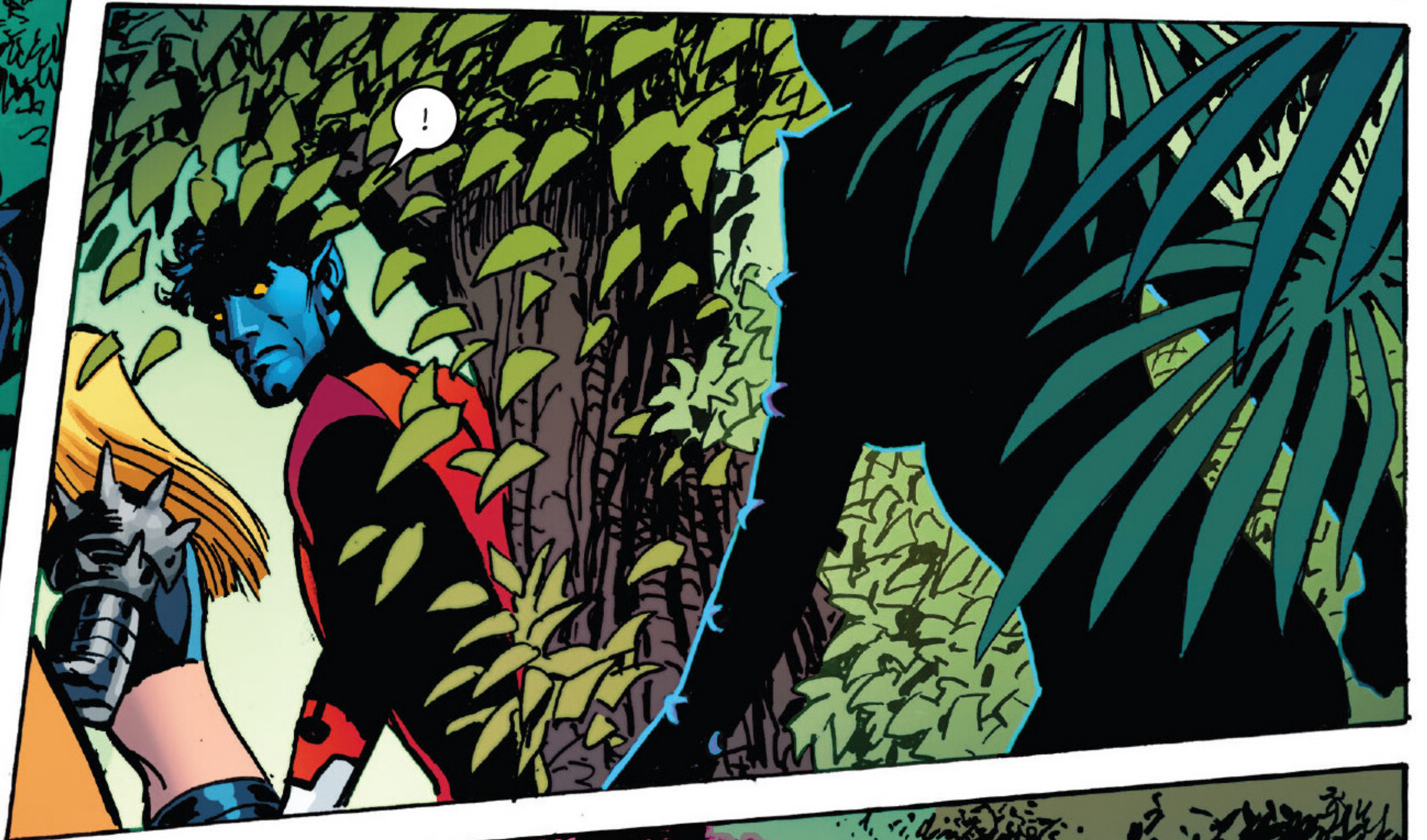
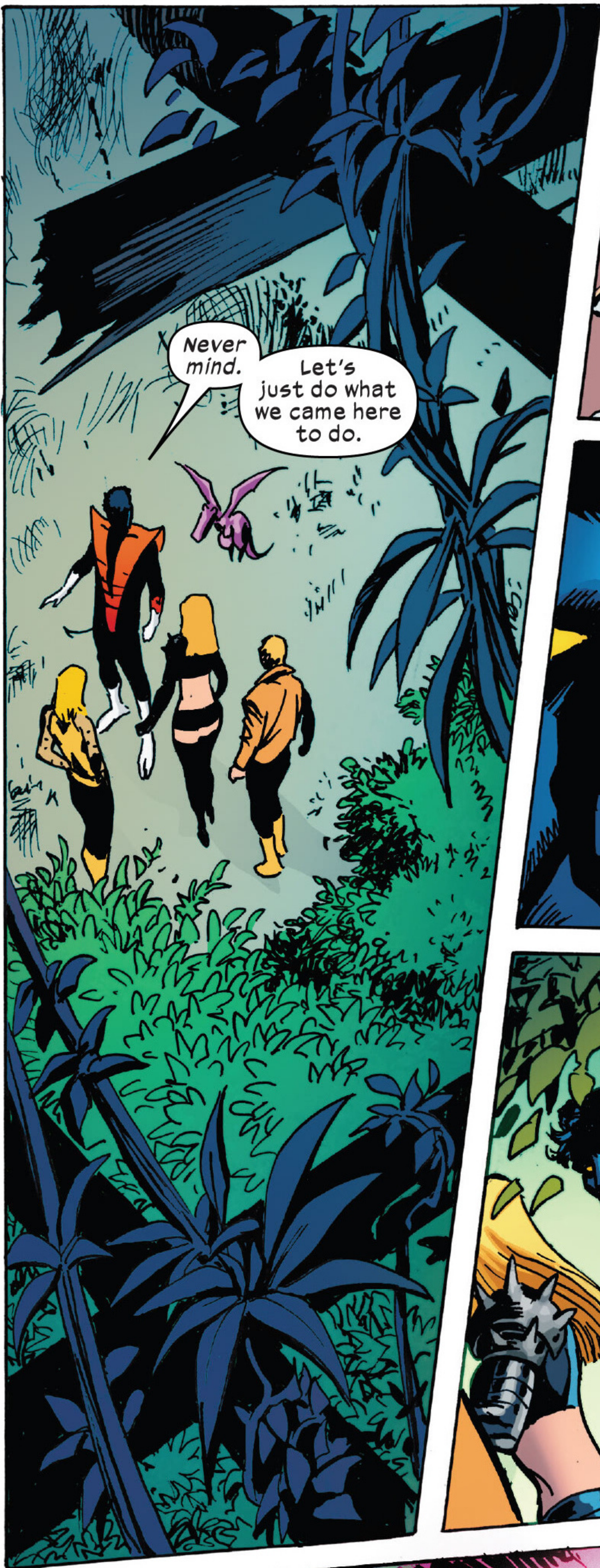


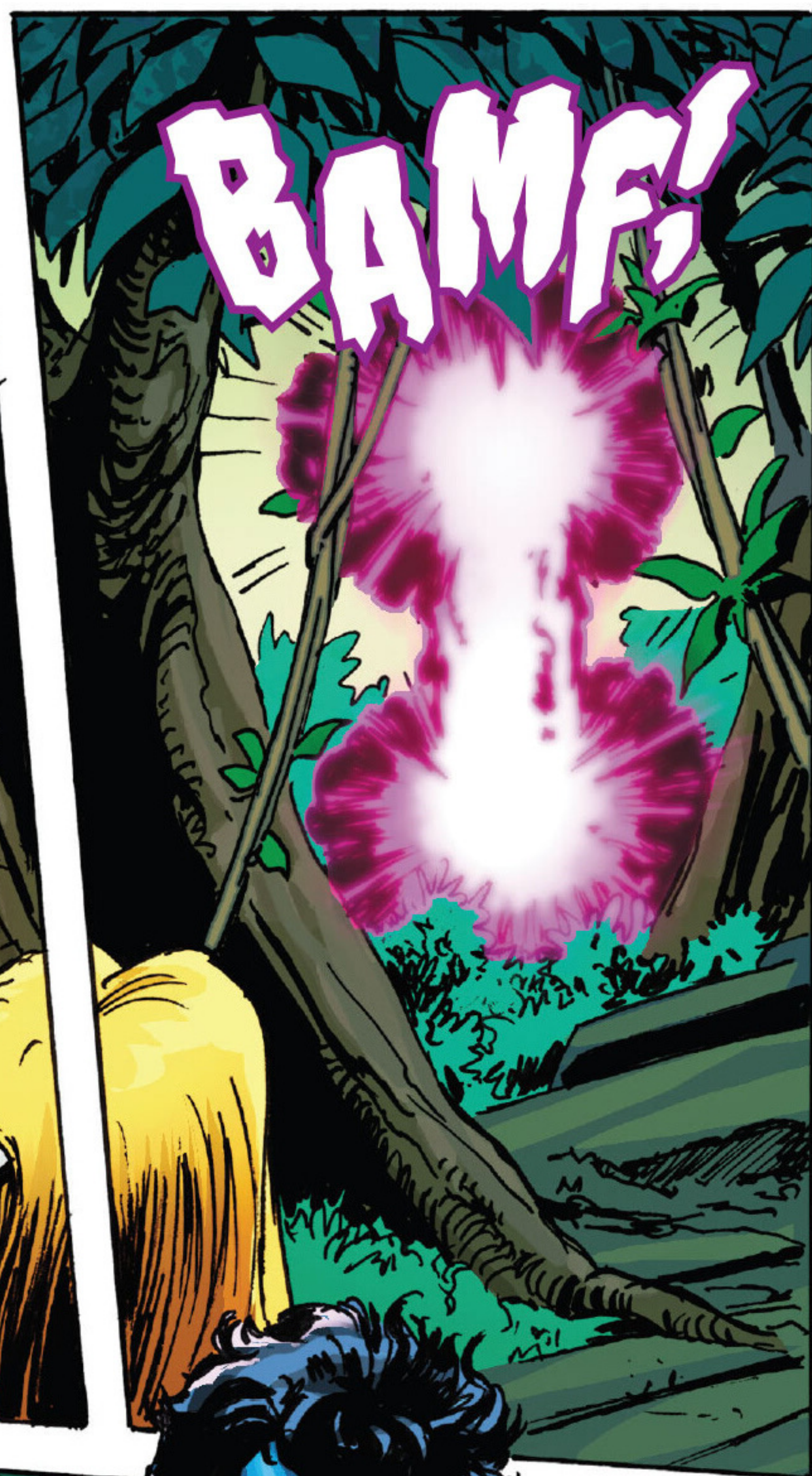
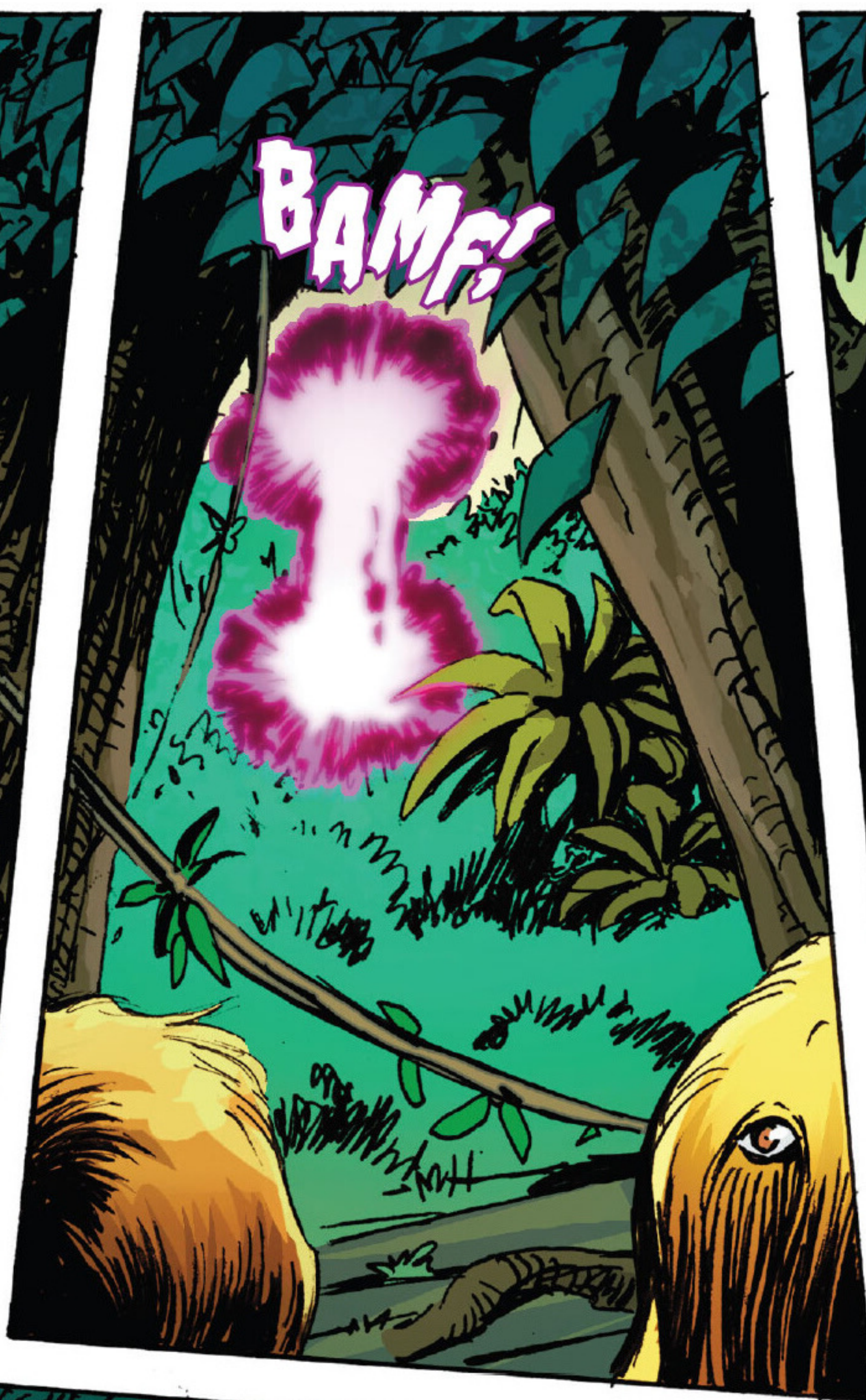
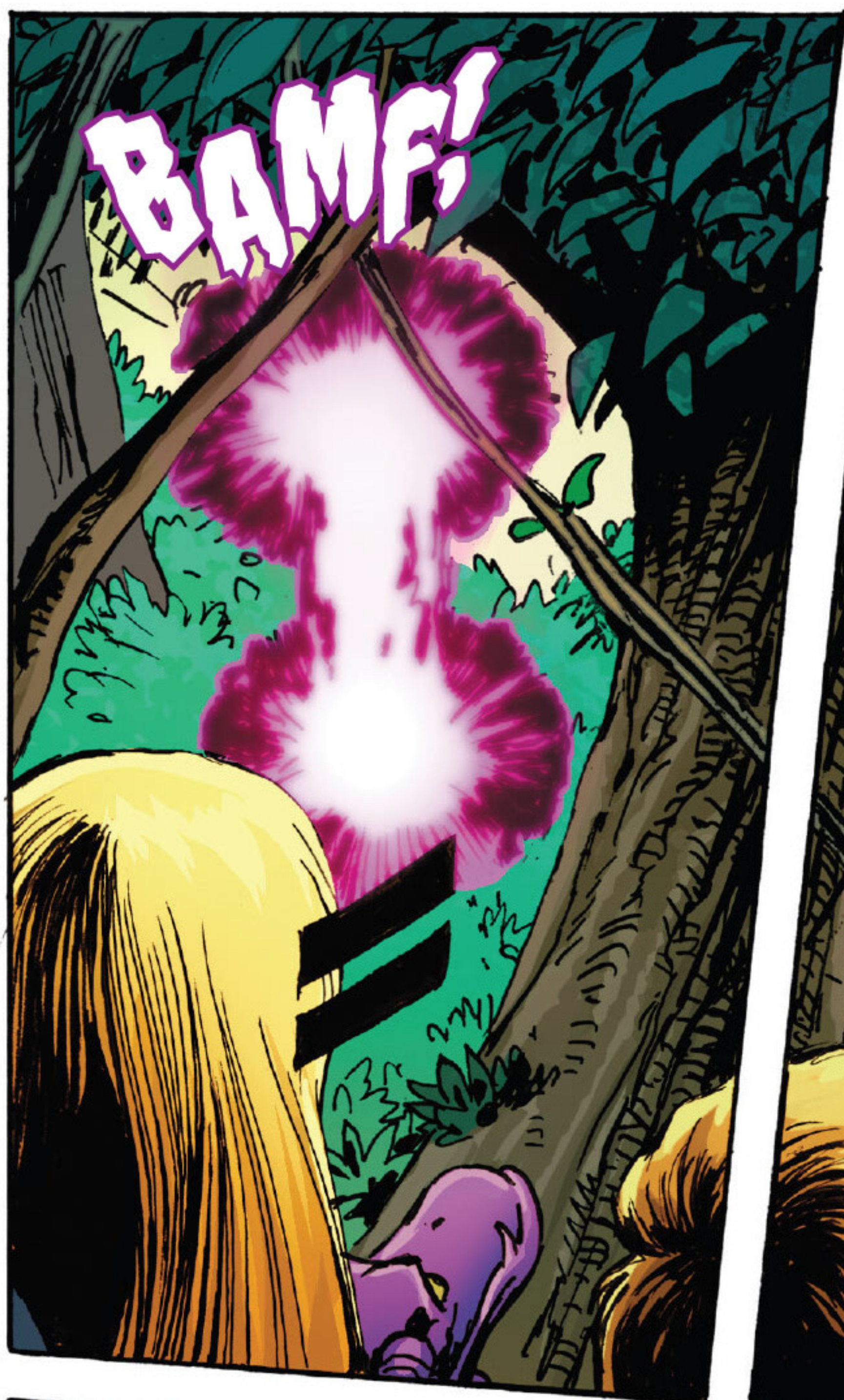


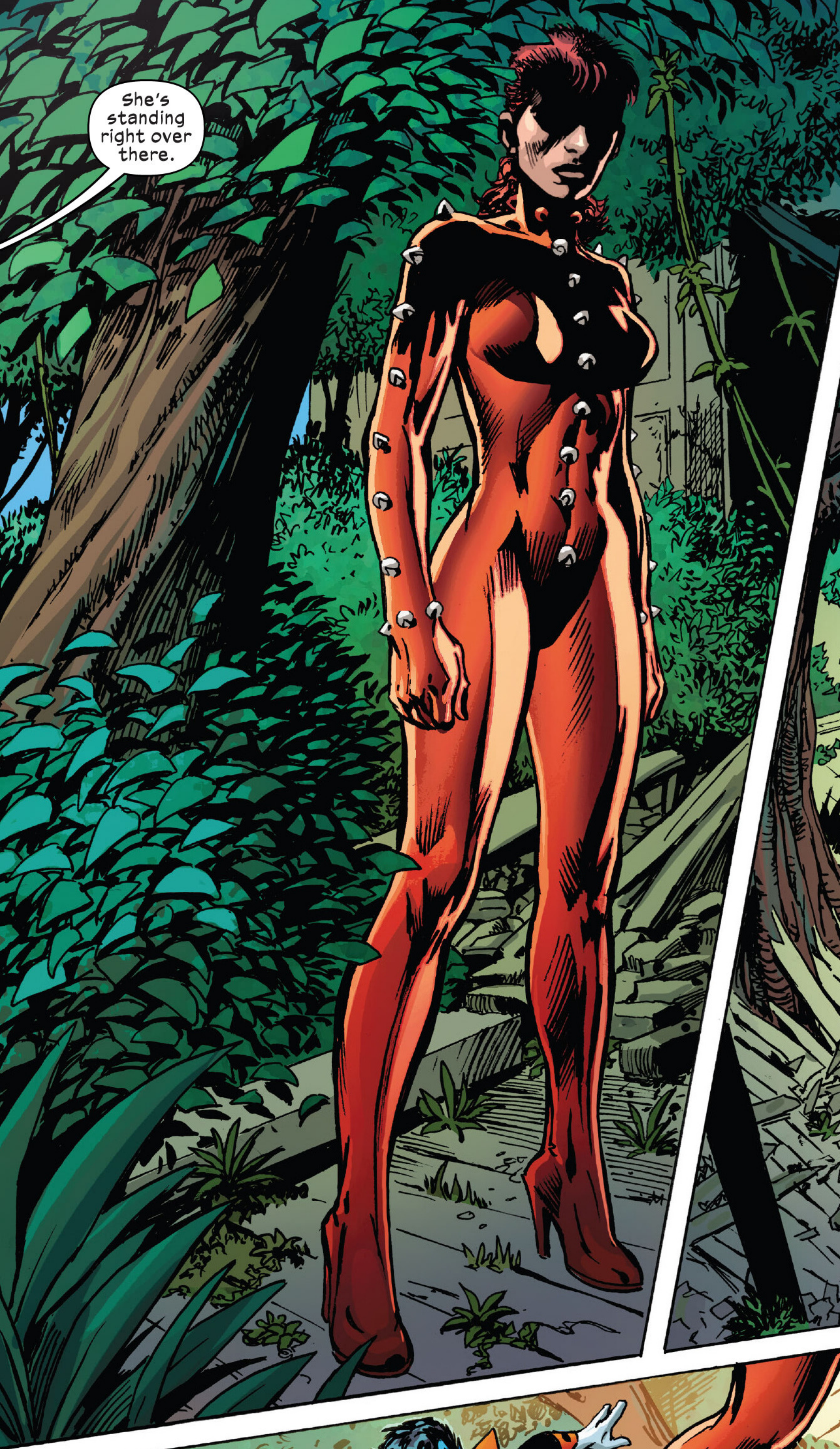


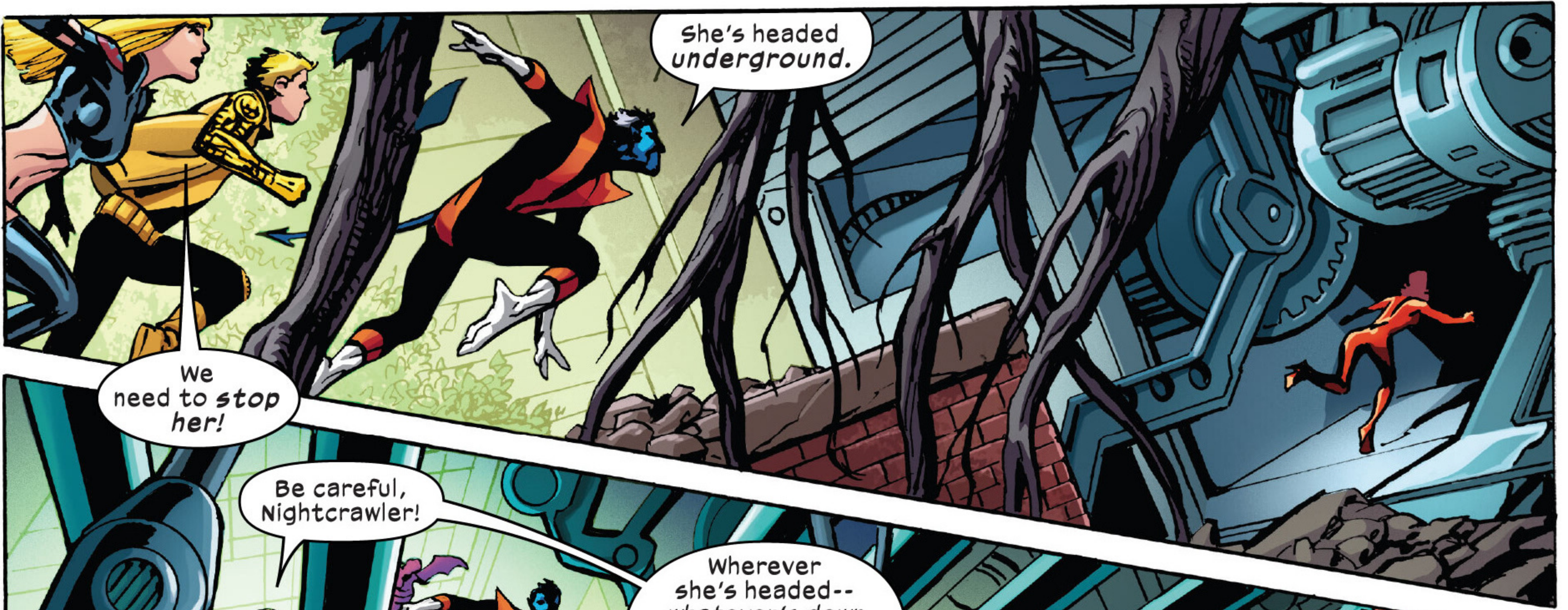


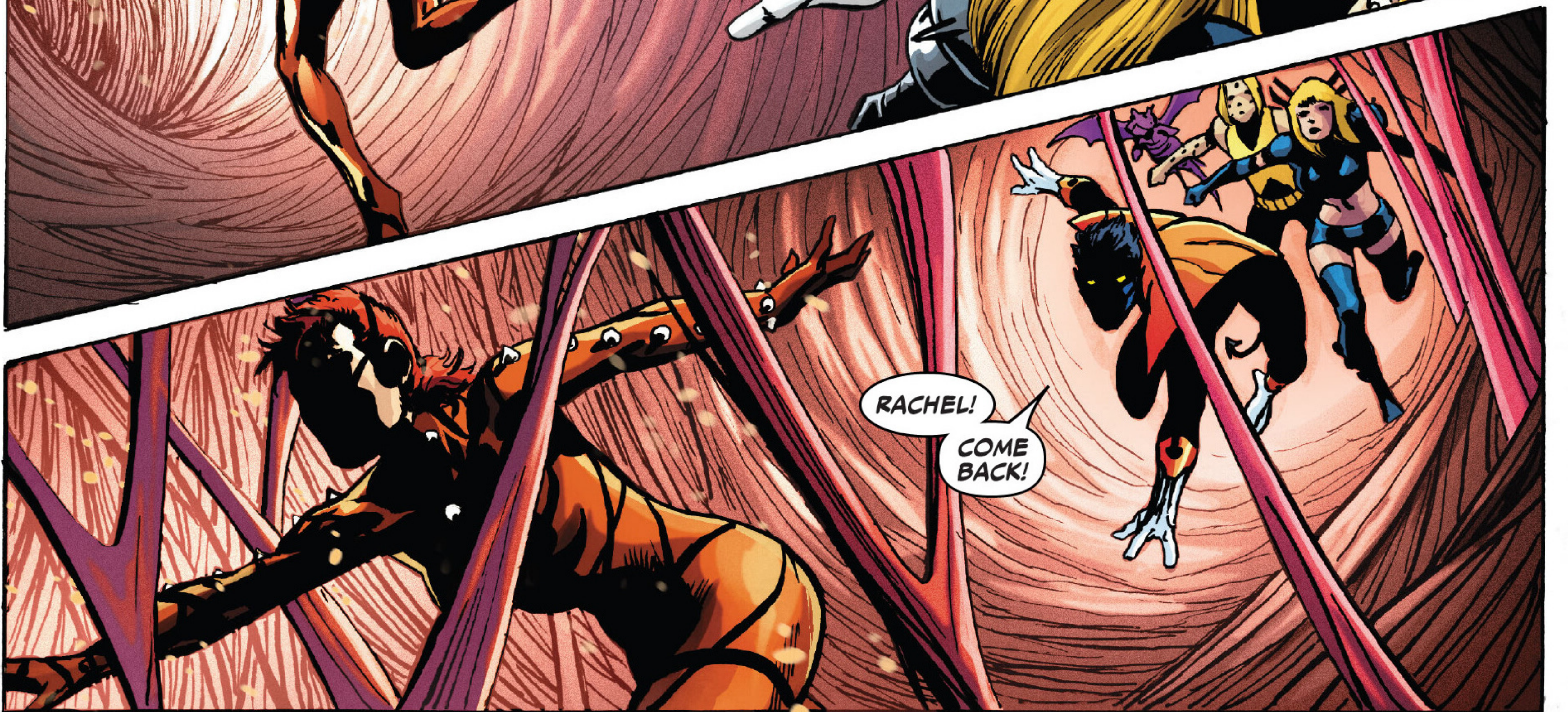
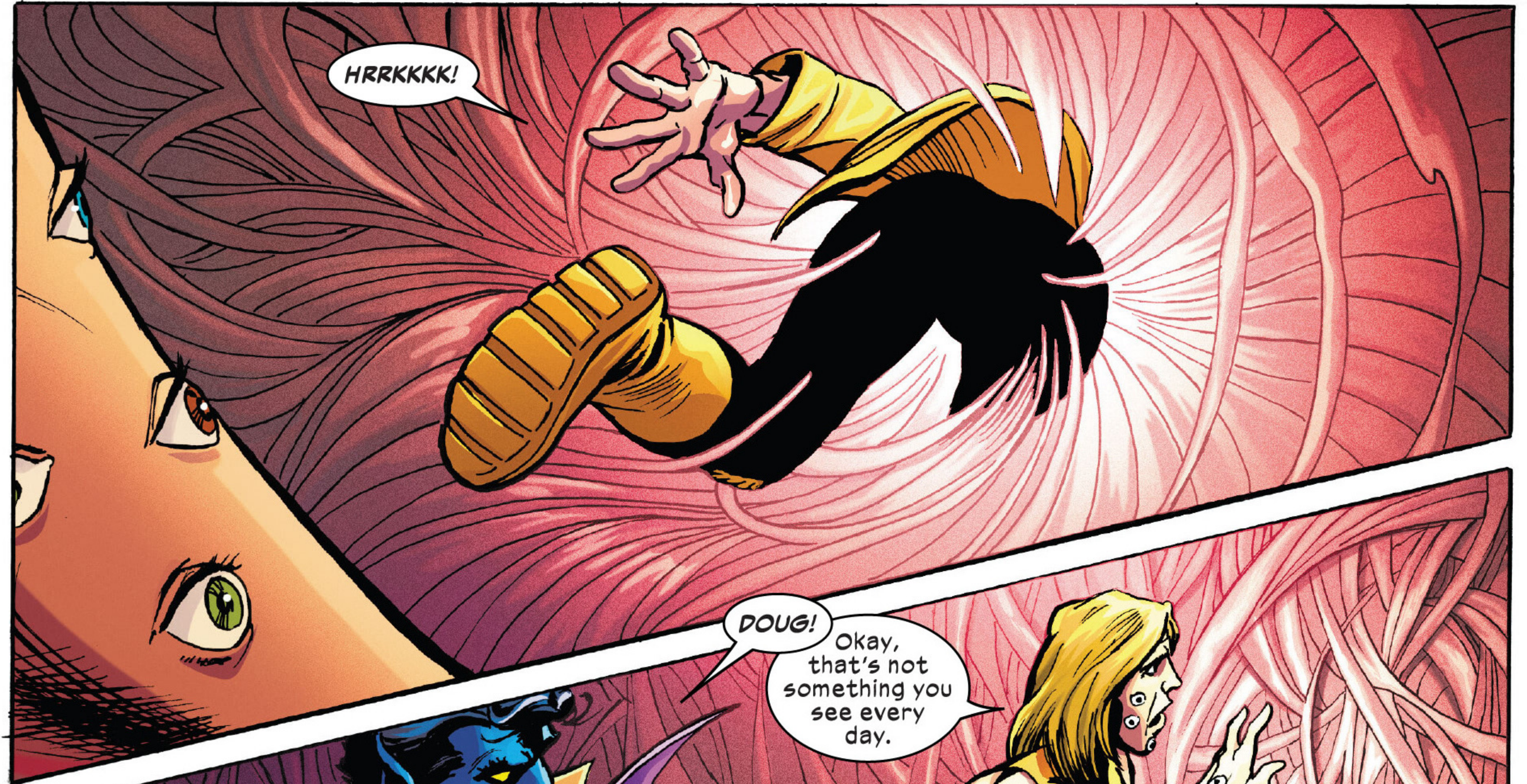




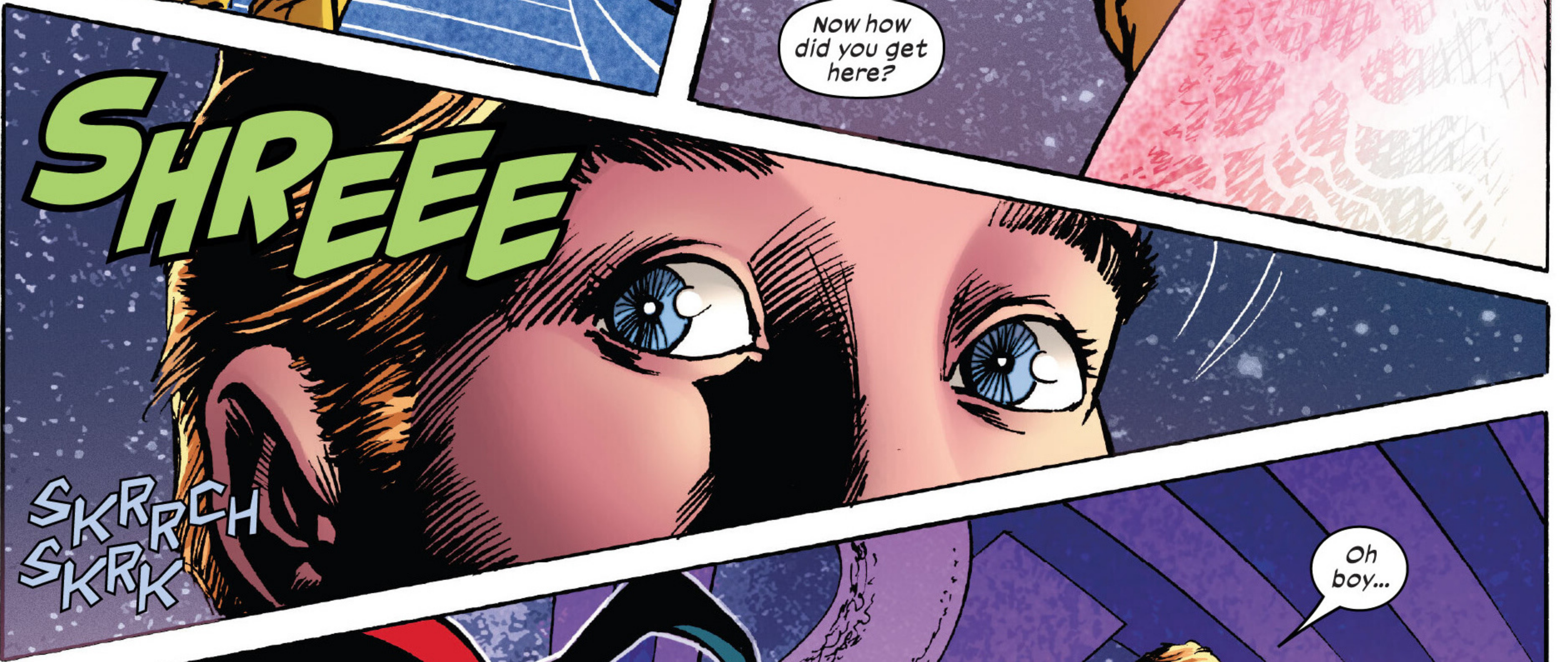














Light ahead.

The tunnel's ending.



Look. Rachel's just standing there...

Feels like a trap, doesn't it?



Let's take it nice and easy, Kurt.

Trevor, stay here and--

I know, I know...keep an eye out.

Which is hilarious, let me tell you--like someone telling me I need to make eye contact or asking me to wink.



Okay, Rachel...

Time to tell us what's going on...

I'm trapped...

Sleepwalking...



Dreaming...

Dreaming of
traveling...

Migrating
to other
worlds...

Always
moving...

Hunting...

Capturing...



Now
lost...

Left
behind...

Alone...

Help
me...

Help
us...

Help.

Help!



HELP!

HELP!

HELP!

Oh no...



Those are
SIDRI!



Uh,
I have no
idea what
that is...

They're
bounty
hunters!

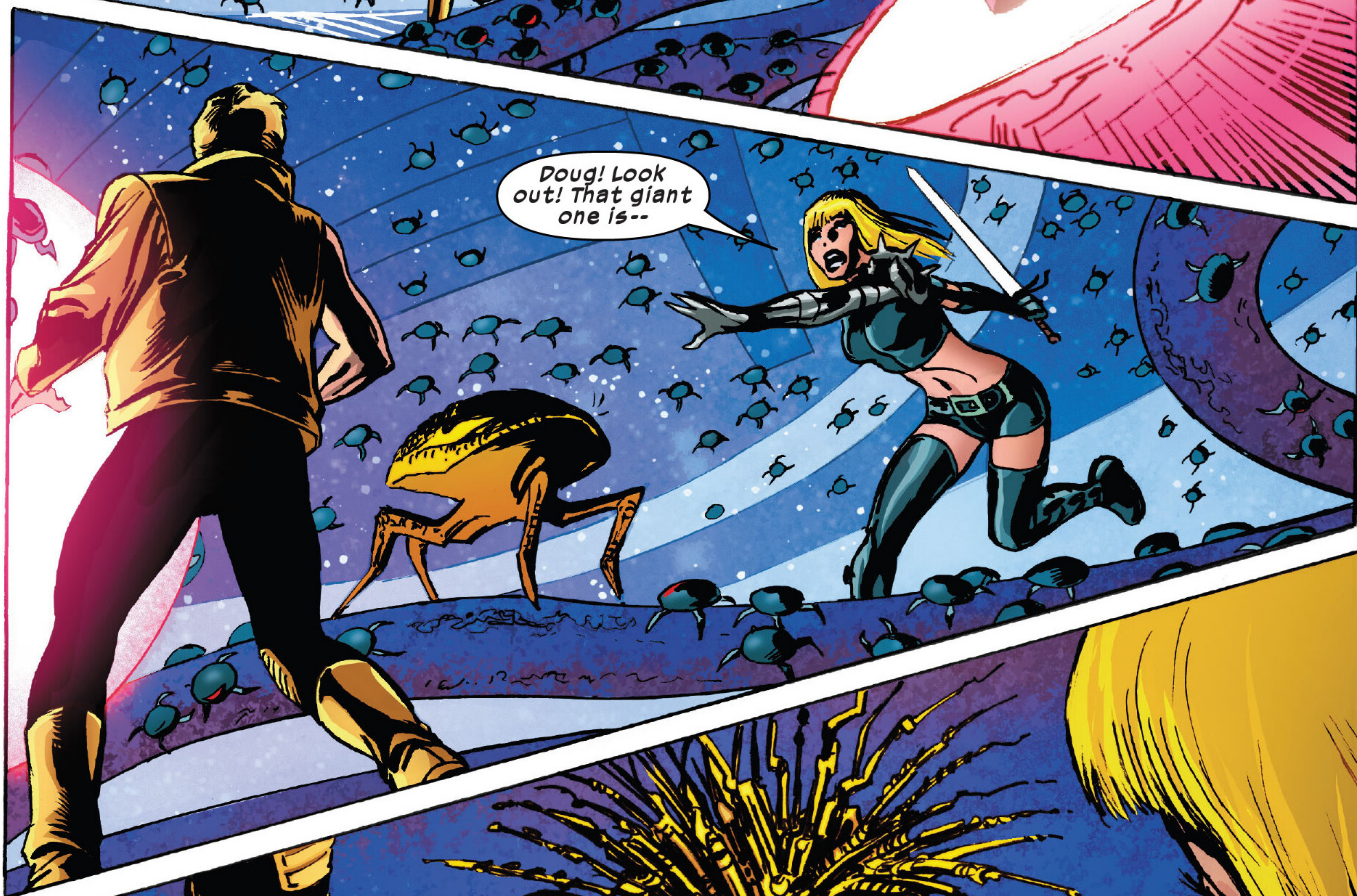
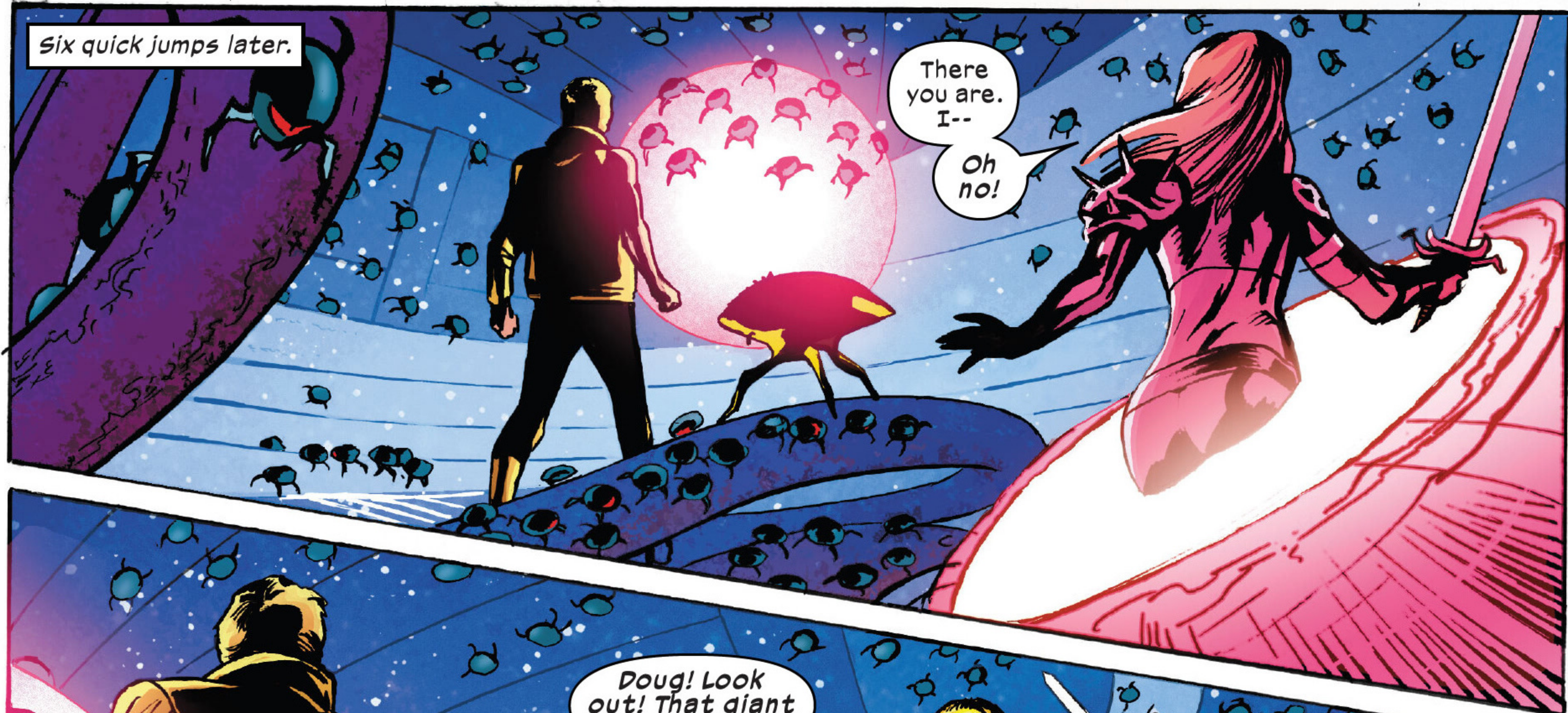
An
entire race
of them!

"Okay...say that
one more time..."

"...there's no
need to fight
about it."







Okay, Doug...normal arm...
twinkle in your eye...how
long have you and Warlock
been running this
game?

And
why?

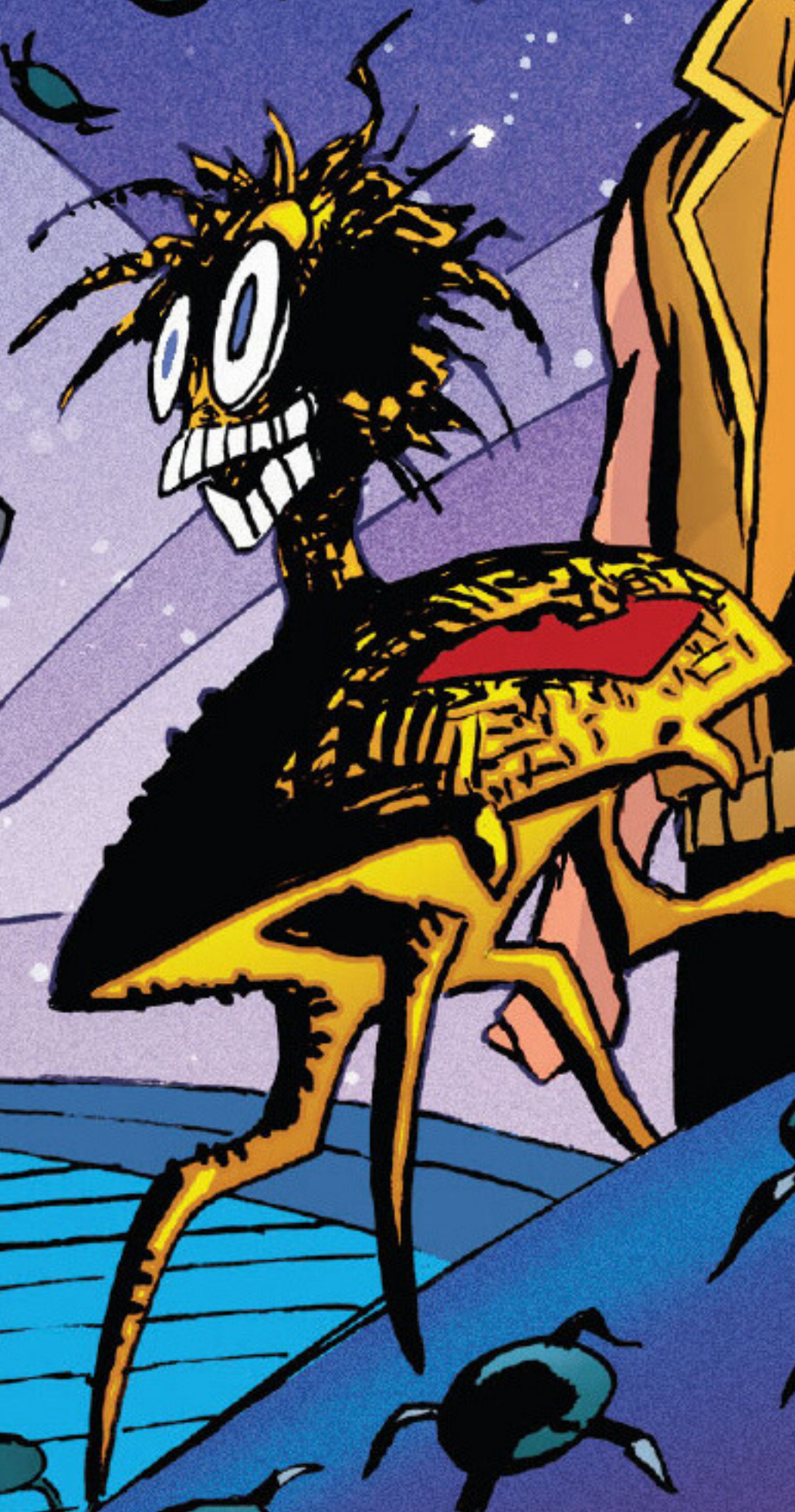
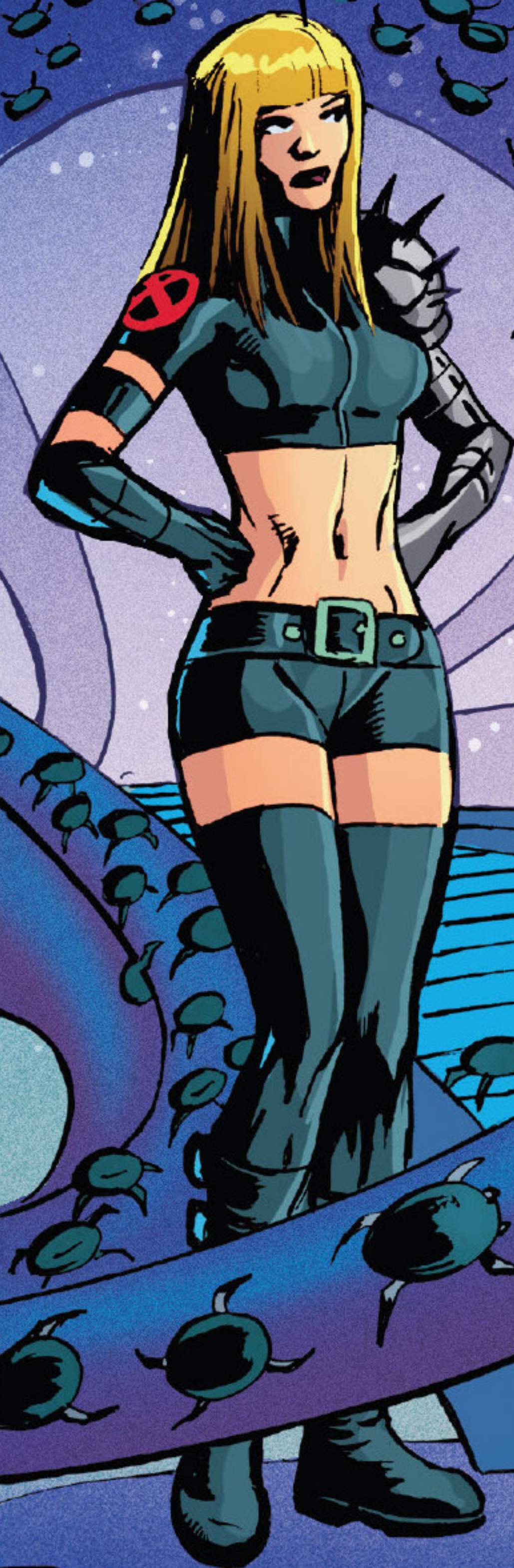
Shh! Shh!
Friend Illyana.
Secret has
to stay a
secret. For
friendsake.

If I tell you,
will you promise--
*promise--*to keep
it between us?

Do you really
need to
ask?

No, but
it's--

კარგად
მისაგებია?



Yes.
I hear you.
We'll do
it now.

Illyana, we're
going to have to
finish this later when
we have the time. Right
now, we have to deal
with what this
Sidri nest has
netted.

Go ahead,
Warlock. Tell
them we're
doing it
now.

კარგად
მისაგებია?





Huh? They've all stopped. Why?



You probably can't pick it up, but they're all vibrating at the same frequency.

I don't think they've stopped...I think they're waiting.



Hey guys... look what I found.

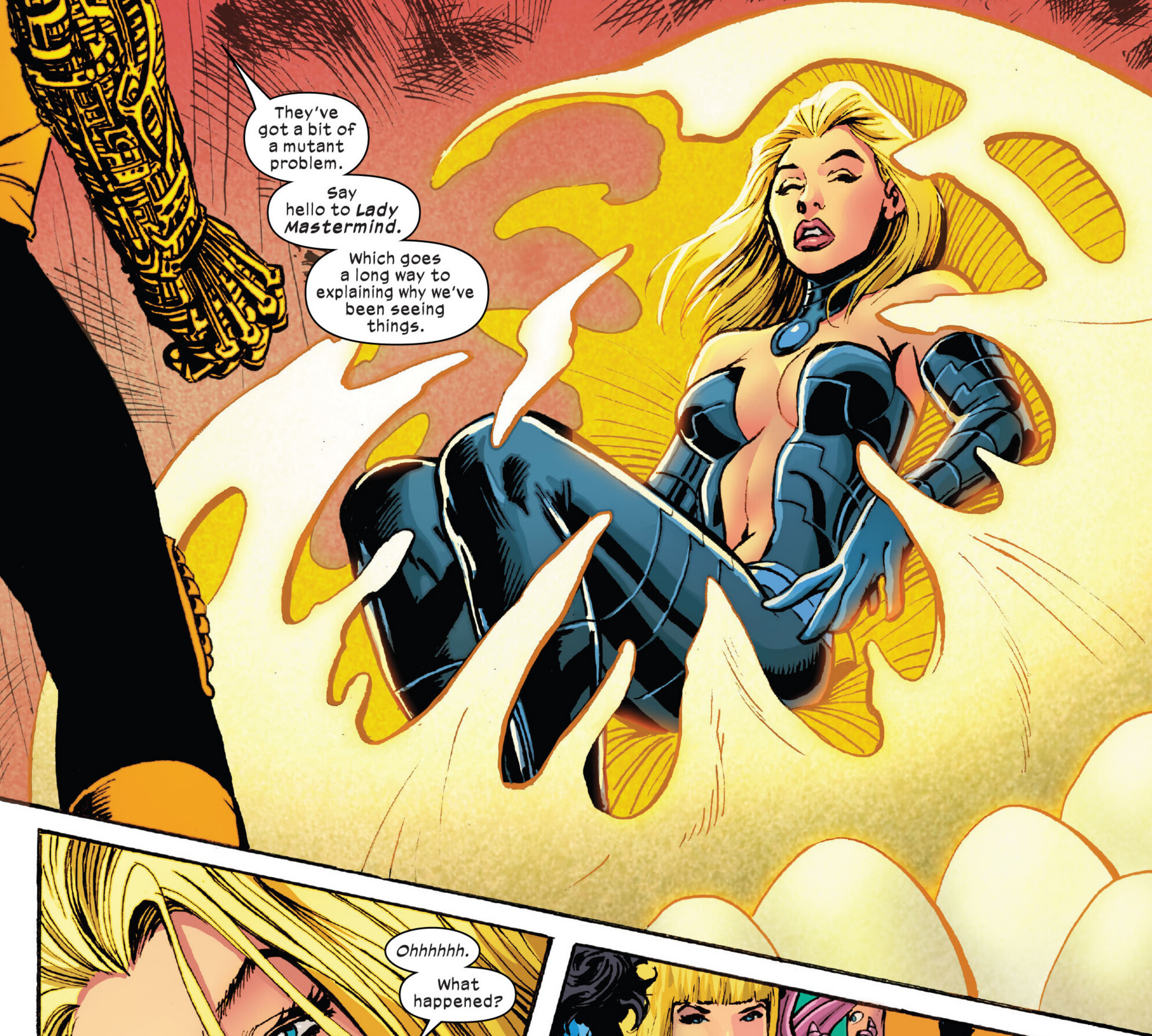
Fantastic... can we please get the hell out of here?



That's exactly what the Sidri want.

But first, they'd like us to solve their nest's newest infestation.

What do you mean?



They've got a bit of a mutant problem.

Say hello to *Lady Mastermind*.

Which goes a long way to explaining why we've been seeing things.



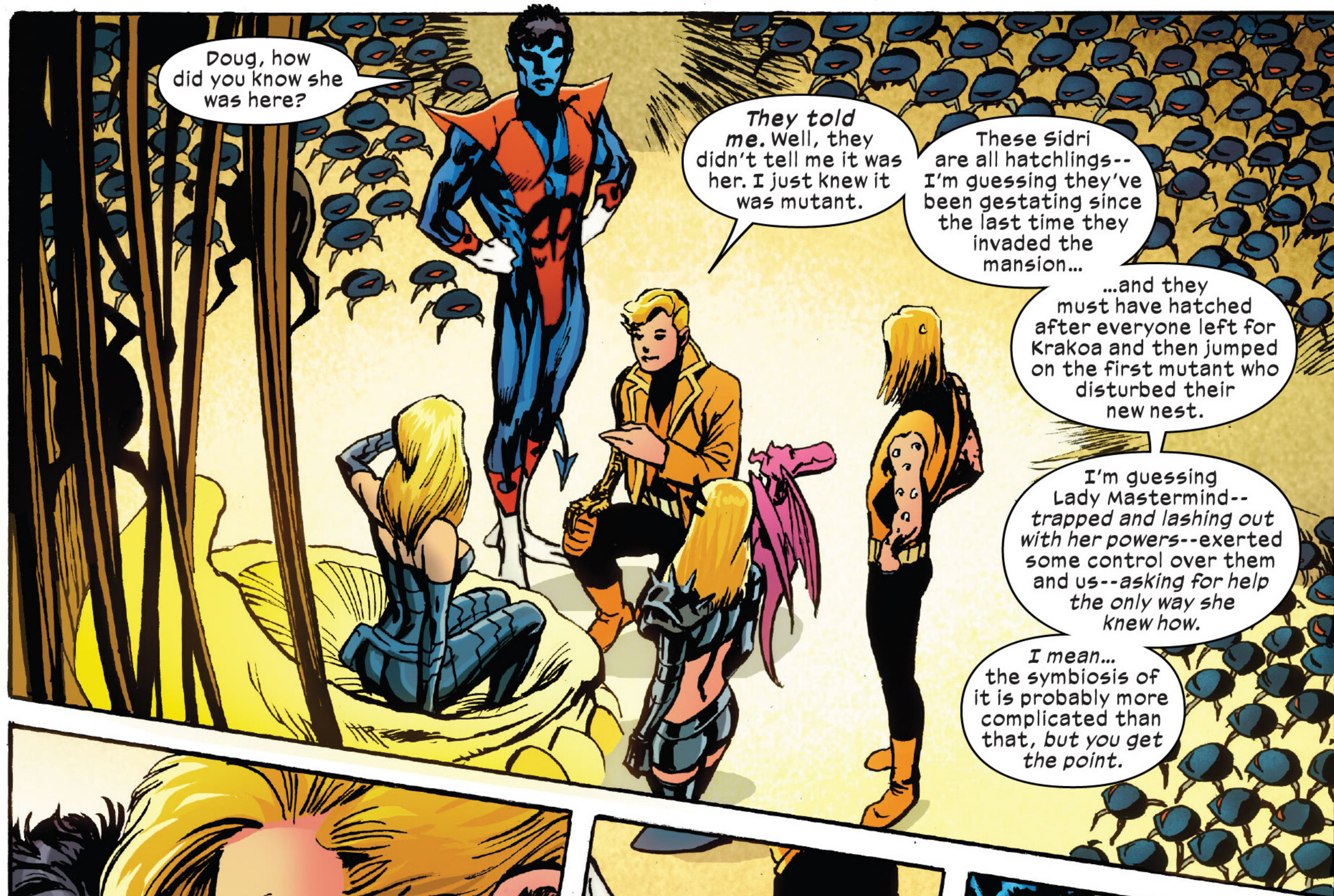
Ohhhhhh.
What happened?



Take it easy. You've been out a while. What's the last thing you remember?

I came to the mansion to use the gateway. I heard something, and then... then...

That's all I can remember.



Doug, how did you know she was here?

They told me. Well, they didn't tell me it was her. I just knew it was mutant.

These Sidri are all hatchlings-- I'm guessing they've been gestating since the last time they invaded the mansion...

...and they must have hatched after everyone left for Krakoa and then jumped on the first mutant who disturbed their new nest.

I'm guessing Lady Mastermind-- trapped and lashing out with her powers--exerted some control over them and us--asking for help the only way she knew how.

I mean... the symbiosis of it is probably more complicated than that, but you get the point.

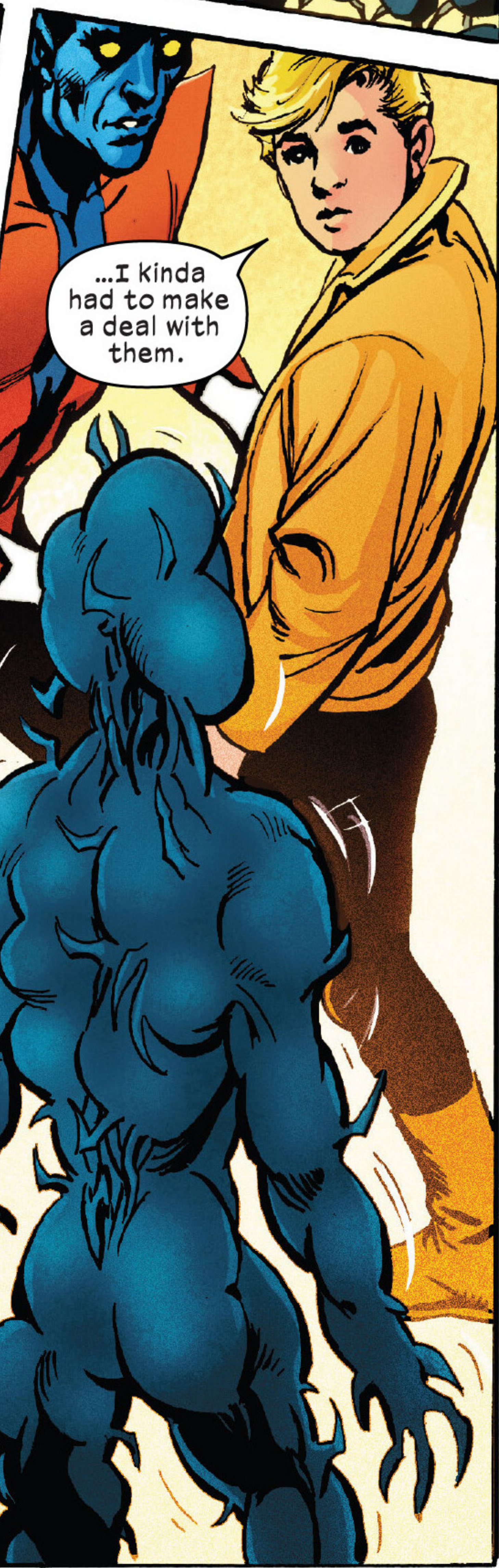


Good job, Doug.

Well done.



Thanks, but I'd hold off on that...



...I kinda had to make a deal with them.



2444132
1144241144.2

Yep.
We're leaving
now.

Thanks
for being cool
about it.



What was
the deal you
made?

They'll stay
clear of the gateway
in case someone wants
to use it, but I had to
agree to give them the
rest of the estate
for their nest.

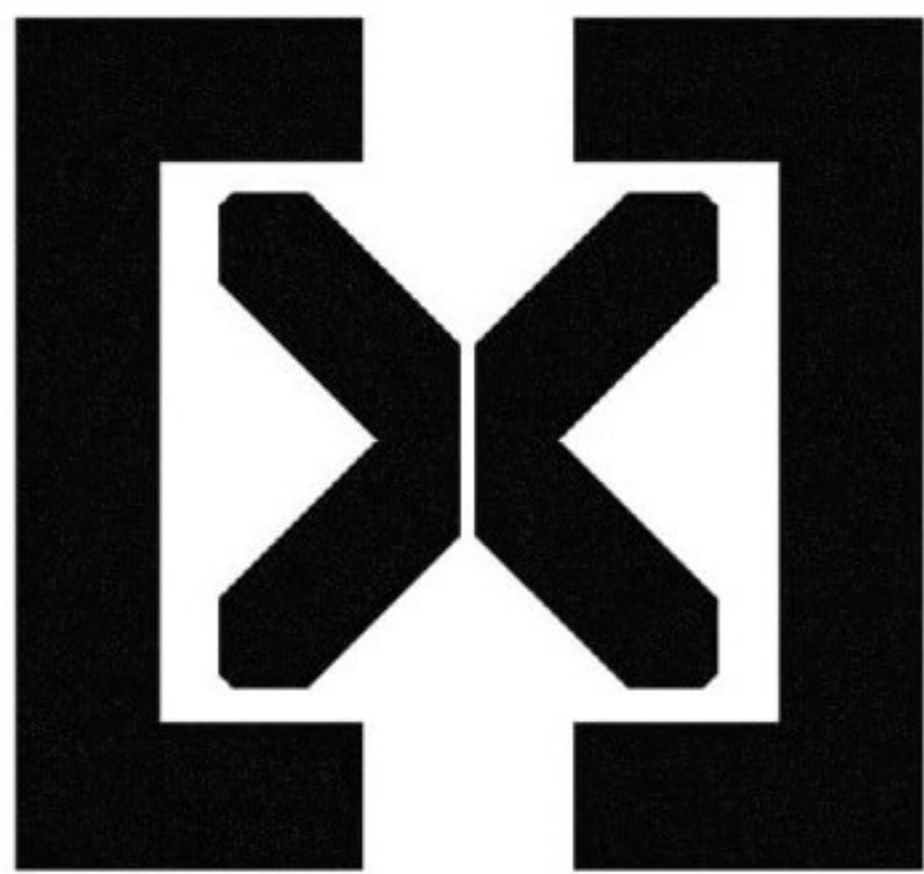
I'm guessing
it's going to be
a problem.



Maybe.
Maybe not. You
never know, Douglas,
perhaps we can find
a way to *make*
it work.

And why
shouldn't we be
hopeful? These are
new days for our
people...

And today
we've added
one more to
our number.



[kra_[0.1]
[koa_[0.1]

[kra_[0.X]
[koa_[0.X]



This has been:
HAUNTED MANSION
Featuring...



Nightcrawler



Magik



Cypher



Eye-Boy



Lockheed



[kra_[0.1]...]
[koa_[0.1]...]

[A._New_World]



















Giant-Size X-Men: Jean Grey and Emma Frost by Russell Dauterman







Giant-Size X-Men: Nightcrawler

by Alan Davis
& Edgar Delgado



X-Men #1 Party Variant

by Mark Brooks



X-Men #1 Variant
by Whilce Portacio & Chris Sotomayor



X-Men #1 Design Variant
by Tom Muller



X-Men #2 2099 Variant
by Ron Lim & Israel Silva



X-Men #3 Marvels 25th Anniversary Variant
by Alex Ross



X-Men #2 Variant

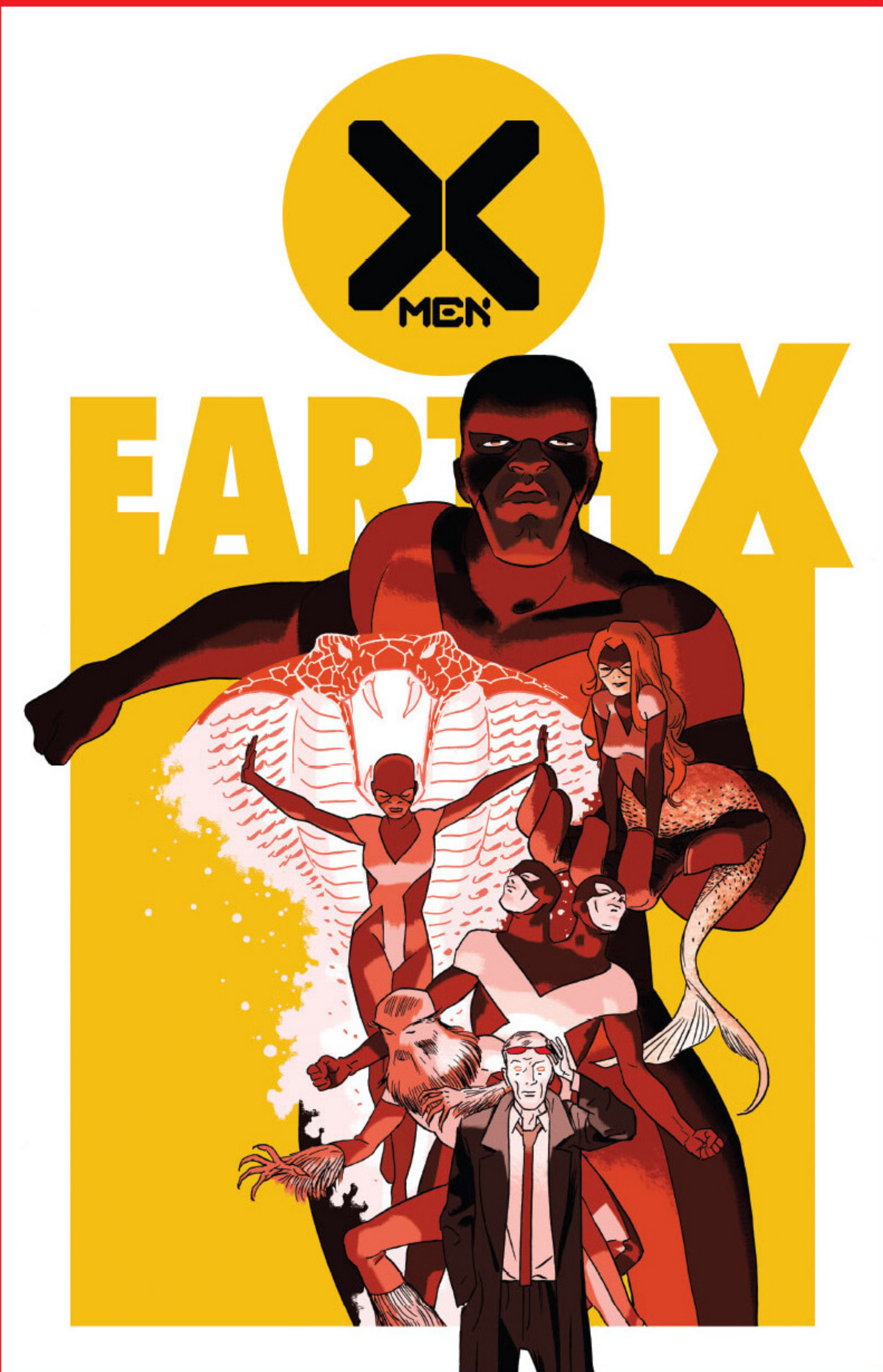
by Marcos Martin



X-Men #3 Venom Island Variant
by Mike McKone & Rachelle Rosenberg



X-Men #4 Venom Island Variant
by Belén Ortega & Jesus Aburtov



X-Men #5 Marvels X Variant
by Marcos Martin



X-Men #6 Marvels X Variant
by Philip Tan & Dave McCaig



X-Men #5 Dark Phoenix Saga 40th Anniversary Variant by Kris Anka



X-Men #6 Dark Phoenix Saga 40th Anniversary Variant by Mark Brooks



X-Men #7 Variant by Mike del Mundo



X-Men #8 God Loves, Man Kills Variant
by Marcos Martin



Giant-Size X-Men: Jean Grey and Emma Frost Variant
by Iban Coello & Rachelle Rosenberg



Giant-Size X-Men: Jean Grey and Emma Frost Variant
by Gerald Parel



Jonathan Hickman reinvents the X-MEN!

Collecting:
X-Men (2019) #1–9
Giant-Size X-Men (2020):
Jean Grey and Emma Frost
Giant-Size X-Men (2020):
Nightcrawler

In a whole new world of possibility, Cyclops, Jean Grey and their extended clan make a Summer House for themselves — on the moon! But when an island full of unspeakable horrors appears on the horizon, the X-Men have their work cut out for them keeping their new homeland of Krakoa safe! Meanwhile, Earth must come to terms with the new global superpower — and when the New Mutants return from space, they bring intergalactic trouble with them! The Brood! The Starjammers! The Shi’ar Imperial Guard! But what do they all want? Plus: When Storm is in danger, Emma Frost and Jean Grey must ride to the rescue! And an eerie adventure for the swashbuckling Nightcrawler!

By:
Jonathan Hickman, Russell Dauterman, Alan Davis, Leinil Francis Yu, R.B. Silva, Matteo Buffagni, Mahmud Asrar, Gerry Alanguilan, Sunny Gho, Rain Beredo, Marte Gracia, Matthew Wilson and Carlos Lopez.